# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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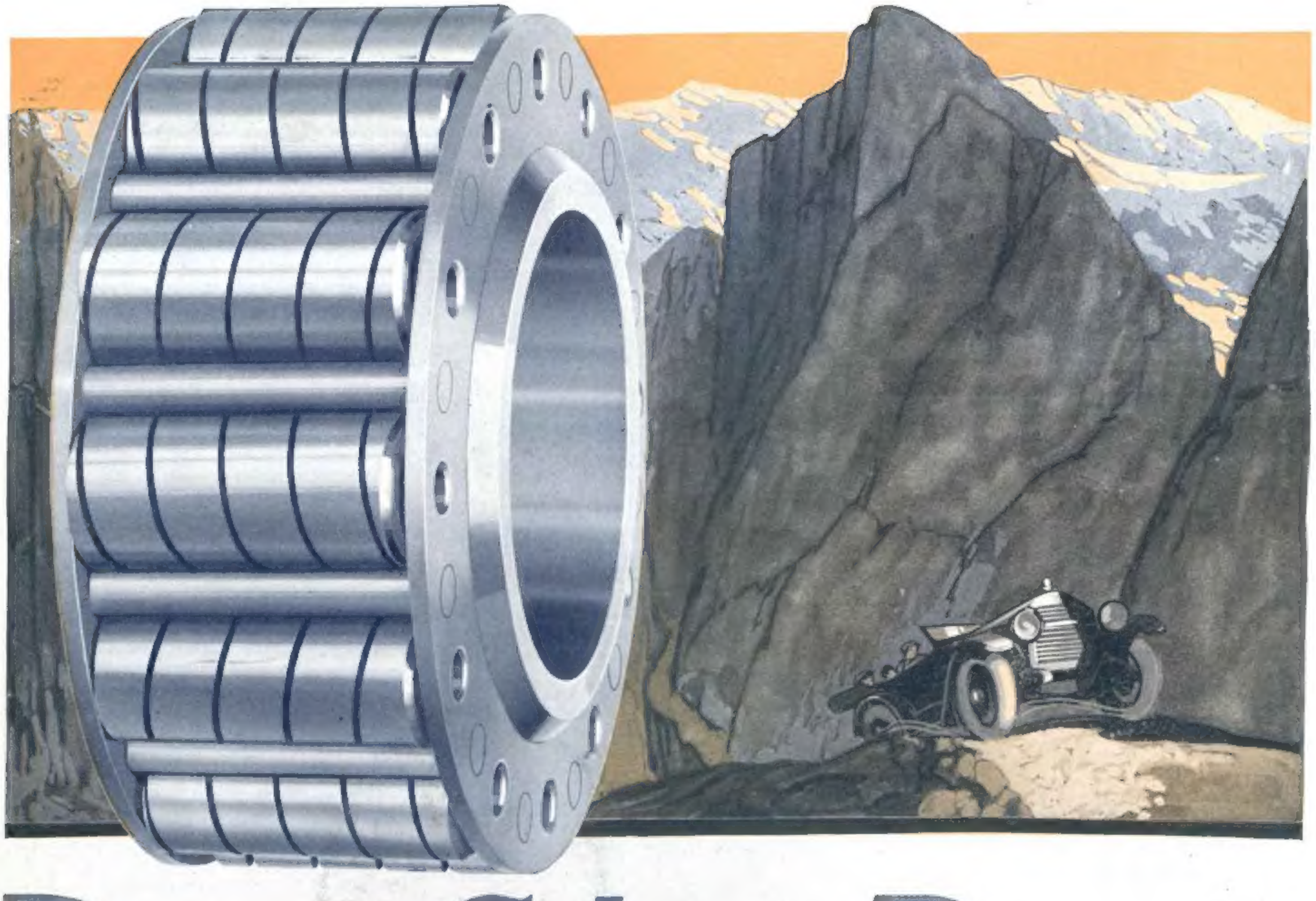
Photograph by William Shewell Ellis

**Beginning: LOOKING BACKWARD—By Henry Watterson**



# Power's Silent Partner

Friction is the thief of power. Of all the energy the engine creates only that counts which actually reaches the drive wheels.

Any factor that reduces friction, therefore, plays an important part in the operation of your motor car.

Hyatt Bearings perform this function adequately. Hyatts absorb shocks and strains—protect vital mechanisms—give perfect lubrication—promote smooth action among working parts.

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# HYATT QUIET

## ROLLER BEARINGS

## Before

*A Typical View of West Michigan Pike, Van Buren County, Mich., before Tarvia was used.*

# Tarvia

## Preserves Roads Prevents Dust

## After

*A view of the same section of the same road after Tarvia was used. Note smooth, dustless, easy-traction surface.*

THE "*Before*" photograph above shows a section of West Michigan Pike, Van Buren County, Michigan, as it looked in the summer of 1916.

But the taxpayers of Van Buren County realized that such roads as this not only hampered the development of the county and made travel difficult, but that in the long run they *cost the community more than good easy-traction roads.*

The "*After*" picture shows the same road, photographed at exactly the same spot, after macadamizing and treating with "Tarvia-B."

West Michigan Pike is now a firm, mudless, dustless road, water-proof and automobile proof, over which full loads can be hauled to market with speed and economy.

And wisely, the taxpayers of Van Buren County propose to *keep* this road new. Last year they gave it a second treatment with "Tarvia-B." Thus at very small expense they protected their original investment and now have a fine piece of highway that brings their markets at South Haven and Watervliet miles nearer to each other.

The satisfaction felt over the vast improvement effected by the use of Tarvia is officially expressed in the following letter from the engineer of the Van Buren County Road Commissioners, Paw Paw, Michigan:

"The Van Buren County Road Commission has been using 'Tarvia-B' for some years to maintain about 20 miles of macadam road and it has given the greatest satisfaction. We have entirely got rid of dust and ravelling and it is the opinion of many observers that the roads get better instead of worse. This year we had about two miles of macadam which was so bad that the State Highway Department advised covering it with gravel, but instead we patched the holes with 'Tarvia-KP' (which, by the way, is something that is indispensable in our business) and treated the surface with 'Tarvia-B' and stone chips and today the road is in better shape than when new. We also have been trying out 'Tarvia-B' on a trunk line gravel road, the gravel testing about 75% stone. The results have been very good in spite of the heavy traffic. It produces a smooth, durable surface which will be better the second and third year than the first. We are now building a 30,000 gallon storage tank so that we can always have a supply on hand when we want it.

"Aside from treating the roads with 'Tarvia-B' there is no maintenance cost but a little attention to holes and drainage.

"Tarvia has solved our macadam road troubles for us.

"Dana P. Smith, *County Road Engineer.*"

Now that the war is over, the Nation needs more roads of this character properly maintained, because the public highways offer the only means of helping out the railroads and aiding our transportation facilities.

The use of Tarvia will give any community or state all-the-year-round roads that are dustless in summer, mudless in spring and fall, frost-proof in winter, and that are easy to maintain at a low cost.

*Illustrated booklet describing the various Tarvia treatments free on request.*

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Kansas City Minneapolis Nashville
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After a washing with Ivory Soap, the skin tingles with the delicious, refreshing, *thorough cleanliness* that is the basis of skin health.

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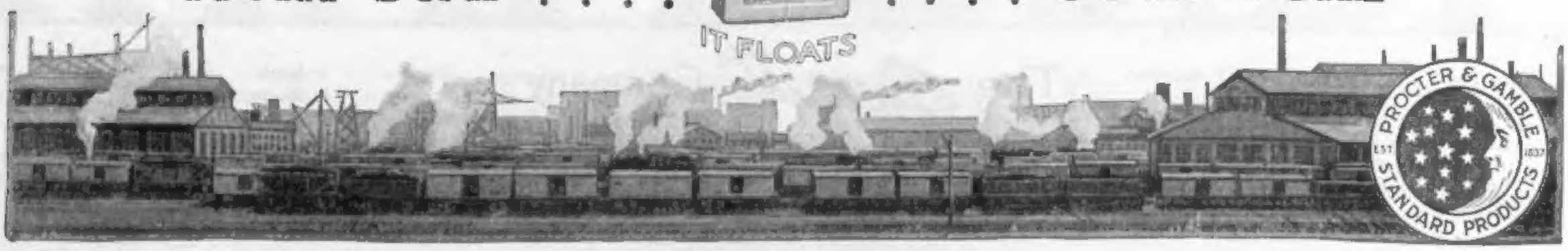
. . . . 99 44/100% PURE



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George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

F. S. Bigelow, A. W. Neall,
H. D. Walker, E. Dinsmore,
Associate Editors

Walter H. Dower, Art Editor

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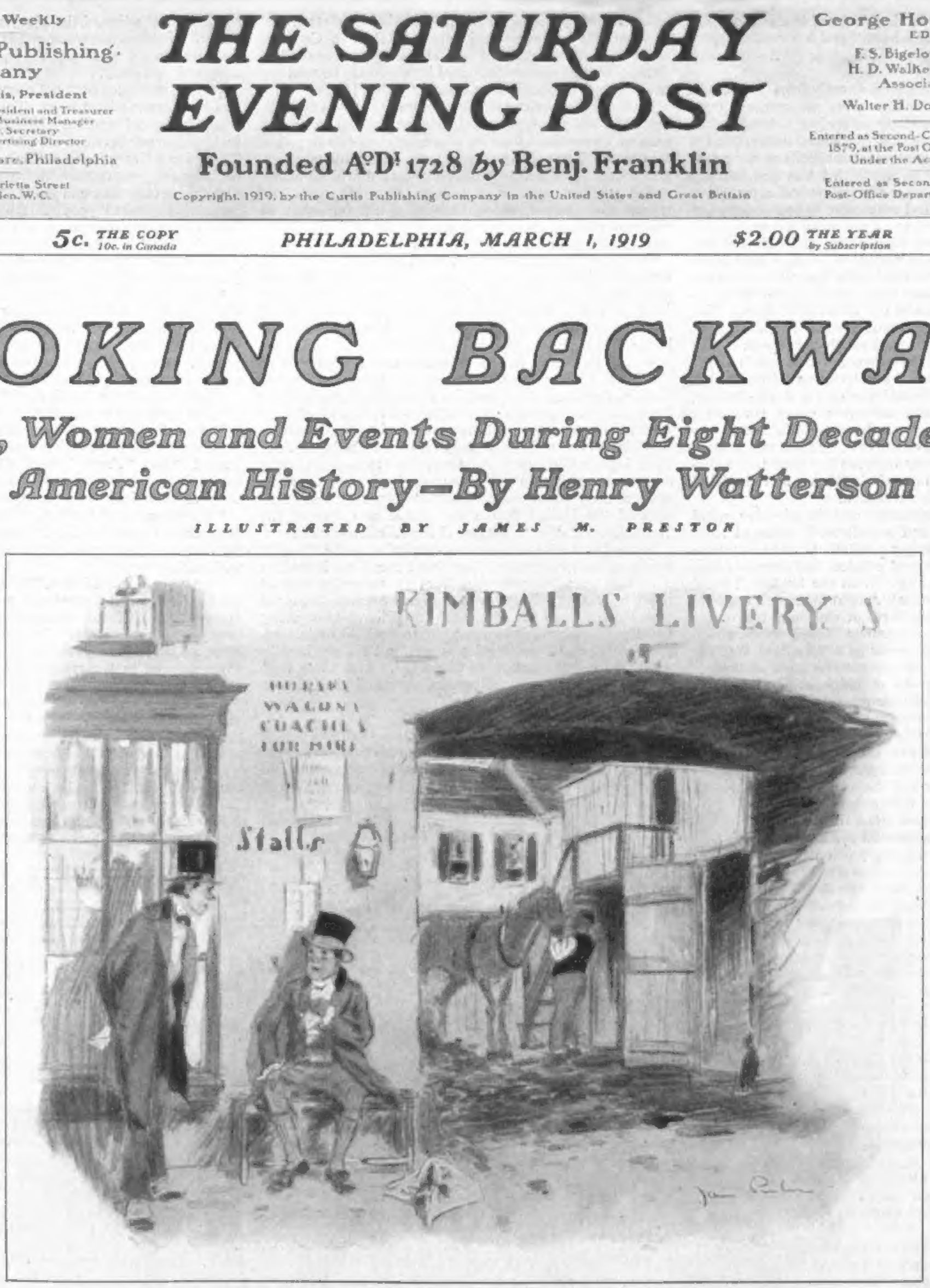
# LOOKING BACKWARD

## Men, Women and Events During Eight Decades of American History—By Henry Watterson

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON




*Kimball Was One of the Last Washingtonians to Wear Knee Breeches and a Ruffled Shirt*

I AM asked to jot down a few odds and ends of memory. I have been something of a student of life; an observer of men and women and affairs; an appraiser of their character, their conduct, and, on occasion, of their motives. Thus, a kind of instinct, which bred a tendency and grew to a habit, has led me into many and diverse companies, the lowest not always the meanest.

Circumstance has rather favored than hindered this bent. I was born in a party camp and grew to manhood on a political battlefield. I have lived through stirring times and in the thick of events. In a vein colloquial and reminiscential, not ambitious, let me recall some impressions which these have left upon the mind of one who long ago reached and turned the corner of the Scriptural limitation; who, approaching fourscore, does not yet feel painfully the frost of age beneath the ravage of time's defacing waves. Assuredly they have not obliterated his retentive sense either of vision or perspective. Mindful of the adjuration of Burns,

*Keep something to yourself,*
*Ye scarcely tell to ony,*

I shall yet hold little in reserve, having no state secrets or mysteries of the soul to reveal.

It is not my purpose to be or to seem oracular. I shall not write after the manner of Rousseau, whose Confessions had been better honored in the breach than the observance, and in any event whose sincerity will bear question; nor have I tales to tell after the manner of Paul Barras, whose Memoirs have earned him an immortality of infamy; neither shall I emulate the grandiose volubility and self-complacent posing of Metternich and Talleyrand, whose ponderous and pretentious volumes rest for the most part unopened upon dusty shelves. I aspire to none of the honors of the historian. It shall be my aim as far as may be to avoid the garrulity of the raconteur and to restrain the exaggerations of the ego. But neither fear of the charge of self-exploitation nor the specter of a modesty oft too obtrusive to be real shall deter me from a proper freedom of narration, where, though in the main but a humble chronicler, I must needs appear upon the scene and speak of myself; for I at least have not always been a dummy and have sometimes in a way helped to make history.

In my early life—as it were, my salad days—I aspired to becoming what old Simon Cameron called "one of those damned literary fellows" and Thomas Carlyle less profanely described as "a lee-terary celeebrity." But some malign fate always sat upon my ambitions in this regard. It was easy to become The National Gambler in Nast's cartoons, and yet easier The National Drunkard through the medium of the everlasting mint-julep joke; but the phantom of the laurel crown would never linger upon my fair young brow.

Though I wrote verses for the early issues of Harper's Weekly—happily no one can now prove them on me, for even at that jejune period I had the prudence to use an anonym—the Harpers, luckily for me, declined to publish a volume of my poems. I went to London, carrying with me "the great American novel." It was actually accepted by my ever too partial friend, Alexander Macmillan. But, rest his dear old soul, he died and his successors refused to see the transcendent merit of that performance, a view which my own maturing sense of belles-lettres values subsequently came to verify.

When George Harvey arrived at the front I "'ad 'opes." But, Lord, that cast-iron man had never any bookish bowels of compassion—or political either for the matter of that!—so that finally I gave up fiction and resigned myself to the humble category of the crushed tragi-comedians of literature, who inevitably drift into journalism.

Thus my destiny has been casual. A great man of letters quite thwarted, I became a poor devil of a newspaper reporter—a voluminous space writer for the press—now and again an editor and managing editor—until, when I was nearly thirty years of age, I hit the Kentucky trail and set up for a journalist. I did this, however, with a big "J," nursing for a while some faint ambitions of statesmanship—even office—but in the end discarding everything that might obstruct my entire freedom, for I came into the world an insurgent, or, as I have sometimes described myself in the Kentucky vernacular, "a free nigger and not a slave nigger."

II

THOUGH born in a party camp and grown to manhood on a political battlefield my earlier years were most seriously influenced by the religious spirit of the times. We passed to and fro between Washington and the two family homesteads in Tennessee, which had cradled respectively my father and mother, Beech Grove in Bedford County, and Spring Hill in Maury County. Both my grandfathers were devout churchmen of the Presbyterian faith. My Grandfather Black, indeed, was the son of a Presbyterian clergyman, who lived, preached and died in Madison County, Kentucky. He was descended, I am assured, in a straight line from that David Black, of Edinburgh,

who, as Buckle tells us, having declared in a sermon that Elizabeth of England was a harlot, and her cousin, Mary Queen of Scots, little better, went to prison for it—all honor to his memory.

The Wattersons had migrated directly from Virginia to Tennessee. The two families were prosperous, even wealthy for those days, and my father had entered public life with plenty of money, and General Jackson for his sponsor. It was not, however, his ambitions or his career that interested me—that is, not until I was well into my teens—but the camp meetings and the revivalist preachers delivering the Word of God with more or less of ignorant yet often of very eloquent and convincing fervor.

The wave of the great Awakening of 1800 had not yet subsided. Bascom was still alive. I have heard him preach. The people were filled with thoughts of heaven and hell, of the immortality of the soul and the life everlasting, of the Redeemer and the Cross of Calvary. The camp ground witnessed an annual muster of the adjacent countryside. The revival was a religious hysteria lasting ten days or two weeks. The sermons were appeals to the emotions. The songs were the outpourings of the soul in ecstasy. There was no fanaticism of the death-dealing, proscriptive sort; nor any conscious cant; simplicity, childlike belief in future rewards and punishments, the orthodox Gospel the universal rule. There was a good deal of doughty controversy between the churches, as between the parties; but love of the Union and the Lord was the bedrock of every confession.

Inevitably an impressionable and imaginative mind opening to such sights and sounds as it emerged from infancy must have been deeply affected. Until I was twelve years old the enchantment of religion had complete possession of my understanding. With the loudest, I could sing all the hymns. Being early taught in music I began to transpose them into many sorts of rhythmic movement for the edification of my companions. Their words, aimed directly at the heart, sank, never to be forgotten, into my memory. To this day I can repeat the most of them—though not without a break of voice—while too much dwelling upon them would stir me to a pitch of feeling which a life of activity in very different walks and ways and a certain self-control I have been always able to command would scarcely suffice to restrain.

The truth is that I retain the spiritual essentials I learned then and there. I never had the young man's period of disbelief. There has never been a time when if the Angel of Death had appeared upon the scene—no matter how festal—I would not have knelt with adoration and welcome; never a time on the battlefield or at sea when if the elements had opened to swallow me I would not have gone down shouting!

Sectarianism in time yielded to universalism. Theology came to seem to my mind more and more a weapon in the hands of Satan to embroil and divide the churches. I found in the Sermon on the Mount leading enough for my ethical guidance, in the life and death of the Man of Galilee inspiration enough to fulfill my heart's desire; and though I have read a great deal of modern inquiry—from Renan and Huxley through Newman and Döllinger, embracing debates before, during and after the English upheaval of the late fifties and the Ecumenical Council of 1870, including the various raids upon the Westminster Confession, especially the revision of the Bible, down to writers like Frederic Harrison and Doctor Campbell—I have found nothing to shake my childlike faith in the simple rescript of Christ and Him crucified.

### III

I WAS born at Washington—February 16, 1840—"a bad year for Democrats," as my father used to say, adding: "I am afraid the boy will grow up to be a Whig."

In those primitive days there were only Whigs and Democrats. Men took their politics, as their liquor, "straight"; and this father of mine was an undoubting Democrat of the schools of Jefferson and Jackson. He had succeeded James K. Polk in Congress when the future President was elected governor of Tennessee; though when nominated he was little beyond the age required to qualify as a member of the House.

To the end of his long life he appeared to me the embodiment of wisdom, integrity and courage. And so he was—a man of tremendous force of character, yet of surpassing sweetness of disposition; singularly disdainful of office, and indeed of preferment of every sort; a profuse maker and a prodigal spender of money; who, his needs and recognition assured, cared nothing at all for what he regarded as the ephemeral honors of the little great men who rattled round in places often much too big for them.

Immediately succeeding Mr. Polk, and such a youth in appearance, he attracted instant attention. His father, my grandfather, allowed him a larger income than was good for him—seeing that the per diem then paid Congressmen was altogether insufficient—and during the earlier days of his sojourn in the national capital he cut a wide swath; his principal yokemate in the pleasures and dissipations of those times being Franklin Pierce, at first a representative and then a senator from New Hampshire. Fortunately for both of them, they were whisked out of Washington by their families in 1843; my father into the diplomatic service and Mr. Pierce to the seclusion of his New England home. They kept in close touch, however, the one with the other, and ten years later, in 1853, they were back again upon the scene of their rather conspicuous frivolity, Pierce as President of the United States, my father as editor of the Washington Union, the organ of the Administration.

When I was a boy the national capital was still rife with stories of their escapades. One that I recall had it that on a certain occasion returning from an excursion late at night my father missed his footing and fell into the canal that then divided the city, and that Pierce, after many fruitless efforts, unable to assist him to dry land, exclaimed, "Well, Harvey, I can't get you out, but I'll get in with you," suiting the action to the word. And there they were found by a party of passers, very well pleased with themselves.

### IV

IN THOSE days a less attractive place than the city of Washington could hardly be imagined. It was scattered over an ill-paved and half-filled oblong extending east and west from the Capitol to the White House, and north and south from the line of the Maryland hills to the Potomac River. One does not wonder that the early Britishers, led by Tom Moore, made game of it, for it was both unpromising and unsightly.

Private carriages were not numerous. Hackney coaches had to be especially ordered. The only public conveyance was a rickety old omnibus which, making hourly trips, plied its lazy journey between the Navy Yard and Georgetown. There was a livery stable—Kimball's—having "stalls," as the sleeping apartments above came to be called, thus literally serving man and beast. These stalls often lodged very distinguished people. Kimball, the proprietor, a New Hampshire Democrat of imposing appearance, was one of the last Washingtonians to wear knee breeches and a ruffled shirt. He was a great admirer of my father and his place was a resort of my childhood.

One day in the early April of 1852 I was humped in a chair upon one side of the open entrance reading a book, Mr. Kimball seated on the other side reading a newspaper, when there came down the street a tall, greasy-looking person, who as he approached said: "Kimball, I have another letter here from Frank."

"Well, what does Frank say?"

Then the letter was produced, read and discussed.

It was all about the coming National Democratic Convention and its prospective nominee for President of the United States, "Frank" seeming to be a principal. To me it sounded very queer, but I took it all in, and as soon as I reached home I put it up to my father:

"How comes it," I asked, "that a big old loafer gets a letter from a candidate for President and talks it over with the keeper of a livery stable? What have such people to do with such things?"

My father said: "My son, Mr. Kimball is a wealthy man. He has been an important and popular Democrat in New Hampshire. He is not without influence here. The Frank they talked about is Gen. Franklin Pierce, of New Hampshire, an old friend and neighbor of Mr. Kimball. General Pierce served in Congress with me and some of us are thinking that we may nominate him for President. The 'big old loafer,' as you call him, was Mr. John C. Rives, a most distinguished and influential Democrat indeed."

Three months later, when the event came to pass, I could tell all about Gen. Franklin Pierce. His nomination was no surprise to me, though to the country at large it was almost a shock. He had been nowhere seriously considered.

In illustration of this a funny incident recurs to me. At Nashville the night of the nomination a party of Whigs and Democrats had gathered in front of the principal hotel waiting for the arrival of the news, among the rest Sam Bugg and Chunky Towles, two notorious gamblers, both undoubting Democrats. At length Chunky Towles, worn out, went off to bed. The result was finally flashed over the wires. The crowd was nonplused. "Who the hell is Franklin Pierce?" passed from lip to lip.

Sam Bugg knew his political catechism well. He proceeded at length to tell all about Franklin Pierce, ending with the opinion that he was the man wanted and would be elected hands down, and he had a thousand dollars to bet on it.

Then he slipped away to tell his pal.

"Wake up, Chunky," he says. "We got a candidate—Gen. Franklin Pierce, of New Hampshire."

"Who the ——"

"Chunky," says Sam, "I am ashamed of your ignorance. Gen. Franklin Pierce is the son of Gen. Benjamin Pierce, of Revolutionary fame. He has served in both houses of Congress. He declined a seat in Polk's Cabinet. He won distinction in the Mexican War. He is the very candidate we've been after."

"In that case," says Chunky, "I'll get up." When he reappeared Petway, the Whig leader of the gathering, who had been

(Continued on Page 130)

*After Many Fruitless Efforts, Unable to Assist Him to Dry Land, Pierce Exclaimed, "Well, Harvey, I Can't Get You Out, But I'll Get In With You"*

# TREAT 'EM ROUGH

A woman, a dog and a walnut tree—
The harder you beat 'em the better they be.

## By Mary Brecht Pulver

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFÉ

THE wily author of the above has never signed his name, to my knowledge. And well may he not. I am aware that even to quote the odious couplet offers its perils. It has the possibilities of a handful of TNT. But even while modern feminine readers will shudder or shrug in disgust there will be here and there an unregenerate member—of a lower type, oh, naturally!—in whose consciousness a faint spark of recognition will stir.

I refer to the biological woman, so prevalent in our midst before suffrage and the eight-hour law were heard of—a type, by the way, which it is to be hoped we shall be rid of presently.

She appeared first back in the prehistoric times, when her wooer creeping up from the rear felled her with the jaw bone of a mastodon, whereupon rubbing the stars from her delighted eyes she rose and kissed him. She was presented under politer guise by the Bard of Avon in sweet and saucy Kate, and she exists quite openly in English coster circles, where she sports her battered countenance as a sort of matrimonial Croix de Guerre.

All these are very primitive. But beyond a peradventure their echoes are still found among us. Full many a lady voter, making her cross mark in the electoral boudoir, beneath whose blue serge lives a paleolithic gleam—to whom even yet a comely biceps is preferable to the shoestring kind.

I can scarce hear the rattle of my typewriter for the chorus of denials from my ruffled sisters. You should not be ruffled, sisters. These are age-old reflexes having to do with the elemental, with sex perquisite; and nothing whatever with the field of intellect—with politics, organization, administration. But I shall not argue. I shall let Mrs. Nina Mackinnon speak for me—yes, the clever Mrs. Mackinnon who does all these things in the Civic and Lotus Clubs.

No; on second thought I shall hold Mrs. Mackinnon back for a bit and let you meet Mr. Mackinnon—William Mackinnon—the spouse of the aforesaid Mrs. Nina these eleven years.

William Mackinnon—of Mackinnon, Reid & West, attorneys—on a rainy April Friday, departing from his office after the last stenographer had gone! Getting his hat and coat and umbrella out of his locker. Getting into the former absently and discovering, halfway across the room, that it was West's umbrella he had taken. Going back and fumbling round for his own. Shifting his coat more comfortably on his shoulders. Entering the hall with the door spring-locked behind him, two fingers searching his vest pocket for a cigar. Getting into the elevator next, with a pleasant greeting for the elevator girl. Reaching the main corridor, two floors down—a marble foyer blending the Alhambra and the Roman Bath styles of architecture. Making a last assault on that devilish rotating contrivance of flying doors at which one springs at the psychological moment—and so often misses. And having done this we see Mr. Mackinnon emerged and safe on the curb corner waiting for the next Western Belt trolley car, which will bear him out to the empyrean and select regions known as Clifton Reserve, where his home is situated.

And all of this time—I have given you the opportunity deliberately—you must have noticed Mr. Mackinnon himself. The nice bigness and shapeliness of him. His quiet, correct tailoring, nicely cut overcoat and well-kept shoes. The line of his good-looking chin; his pleasant, unaristocratic nose; the friendliness of his leaf-brown eyes; and in the act of lighting his cigar and raising an umbrella, the import and contour of his hands—those candid revealers of temperament and character, whose message all who run may read; which, barring plastic surgery, will never lie for us. The things we read in Mr. Mackinnon's hands are well enough. A good likable chap in the middle thirties, successful by all his outward marks, at peace with himself by the repose of his mouth and eyes, and yet touched this evening, as we see, with a faint melancholy, a teasing sense of fatigue and forlornness.

Yes, Mr. Mackinnon recognized it.

As he stood here waiting in the rain he wondered whether it was really the melancholy of April engendered by the monotonous drip-drip of gentle rain, by the mist, by the dray horses in slickers, the suck of hoofs on wet asphalt, the bleariness of the first pale lights—the general mushiness and languor which offered the usual invitation to mental reconnaisance and introspection one feels in a warm, wet April—or just a deviation of the normal heaviness of spirit he always felt of late years on turning his face toward Clifton Reserve.

"You Can Take It or Leave It. I'm Done!"

Across from him the colonnaded front of the post office loomed; people, rain-coated, dark-formed, slipped in and out. An old man in dirty overalls and a grimy overcoat, collar turned up to the rain, passed him within a few inches, pushing mushy rubbish and soiled flapping papers with a soaked yellow brush. A little newsy with a sheaf of damp newspapers danced in under the edge of his umbrella, yap-yapped the evening's extra into his face.

Near at hand he heard a steady trickle of water—the curb flux washing into a grilled sewer outlet.

It was very drab and wet and depressing. It passed, a misty pageant before his absent, dulled eye. Then suddenly something sharp and fresh and clear broke his reverie.

A voice—out of the mist behind him: "'Oh, but Bill, darling!"

He turned like a shot. No, it wasn't meant for him. Absurd! Of course not. They were gone almost as he turned. Two young things huddled under one umbrella. Two young things terribly in love. The girl, a brown-clad, rather shabby little thing—he could not see her face—filled with that rapturous isolation in a dull and mundane world, that spells complete surrender to her dream. Filled with ecstatic happiness, with reverence, adoration for the gawky, long-legged being—Mackinnon couldn't see his face either—with the large, splayed, tan-shod feet in shoes slightly broken and discolored.

But they had it. Violets in the rain! The whiff of something heavenly, fragrant, beautiful, to touch the gray staleness of existence.

The thing he had—no longer!

He turned, staring into the rain again. Once upon a time he, too, had been called "Bill, darling." Once upon a time—a long time ago! It seemed incredible!

But then, the whole thing seemed incredible. That whole long-ago idyl, that period of youthful sweetness that had its beginnings on the night of the Swithin reception—no, a little earlier, on the day he had looked across that tea table at Nina's face—and that reached its apogee on that golden day when they had driven away together from Nina's father's house—when he had pulled down both carriage blinds and had taken his bride in his arms.

He remembered so clearly the evening he had first committed himself to the immemorial step in man's progression.

He remembered perfectly just how Nina had looked. They had come home in a rickety hired cab from Professor Swithin's party. Nina had on her mother's old black plush coat. It was open at the throat, and you could see a little V of girlish neck above a rim of pale-pink party dress. It was sleeting—the sleet lay like silver beads on the cab window; and with a sudden paternal impulse he had touched her collar.

"You'd better turn that up; you'll get sore throat."

That's what he had meant to say, but the cab was springless, and even as he touched her Pat O'Brien, their Jehu, hurled the outfit round the corner of Cherry Street, throwing them violently against each other.

And when the cab had righted its angle they were for some reason unable to assume their norm of equilibrium. For William had his arms round Nina and was kissing her, saying in a breathless, starving-but-about-to-feed voice: "Oh, Nina! Oh, sweet!"

And Nina had been equally abnormal.

She had returned his kisses shamelessly—Nina Hallam, daughter of Bertha B. Hallam, that clever, intellectual little woman who scorned all emotional and sartorial aberrations and had reared her only daughter to a most rigid code—never to accept a kiss from a young gentleman unless immediately coupled with a declaration of marriage.

William had said nothing about marriage at the moment. He was incapable of thought, coherence or foresight. He had handed Nina out of the cab in an utterly bemused condition, aware only of the pounding exaltation in his heart. He was aware only of having just kissed the sweetest, most fragrant girl in the world. He did it again before he left—just to prove it wasn't mirage; and Nina straightway, going up to her room and realizing presently—after a space—what she had done, the omission of the marriage declaration, and so on, wept shamed tears and resolved firmly to hate young Mr. Bill Mackinnon forever.

But he had remedied his omission. He had gone the very next evening to Nina's and had put his question in proper form. Standing, a little white of cheek and taut of jaw, beside the black marble mantelpiece and gas log, whence a glass clock with bronze dog, a stuffed owl, a pair of Greek amphorae and a fragment of Egyptian hieroglyphic Rameses II—Nina's father, little Professor Edgar Hallam, was professor of ancient history in Mandrake College—observed him, he had proposed to Nina. He was in Senior Law, coming out in the summer; his father had a prosperous factory in Swanscott; he had prospects of a partnership with Cleeves & Reid; could she—would she ——

He had arranged some very nice phrases, but midway they had the same effect as Pat O'Brien's cab. He and Nina again had been thrown out of the exactly vertical, and the speech faded to incoherence.

And Nina had confessed that she had loved him ever since the day she first had seen him—the day the college had played Shellbark University and at its conclusion William, who was Mandrake's halfback, had got himself hoisted on a sea of shoulders and borne from the field in a Dying Gladiator pose with the bleachers shrieking:

"Hip-hoo-ray! Hip-hoo-ray! Mandrake! Mandrake wins the day.

"Mac-Kinnon! Mac-Kinnon! Mac-Kinnon!"

Nina confessed that she had shivered and thrilled sitting beside her father, little Prof. Edgar Hallam.

But if she had been stirred to confusion by this triumphant pageant there had been no doubt as to her feelings when a few days later, while serving tea and cake at Prexy's reception, little Moffatt, the team manager, had brought Mackinnon up to be presented.

In a perfunctory way, of course, for the young folks shied away from Nina, who was reputed clever; who got splendid marks in her studies and was called by Miss Grundy "a perfect fright."

But William had thought she was the prettiest girl he had ever seen. Standing there with her blue eyes so starry,

the quick color like a flying flag in her cheeks, one slim hand touching her throat, the other with the cake knife poised in midair. The two young people had looked at each other silently a full minute—William with his big, virile outdoorsiness, a nice, clean, athletic American young fellow, and Nina with her parted lips, her flush.

They had looked at each other and spoken without saying a word, signaling in the immortal code: "Is it really you?"

Afterward William had walked home with her. He remembered still how light and peculiarly soft the air had grown. He remembered his growing conviction also of Nina's rareness. She was so wonderful. He had felt gauche and clumsy—a secret fear lest she would despise him—a worry lest he dared not hope to call on her, see her again.

At the last he made some sort of request for it, inelegantly mumbled. He had hung upon Nina's answer. She gave it in a queer, breathy voice and with that odd, flying color.

"Mother and I," she had said with a little nervous gasp, "mother and I is always glad to see my friends, Mr. Mackinnon."

This from the clever Miss Nina Hallam.

He remembered that night, after Rameses II and the stuffed owl had blessed them, how he had flung out-of-doors with his happiness to tramp and tramp and tramp—drench his soul in this new ineffable loveliness.

He had come back to the dorms with his feet soaked. Just outside he had met little Moffatt and Pete Knight. They knew it by the beacon he had lit in his face.

"Well, I see he's cut his throat," Knight said languidly.

"Congratulate me, fellows. I'm engaged!"

"I can't—because of conscientious scruples. 'A young man married is a young man marred,'" demurred Knight; but Moffatt clapped him on the deltoids.

"*Mes congrats*, old socks! Damme, I mean it. It's a great feeling. I've been engaged three times and I know what it's like."

"No spoofing. I'm serious," he had said.

And Moffatt's chaff fell from him. He had done the honorable—congratulated William with due form. Nina was a pretty girl, a prize, a find; the only thing—well, it wasn't a fault, but he'd always felt a bit afraid. She was the brainy kind.

William had taken fire in her defense. A brainy girl! The poorest commodity in the marriage market!

"You don't know her," he had finished gallantly.

Well, well, it was all right—but let him be careful. He remembered one of Knight's chaffing bits of advice.

"'Sall right if you don't let the lady get the bulge on you. Remember, in the duel between Brains versus Brawn, Brains always wins. Ber-rains, my dear fellow—the female ber-rain is one of the most insidious ——"

William had shut him off contemptuously.

But there were plenty of fellows to feel the same way. Their idea of a girl was a pink-and-white doll who went to dances in fluffy frocks, who said "Oh, really!" or "How terribly cute!" Naturally Nina scared them. But he knew her better. Nina was the only girl in the world. They loved each other truly. None of your light stuff but the forever-and-ever kind.

Nina's mother had offered more serious opposition. Nina had kept him posted. That capable and strong-minded lady—who conducted innumerable soup kitchens and sewing classes for the needy, who wrote papers on the trend of the times, civic tendencies, and so on, who, when bustles were worn, ran without; who, when pompadours came in, peeled her forehead—had a few words to say:

"You are throwing yourself away, Nina—a girl of your education and attainments. Your father and I have given you much thoughtful attention. We have held very high ideals for you, and now you propose to ally yourself with a young man whose family is purely commercial, whose career in college has been reached chiefly by prowess in athletics, whose standing in his studies may be well enough, but scarcely above the mediocre. Just where, exactly, lies his attraction for you?"

This was a proposition more difficult than any of Euclid's. Nina thought of William's leaf-brown eyes, of his wholesomeness, of his terrible inlovesomeness, of that game with Shellbark. She tried to sum it up.

"He's so awfully strong, mother."

"Strong!" Bertha B. laughed coldly. "You are not marrying a ditch digger, a pugilist or—or a piano mover. The strength of your husband, miss, should lie in the field of his intellect. A pen should have been the heaviest weapon he ever wielded."

She spoke at some length and counseled Nina to meditation, repentance, self-investigation. She gave her tracts from Aurelius and Epictetus. And Nina meditated and investigated and read the tracts, but did not repent.

"Somehow," she confessed shamefacedly, "I feel as if I must marry William, mother—I want to so much. I don't know just why—no special reason."

None she could have told, but perhaps she remembered the episode in the cab. At any rate, Bertha B. called her "emotional," washed her hands of the whole thing, and on a day Nina and William were married—a June day full of blue skies with fat-cupid clouds and tangles of blooming roses.

The house of Professor Edgar Hallam was transformed. Flowers everywhere, tucked into the gas log, on the black marble mantel—obscuring the Greek amphoræ and the fragment of hieroglyphic Rameses II. A white ribbon wrapping the front hall balustrade. Rank upon rank of hired folding chairs.

Presents—laid out abovestairs, including the flat silver from the college faculty and the big check from William's father. A colored waiter in a duck coat in the dining room with a faint sound of cream whisk or egg beater going briskly in the rear. Cabs driving up with faculty ladies and gentlemen, the former in revived wedding garments or spring foulards. Little Professor Edgar in his glassy frock coat standing talking to tall, lank Reverend Mr. Harlow. Bertha B., in gray poplin with black bugles, receiving. Suddenly a hush, Mendelssohn on the Hallams' slightly out-of-tune piano played by Miss Nelly Walters.

William and little Moffatt, his best man, appearing out of the library—William, white and grim, swallowing superfluously. A sibilant whisper of draperies—the little bride coming downstairs, wide-eyed under her white tulle.

All in a moment the immemorial words "Dearly beloved, . . . we are gathered together . . . this man and this woman"—with remotely, like an obbligato, the egg beater once more.

Somehow the hideous thing had ended, and William and Nina had driven away together—into life.

*II*

IT IS just here that the early-day writer, emulating the Brothers Grimm, whose couples "were married and lived happy ever after," broke off his thread and hurriedly wrote the word Finis. Whether he ran away through sheer horror at his own act in inveigling two innocent people through the turnstile of matrimony or lost his nerve at the first peep of that confused and conglomerate cinema, Post-Honeymoon, we do not know. But he is a brave novelist who will play Mr. Britling to his hapless brain babes and stand the gaff with them; and it would have taken a brave novelist indeed—"some novelist!" William put it—to have written his own matrimonial epic—to depict the havoc time had played.

*"Somehow I Feel as if I Must Marry William—I Want to So Much"*

It had come about, of course, because he was so imperfect mentally. His mother-in-law had been right. In classic phrase he was a dub, and Nina had found him out. That's where a man ought to be on guard from the beginning. That's what old Pete Knight had meant. And he had disregarded Pete. Laid all his cards on the table and been—yes, vampired. Nina was a charming, a wonderful woman, the only woman he cared to be married to, but she was a vampire. Probably all women were vampires. As Kipling put it: "The female of the species is more deadly than the male."

Mr. Mackinnon's car came bouncing along the rails just here, and he stepped out to it, shutting his umbrella to a "whoosh" of wet drops on face and shoulders.

Why, the very act of taking this car substantiated him. He was the breadwinner, the unit of financial importance, but he offered himself to cold and damp and the deadly pneumococcus that his wife might use the motor and go dry. True, he had offered her the motor, but it had been a compulsory chivalry.

The street car was well filled, but William found a corner to squeeze into, where his wet umbrella pressed closely against his leg, where his feet rested in a little tide of moisture creeping over the rubber carpeting. The air was heavy with damp, the odors of woolen cloth, stale tobacco, newspaper and wet kid gloves.

Across from him he bowed to two or three acquaintances: Apthorpe, cashier of the Swanscott First National; Myron Tolley, a bond broker. Both Apthorpe and Tolley looked tired—showed the traces of a full day's work. Both men owned cars also but were riding home on the electric because they had let their women use the motors. Naturally. It was the big day over at the Rivermere Club, where some female federation affair was going on, and all the women had flocked there. Nina was making a speech!

Tolley voiced their plight himself.

"Riding home, too, I see," he laughed. "The janes have stolen all the jits."

"Well, the girls must have a good time," old Apthorpe contributed. "I see Mrs. Mackinnon is booked for an address. Very clever, I'm sure."

Ah, he didn't mean it, old Apthorpe. What he privately added no doubt was "Thank God, mine can't!" William replied with perfunctory courtesy and let his mind drift backward again to that morning when he and Nina had gone away man and wife. There had been no question of speeches then.

Yet he had had fair warning. His father had given them three months in Europe—a three months of halcyon fantasy to him. A Picabia study of blurred patches of color and detail revolving round a central Nina. But Nina had been more sane—clearer far. She had kept innumerable little red and black notebooks in which she jotted down details of cathedral or gallery.

"Why do you bother?" he had asked lazily one morning.

"It may be useful sometime," she said. "Don't you care about these things, Billy? Culture and works of art and all that?"

"You are my work of art," he had answered fatuously.

Even the notebooks had gone down before such broadside. But they came back—notwithstanding glorious impassioned intervals, hand-in-hand strolls through moonlit gardens, electric moments by fountains with a band near by, beside white ruins; or, sweeter still, waking in the gray morning light, when Nina had called him "Bill—darling."

Over so soon. Fled those sweet joys, like the birds of yesterday. It had taken Nina less than a year to discover what a dub he was; to turn him inside out and wring him dry. To realize that he and culture would strive against each other eternally. For that was the word that summed it all up—culture in the more rarefied, effete interpretation.

A thing of shadings and delicate finish, Nina had given herself to it passionately. From the moment of their return from Europe and the opening of their house in Swanscott she had dedicated herself to it.

He closed his eyes and felt like groaning before Nina's remembered progression toward culture. No longer dowdy sartorially, but very smart, with certain Viennese touches—out of his purse, his purse—Nina had set up a tea table—an innovation for Swanscott.

Here, it appeared, a certain elect few gathered and drank thimblefuls of orange pekoe made over a spirit lamp, while Nina's maid passed tissue-paper sandwiches and wretched little "boughten" cakes.

Mention was made of Pinero's plays; Shaw's Man and Superman was discussed; and in those days Nina was not above referring to Browning and Fra Lippo Lippi. The notebooks came out—behind the scenes—and certain foreign sophistications figured. Bill himself—he was still very much Bill—coming in from his day with Cleeves & Reid, where he was doing very well, partook of the pekoe and, very feebly, of the conversation.

"Asked for his preference among the Botticellis in the Uffizi the defendant faltered in his evidence, made a few stumbling references, and was helped from the stand in a state of complete collapse"; thus Bill's legal mind would have taken stenographic evidence against himself. And it happened so often—over and over—that presently they let him alone.

And he let them alone. He did not fancy Nina's tea-table guests at all. He did not care for orange pekoe. He did not care for little frumpy gushing Miss Ellery, who spoke of the souls' overtones; nor for Miss Cadgeman, who preferred A Doll's House above all else; nor for long pale Mr. Tate, who had poetic tendencies and read selections from his own unprinted verse; nor for the little man who collected colonial luster and would corner him with some exultant juicy titbit about a Heppelwhite table he had found.

For himself William was, he felt, a man's man. He was strong and healthy and athletic—football, lacrosse, running high jump; he could read and write; was decently versed and successful in his profession; liked a game of pinochle and a good show; could even stand Browning—"I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three"—thought Wordsworth's Lucy pathetic, and liked Riley's "An Old Sweetheart of Mine." Ideal finish for a day at the office—an evening by the lamp with Nina, whom he thought the most beautiful woman in the world, a good cigar, and a half dozen sprightly magazines. This were paradise enow.

When he stopped to reflect it was after all Nina's tea table that had destroyed the paradise. Who and what had not hovered about the spindly thing as the years had progressed and Nina had passionately breasted the stream with the bit of culture between her teeth.

What names had seethed about his head these years—Ibsen, Maeterlinck, Pater, Eugenics, Yogiism, New Thought, Immanuel Church, Horace Fletcher, Ellen Key, Mary Antin, Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, Rabindranath Tagore, Vers Libre, Bergson, Freud, Lloyd George.

All very well. He had no quarrel on earth with any of them—the deepest respect, rather. Only that Nina—she flitted so! Like some restless butterfly she alighted first on one, then another. And she never, never stayed. There were the days when she had taken up fasting; the period when a certain dark-faced swami with a white towel folded round his head had appeared for tea and Nina had started a season of entering the silence for the repose of her mind; the era when she entertained reformed convicts at table in the interest of a local brotherhood movement; the days of soap-box addresses for suffrage and picketing on local streets; the time when she had first run for office in the Civic Club.

With lightning rapidity she picked up and dropped one or another of the new fads. Like a pelican she snapped up and investigated later with impartial eagerness—art, science, philanthropy.

The books he found occasionally spoke for themselves! Dreadful incomprehensible omelets of words; distorted pictures like photographic slips. And the psychoanalysis stuff! He had peeped between leaves and blushed before himself, yet it never fazed Nina to discuss the libido and the parent-complex, and she referred to mammals boldly in mixed company! *O tempora!* And there were vice-commission reports that no man wanted his wife to read.

Not that in these lay the crux of the situation. He was prepared for the atavistic strain. He would have made a jest of it all and cried "The hands are the hands of Esau, but the voice is the voice of Bertha B. Hallam," but that Nina had pushed him outside of it all—outside of her life.

'Way back in the second year of their marriage it had started, when she had begun explaining things to him. Oh, quite elementary things which he perfectly understood. He had, she inferred, the intelligence of a Fiji Islander and must be gently and affectionately educated to a normal viewpoint. He had chaffed her about it all, but the thing riled him; it had taken hold of him actually, shaken his confidence.

To be set gently, tenderly aright; to be patronized affectionately; corrected—shaped! Amusing at times—to a member of Swanscott's bar and respected in his own clan—but wearing, very.

And this had been for all of five or six years. Now for as many more Nina had not even bothered about shaping him. She let him alone—and they went their way through devious trails of coldness and misunderstanding—sarcasm.

Across the aisle Apthorpe was turning his newspaper. Glancing at the market reports, with the eternal speculation of consequences now that America had declared war. In just a minute the conductor would call E Street, and he would get up, and Apthorpe and Tolley would both gimlet his receding back and probably say: "The biggest dub in Swanscott, and married to the smartest woman."

Something of that sort.

But suddenly Apthorpe leaned forward.

"Bad business about Kenneth Marchant and his wife."

Oh, yes—he remembered. Leta Marchant had been doing some indiscreet things. Young Herbert Runyon. Somebody said to-day Kenneth would start an alienation suit. He nodded dubiously. After all that was one thing Nina spared him. With all her swamis and poets and convicts there had never been anybody to compromise her. Nina was too unemotional for that, he thought bitterly. She had made short shift of the philandering and had gone her coolly capable way to the success she wanted.

*"It's the Uniform," He Reflected Bitterly; "It's the Buttons and That Bit of Ribbon. Women are All Alike About Uniforms"*

The car stopped with a jerk and William disembarked. He plunged one foot into a puddle in getting off and had a second's fight with his umbrella. But he did not notice. His house stood across the way, brightly lighted now. His own car was drawn up and he saw that Nina had come home a little earlier than expected. But she had not driven round to pick him up; nor even sent Carl, the boy, round for him.

He saw that the house door was partly opened. Someone was in the brightly lighted hallway—he had a glimpse of two figures—a man and a woman. Then the man came out and ran lightly down the steps, whistling softly. A military man! A beautiful body—lithe, strong, perfectly correlated. He was in superbly cut khaki, with a flat visored cap and a swagger stick. A street light touched him for a second, lit up the buckles and buttons of flapped pockets and Sam Browne and a little bar of rainbow colors on the left breast; then the evening swallowed him, stick, whistle and all.

"Now, who in ——" William began.

The significance of it flashed home. The war, of course! It had touched their lives but vaguely before, but this was the first definite fruit. This man, this figure was the forerunner. This was something different. Nina was taking up the war, and naturally there would be a new type—no swaddled swamis or ex-thugs—but men. Something stirred queerly in William's breast and he peered into the mist after the retreating figure. Then suddenly he crossed the street and took his steps with greater celerity than usual.

Nina was in the hall, slipping out of her motor coat. Tall, graceful, in deep sapphire velvet, with a collarless throat and a long jade pendant.

At his opening the door she faced about quickly. Her cheeks were very pink, her eyes as blue as her frock. She looked, he thought, years younger than she was—like a girl. Like a girl still flushed with recent laughter. But her flush died.

"Oh, William," she said indifferently, "it's you."

"Yes," he said; "he didn't come back. Who is the prize package?"

"Oh, you mean Major Miltoun." She had lost the girlish look, spoke gravely. "You saw him going out, of course. He's a British officer who spoke before the federation this afternoon. We are going to open a canteen service here and he told us of Canadian ones. He's staying at the Elmwood and I brought him over in my car."

"Why isn't he in the trenches? Not a slacker, I hope?"

"How absurd you are, William! Certainly not! He fought gloriously in Flanders and was decorated and invalided home. Now that we've come in he's doing propaganda work. He's wonderful."

"I can see that," said William dryly, shedding his coat. "A little tin soldier, all dolled up. I suppose before this war he was a navvy or a dry-goods clerk or shop boy or something."

Nina regarded him coolly, considerингly. Oh, William knew he was being absurd, behaving badly, in fact. But there was something—something peculiarly infuriating about the thing. About that nonchalant, graceful, whistling figure riding home in his motor, running out of his house as he himself got off the car and stepped into a puddle; about finding Nina, marcelled and in blue velvet, with her cheeks so flushed, so keen on explaining her splendid friend.

"You are actually silly, William," she said coldly. "Major Miltoun is a very distinguished officer. He has a wonderful record for service in India. He is not a boy. He was a pucka officer before this war broke out. A pucka officer is ——"

"Thank you. I got as far as the alphabet," he said.

Pucka! Why, anybody who read at all knew of those East Indian fan things they used for ventilation. A boy had to sit and work it. No; that was a punkah, of course—but he thought obstinately if it had been a pucka probably this Miltoun would have got his medals for beating the other pucka boys. He looked the type. William struggled for sanity.

"Have a good time, Nina?" he asked. "Speech go well?"

"Very." She came up to him gracefully and gave him her cool soft cheek. "You're very wet. You'd better run up and change quickly. Doctor Morrissey and Mrs. Pratt are coming in for dinner."

What he wanted was to crush out that quick funny little stab at his breast. What he wanted was a real kiss. If he dared, to crush Nina, velvet and all, against him.

But already her radiance was fading. William moved to the stairway.

"All right," he said briefly.

Why didn't he cry out his inner feeling: "Damn your Doctor Morrissey and Mrs. Pratt! Be a little human to me, Nina. It's you I want!"

But he didn't. Nina's poise, her gracious glaze were too inhibiting. She never gave him a chance to invade nowadays. No flaw in her porcelain surface—no least crack or opening.

Her voice floated after him:

"Doctor Morrissey is awfully interested in the canteen. He's on the committee to organize—he and Major Miltoun and I. Major Miltoun will be here a month."

William's foot ground the step. Major Miltoun again. Once more that queer fiery streak ran through his limbs. Great heavens, he wasn't jealous? Jealous of a tin soldier? Well, a man, then—but ——

Then a wave of coolness flowed over him. After all what matter how enthusiastic Nina was. She cared for him no longer. They were no longer each other's—separated utterly.

He switched on the light of his little den—a nook of his own. A row of books, a motley collection; a broad leather couch with battered pillows, flotsam pictures and photographs; a disordered writing desk and a little table spread with an unfinished hand of "surprise" solitaire—a recreation of his own. Unless he went to the club he had many evenings of solitaire if he chose.

He tramped on into the bedroom adjoining, peeling his coat. Across the room a broad oval mirror gave back his shirt-sleeved image and he stopped, arrested.

*(Continued on Page 102)*

# Into Alsace With the Tricolor

## By WILL IRWIN

WHATEVER else the Peace Conference does or fails to do, one feature of the settlement seems certain: Alsace-Lorraine will be assigned permanently to France. Now, by a sudden shift of fortune become politically dominant on the European continent, France is in a position to dictate as to many things. The one point upon which she will insist is her own settlement of the Alsatian question. Upon that all parties, from Socialist to Royalist, seem to agree.

The disposition of France toward the lost provinces has changed during the war. Until 1914 the people who marched every year to hang wreaths on the Strasburg monument in Paris represented only a small minority. Indeed, many would have called them harmless cranks. True, the Frenchman always considered Alsace-Lorraine as stolen property in German hands. They belonged to France by *right*; but not five per cent of the population would have gone to war, even with a good prospect of success, to get them back. However, once the war was forced upon France, public opinion froze on the question. The return of the stolen goods became the one great prize of victory; the question admitted of no compromise.

What Alsace-Lorraine was feeling the French could not exactly know. That was a world where one dared not express his feelings, unless they matched with those of the conquerors. And, indeed, during the decade before the war the loyalists of the lost provinces had largely abandoned hope and had begun to make the most of their circumstances. Their struggle was not so much for freedom, by now, as for equal representation in the German Government with the other parts of Germany. On the border of the Empire, these provinces were still in the position of crown colonies. Of all the heavy stupidities which Germany has perpetrated in the larger policies of government none appears more stupid than this. She wanted to Germanize these fruitful districts, to make their sturdy and intelligent people a useful and loyal part of the Empire; and she tried to do it by denying them political rights.

### *The Exploitation of Lorraine*

IN 1909 the lords of Prussia got a glimpse into the heart of Alsace. Experimentally the government had for some time been relaxing the anti-French rules and laws. And that year the Alsatians were permitted to dedicate near Strasburg a monument to their fellow countrymen who had died for France in 1870. The occasion turned out more like a riot than an unveiling; it was all one demonstration for France. The Germans, who had given full permission for this ceremony, put the leading citizens who had planned it into jail and closed down the restrictions again. To give them equal political rights — the process by which France in the nineteenth century gracefully absorbed Savoy, Nice and Corsica—that was beyond German possibilities.

Then France returned. After four years of death and hardship during which the French element of Alsace-Lorraine must have felt that the old cause was forever lost, after two months of hopeful indecision, after a fortnight when things seemed to be drifting into anarchy—the horizon blue came in on the trail of the field gray and swept up to the Rhine. And France, which still doubted a little, learned the heart of Alsace-Lorraine — especially of Alsace. No one who has visited the lost provinces since the armistice returns with any doubt of Alsace or with much doubt of Lorraine. By every sign in human power the people of Alsatian and Lorrainaise blood have made it apparent that they out-French the French in their enthusiasm for the Republic. Indeed the ardor, the ecstasy of the people up there in the plateaus of the Vosges passes all description.

Since the occupation certain doubting Thomases of my acquaintance, misled by too much reading on both sides of the problem, by superficial boulevard gossip or by their own disposition to see life only through statistics, have visited Alsace to scoff, and remained to sing the Marseillaise—have needed no further proof than the external appearance of things to convince them that Alsace is French in heart and that "the plebiscite is taken."

As it goes with the native Alsatian, so probably does it go with the real Lorrainaise. But there the problem is a little more complicated, owing to the differing history of the two provinces since 1871. To make that understood I must sum up their recent history.

Lorraine, when the Germans stole it, was all French in language and national sentiment, and as French as any other district of the northern border in blood. Germany kidnaped her not for herself but for the jewel she wore—the great undeveloped iron basin. Alsace was Teutonic in blood, and her uneducated classes spoke a German dialect; also, up to about two hundred years before she had been loosely connected politically with parts of the present German Empire. The Germans seem to have believed, when they took these districts over, that Alsace would become absorbed more easily than Lorraine. So it might have seemed to most. But Alsace, in the Revolution, had gone through the fires of conversion to France and to democracy and had a special zeal for the lost cause.

Moreover—and most importantly—the Germans found in Alsace a poorer field for exploitation than in Lorraine. Alsace was nearly all agricultural, and the old farms were already worked up to the limit, the forests planted and cut up to their capacity. The Germans did open and begin to work some new potash deposits, but these were insignificant beside what they discovered and used in Lorraine. The iron mines turned out rich beyond all expectation. In 1870 the world was just entering the full era of steam, when a nation's standing in the struggle for power was to be measured by her steel-making capacity. With the best supply of coal in Continental Europe, Germany combined the product of this basin, which lay near the convenient Rhine waterway; from this combination grew the great industrial power of Germany. Up to the war the Germans got three-quarters of their iron-ore supply from Lorraine. Doubtless had they prospected thoroughly enough they would have set the frontier of 1870 even farther south. For after the rape of Lorraine the French looked into some outcroppings on their side of the line and found that the Lorraine deposit extended farther than anyone supposed; they still retained some of the edges in the Briey basin. Without this small and rather inferior supply France would have possessed no native iron, either for industrial or military purposes.

The German industrial had his eye on this field also. When, last winter and spring, Germany saw victory ahead the steel interests rose as one man and demanded that the peace terms imposed on beaten France include the transfer of the Briey basin—so completing the industrial vassalage which the rape of Lorraine and the "most-favored-nation" clause in the peace terms of 1870 had begun, and which the destruction of the northern factories and coal fields had carried along in a manner most satisfactory and pleasing to the Prussian intellect.

### *Strasburg Neither French Nor German*

SO, UNLIKE Alsace, Lorraine went through a period of great expansion and surface prosperity. Most of the fruits of expansion, however, went northward, to the financial and political lords of the Empire; or remained with transplanted Germans in Lorraine itself. Metz, capital of the old province, grew from a rather insignificant city to a metropolis. Mere villages grew into lively manufacturing cities. Again, Metz, lying close to the new frontier and already fortified, became an important military point, the pivot for German defensive strategy on the southeastern frontier. They made it the strongest fortress of Europe, and they garrisoned it to the nines.

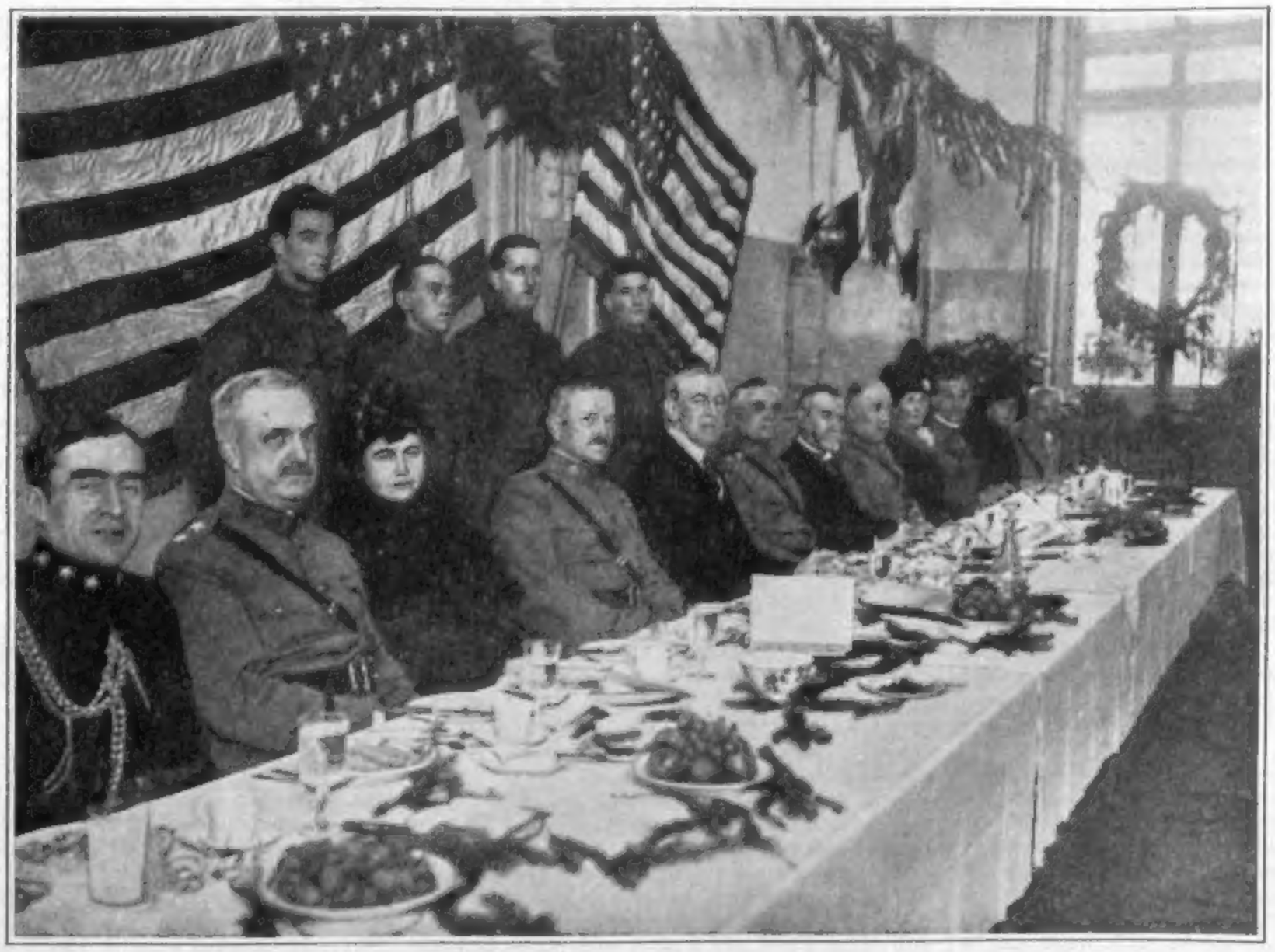
All this, of course, brought increase of population, and the lords of the Empire took care that the expansion should be German. The carpetbaggers whom they had been encouraging to settle in the new provinces since 1871 settled mostly in Lorraine. At this moment the population of Alsace-Lorraine is somewhat less than two millions.

Of these it is estimated—there are no accurate statistics as yet—some 300,000 to 400,000 belong to the German element as distinguished from the native. Most of them are concentrated in that part of Lorraine which owes its being to the iron fields.

Metz and Strasburg present even to the casual eye an anomalous contrast. Metz lies so near the frontier that all during the war visitors to the Couvonne de Nancy, where the battle line was almost identical with the boundary line, used to be taken to the artillery observation posts that they might see the spire of the Metz Cathedral rising from the landscape. Further, the French language flourished there beside the German. Otherwise it has the external appearance of a modern German city. Strasburg is a hundred miles beyond, on the very bank of the Rhine, across which lies the region that has always been Germany. Strasburg speaks German; otherwise it does not represent Germany at all. To tell the truth it does not much resemble France, either. It has remained—and that is the point—Alsatian.

Now though the return of the lost provinces to France is, as I have said, one of the few political certainties of these times, this carpetbagger population complicates the question; and this may be the proper place to

*(Continued on Page 109)*



*Christmas Dinner at Chaumont, G. H. Q., Tendered to President Wilson by General Pershing*

# QUI VIVE? FRANCE!

## By ELIZABETH FRAZER

QUI VIVE? France! Quand même!" Who lives? France! In spite of all! Such is the inscription on the Strasburg statue in that most beautiful of man-made squares, the Place de la Concorde, Paris. There are eight statues all told which engirdle that spacious square. Fair crowned queens seated on noble pedestals, they represent the eight principal cities of France—Brest, Bordeaux, Marseilles, Nantes, Rouen, Lyons, Lille, Strasburg. For forty-eight years the Strasburg statue had been in mourning, and regularly on Sedan Day, anniversary of France's disastrous defeat in 1870, flowers were heaped upon the statue of the beloved lost city, captive but never forgotten. And beneath, graved deep in the solid stone of the pedestal, was the magnificent challenge to the foe: "Who lives? France! In spite of all!"

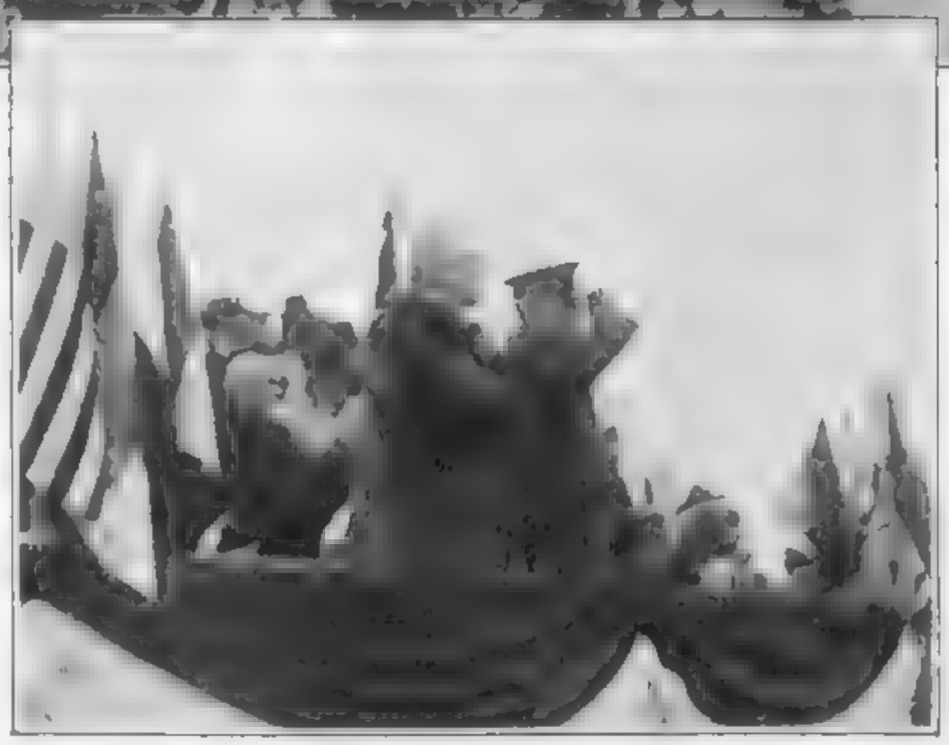
From the opening of the war there had been another statue in mourning, another sister in captivity. That was Lille. Since 1914 she, too, had been swathed in crape. And rarely a day passed that, strolling by that mourning statue, I did not see a bunch of violets or a sheaf of roses laid at the feet of that noble stone goddess, together with a word of love from some grieving, hoping refugee of Lille.

The Place de la Concorde is a royal place and has a royal setting. Conceive yourself standing in its center by the obelisk brought from Egypt and erected over the spot where, during the bloody days of the Revolution, the scaffold of the guillotine rose. On your right hand are the Gardens of the Tuileries and the Palace of the Louvre; on the left the wide, tree-bordered Avenue des Champs-Elysées mounts to the Arc de Triomphe; at your back lies the Seine traversed by the Pont de la Concorde, with the Chamber of Deputies looming on the farther bank; before you lie the Italian arcades of the Rue de Rivoli, the ancient palaces now converted into clubs and hotels; while directly in line with your eyes, at the foot of the Rue Royal, emerge the green roof and massive Doric columns of the Madeleine.

More than any other spot this square is steeped in the atmosphere of France's past. Designed during the reign of Louis XV, it was first called in his honor, Place Louis Quinze. Later, during the Revolution, it took the name Place of the Revolution. And finally, when those troublous days were done and France emerged into a great democracy, it was formally rechristened the Place of Peace. But it might well be called the Heart of Paris.

### *In the Days of the Guillotine*

WITHIN this old square have been enacted some of the most tragic and bloody scenes of French history. Here was executed Louis XVI. Here Marie Antoinette, robed in white, went to her death in a tumbrel. Here Robespierre put to death fourteen hundred persons in forty-seven days, and later himself mounted the scaffold of the guillotine. Here in this square from the time of its erection have gathered together the populace—the "little people" as France herself calls them—those simple, sturdy, homely folk, mercurial, powerful, dangerous because of their force and the big streak of passion in their natures, which may spout up into sudden flame, explode into harmless laughter or unite solidly into a mighty, irresistible flood of venegeance, wrath or joy.



*President Wilson and General Pershing Reviewing American Troops at Humes, France. Above—The Parade in Paris in Honor of President Wilson, Headed by the Famous Republican Guards*

Here too since the beginning of the war they have come at every public manifestation, swarming like bees from every quarter of the city—from Montmartre, from La Villette, the Bastille, and across the river—standing long hours in a sodden downpour; stoic, gay, straining their ears to catch the first blare of the band, all ready to shower their heroes with roses, to laugh, to weep, to shout hoarse acclaim. Since the opening days of the war how many millions of souls have stood in this spot, waiting for processions to pass! Those first tumultuous weeks of 1914. The saddened spring of 1915. The black year of 1916, when the Verdun offensive gathered its deadly toll and every woman was in crape. The bleak discouraging months of 1917; and the spring of 1918, when even America's weight thrown into the balance seemed insufficient to save France from her doom.

During that march of somber events, when France went down and down, each public occasion found the Place de la Concorde packed with solemn crowds. It has been a kind of great open temple where congregated all those who had a common grief, a common prayer and hope.

There is no other public square that I know and no other inanimate spot which so clearly expresses a personality, a noble brooding Presence immanent in its very stones. There is about it an austerity, a stark beauty of form. Its abiding color through sun and storm is a soft cool gray. For three summers and three winters I have watched it, forming the background of those innumerable bleak processions of war-tired little poilus in shabby horizon blue who looked so pitifully inadequate, so appealing, as they clumped stolidly along, their heavy marching packs strapped to their backs, their eyes bent to the ground; and always that square across which those little soldiers marched and countermarched seemed bigger, more sentient, more mysteriously potent and alive than the men. It seemed immobile, austere, inscrutable, yet profoundly aware of the purpose of those tired little soldiers who passed. Their fixed destiny it could not alter by a hair. But their unconscious aspirations, their incoherent prayers mounted into the air and by a kind of subtle alchemy became fused with the aspirations of all the others who had passed before into an incorporeal Presence, an atmosphere, grave, astonishingly beautiful, which brooded over the square.

### *Early Fetes of Victory*

TO OBSERVE Paris in her gay carnival mood one instinctively seeks the grand boulevards. But if what you want to see is the revealed soul of the people go out into the Place de la Concorde during some great demonstration. Regard the crowds. But even more, regard the square. For preference let it be raining. The skies are inky. The fountain plays. Up on top of the hill looms the arch, a massive shadow wrapped in mist. See how the poilus' greatcoats of faded blue and their helmets and drawn sabers—for they are mounted on ponies almost as shabby as themselves to form a cordon for the four-mile line of march down which a monarch shall presently pass—and even their sober war-lined countenances shade off into the prevailing tone of the square until they seem, the men and the background, one and indivisible, part of a great picture, a great emotion, a great soul.

Here you will not find dancing, singing or the popular game of Kiss Your Allies in the Ring. But you will find something. Something intangible, brooding, austere. And it is this permanent something, deeper than laughter, more poignant than tears, which has made me choose the Place de la Concorde, even as the French have chosen it, to be the center of this story of the joyous celebrations in Paris following the armistice.

Properly speaking they began, these fêtes of victory, nearly a month before victory was assured. Before that time at night all Paris was shrouded like a masked lady in a black velvet cloak, and only a few spectral blue lights like diamonds gave evidence that there was a city about at all. If you got run down and killed by speed maniacs that was your own little affair. If you were only maimed you paid

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# RUNA'S HOLIDAY

## By Henry Milner Rideout

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

*Before Sunrise They Were Jolting in a Cart Drawn by Solemn Bullocks That Paused to Browse the Greenery Overhanging an Ancient and Forgotten Road*

ANOTHER brilliant morning had begun to grow hot as Mr. Runa la Flèche turned out of Chowringhee Road to walk through narrow streets and byways where early shadow lingered. The young man was for a wonder in no hurry, and wore gay unprofessional attire—thin white flannels, very sleek, with a new pussy-willow-colored helmet that might have done a viceroy honor. He walked lazily, tapping his legs with a rattan, and humming Monsieur de la Palisse in accompaniment to reverie. Now and then a shade, a passing frown, disturbed the languor of his pale-brown face.

"Pah! Simply shan't and won't!" he told himself. "I'll hide first. If the old son will only cut along too, it's a go."

At this decision a more pleasant humor lighted his great brown eyes; and when turning a corner he came forth in a broad sunlit street Mr. La Flèche had forgotten all discontent or native melancholy, and was smiling.

"Old Daniel does pick the rattiest barracks," he thought. "Never saw such a frugal mind. Surely he can afford comfort. Not natural to be a skinflint at his age. I'll chock him up about it."

Across the street beyond the drooping horseflesh and black rattletraps of a gharri stand rose the edifice in which Dan Towers had set up his rest. A gloomy stucco box it was, of brindle color marbled with dark damp veins. Long ago, before De Lesseps, in the subaltern days of Lord Roberts, it might have been a thronged and glittering hostelry; but now on this morning of a degenerate age it looked blankly down on a desert pavement where lean horses waited for nobody, drivers dozed under motionless wheels, and on the thresholds of long-closed doors or in the shallow recess of a bricked-up window coolies lay with dirty cotton drawn over their faces, like dead men in a thoroughfare of the past.

"Giddy hotel," said Mr. La Flèche, as he climbed to the street door and entered. "Like walking into a yawn."

Office and vestibule lay empty. In a billiard room black as night, moist and warm as a mushroom cellar, one dreary white man sat drinking alone. It was not his friend; so by the main stairway mounted Runa, his steps echoing, till he came to an upper hallway, flagged underfoot, dimly lighted by a few unwashed windows, and vacant but for three natives who, with a kind of intense apathy, lay watching a fourth rub mildew caressingly from a pair of English boots. These Rip Van Winkle servants turned their eyes in exhaustion to follow Runa's movement as he found the door he sought and knocked at it.

"Come!" cried the voice of Dan within.

La Flèche obeyed.

"Hello! Good boy!"

Midway in the room Mr. Towers sat at a table with two opened letters and a bottle of lemonade. His lean face brightened quickly. He grinned in welcome. But Runa, whose livelihood it was to see things at half a glance, perceived that his friend had not been sitting there quite so happy as a king.

"Family affairs. Trouble in his mail. Dare say he supports a lot of aunts—a houseful. No joking about skinflints," thought the young gentleman from Chandernagor, even while he flourished himself and his rattan into a chair and poured out a stream of genial nonsense, abundant, amazing, all in a breath. "And what's new, Dan?" he concluded. "How goes the Ritz-Carlton here? Much joy of life? A jolly cave below *pour faire un frotin*, eh?"

From behind a chintz curtain worn into holes Dan brought another bottle of lemon pop, a glass, and a round green tin of more than Spartan cigarettes. His guest, while accepting this refreshment as with delight, saw that the bed was very aged, one of the two chairs broken, the frayed punkah motionless for a good reason, its thong showing a snapped end in a rusty pulley.

"Some," replied Dan cheerfully. "One Australian jockey suspended for foul riding. And one Englishman, mighty decent chap, engineer, waiting to be tried in the High Court for arson; he burnt some rubbish a baboo dumped on his construction line up in the mofussil. That's all of us at present. Jockey doesn't say anything; means to, but can't make it, even in liquor."

Runa shook his head at this report, and waved his rattan through the air in a convoluted pattern worthy of Uncle Toby.

"It won't do! Look here," he cried, "you need a holiday!"

"I do," Dan agreed, placidly smoking. "So do you. So does the engineer. So does everybody. The jockey's the only man of us to get one, and he might as well have the toothache, so far as ——"

His visitor sprang on foot, and went marching up and down the room.

"I mean to take a fortnight off," said Runa hotly. "And you shall come with me."

"You couldn't take a holiday and keep it. Two weeks? Not in your blood. Impossible."

The other halted, and stood eying him craftily.

"What'll you bet I can't?"

"A dinner at Archambaud's, when the next Andaman turtle comes in."

"Done! Two weeks. You've lost beforehand, my child." La Flèche resumed his pacing of the room. His face worked whimsically with annoyance. "Make the vacations? I not only can but must. I came here to tell you. See now. Yesterday"—he made a fiendish grimace—"my chief Weatherby turned over to me, for guidance and information, one of these horrible Great Men. A globe-trotting M. P., J. P., Fellow of the Royal Gastronomical Society, something like that, something of the utmost *morgue*. I saw him. He says: 'Haw. Indeed. Haw.' A consecrated beast, calm as a walrus, with walrus tusks of teeth.

"He will write books; you cannot imagine how he will write books! They will be full of 'whilst' and 'however' and 'hitherto' and 'distinctly not ungratifying'—words like that, my God! I cannot. It is too much, Dan!" Runa was rapt into a fury; his brown eyes blazed, his rattan whistled and rioted aloft, his speech became a whirlwind of English, French and the vernacular. "A camel, an Aya Gaya who knows more than your grandmother, an addled goose egg, a pump, the eyes of a bored fish, dull as a dak horse. Old Senator, if I lead thee roundabout this land may we drink nothing but Zirah water!"

He paused for lack, not of metaphor, but of breath.

"What," asked the calmer Daniel, who always found his friend a mine of curious knowledge, "what is Zirah water, son?"

Runa came down to earth like a poet interrupted.

"Mint, asafetida, cumin seed, ginger, green mangoes, chilies and salt," he answered. "It would be good for his cold belly." Dropping into a chair as though worn out, the young man sighed. "Can't, shan't, won't! That's flat. I shall disappear. My doctor tells me to avoid excitement."

Dan leaning in the window chuckled at this fable.

"Avoid? You carry it round with you, Runa."

His friend made no retort, but sat musing over the lemonade. Towers watched a crow and a kite down in an alley, disputing over a dead cat which had lain there for two days. In this life it had been a striped cat. Presently the kite won the argument, the crow flew away over the trees of somebody's compound, and Dan turned, to discover that Runa was leaning beside him on the window ledge.

"Good! Well done, kite!" said Runa with a snarl.

Now the kite's manners were not at all pretty. Dan glanced at Runa, and felt something like a shock. This mild young dandy was staring down, vicious, eager, as it were gloating, with eyes contracted. The impression was but momentary.

"Bah! It's not the kite's kill," said Runa. "Carrion. Ugh!"

With an odd shudder of excitement he turned from the window. His face had grown almost pale. Meeting Dan's look of inquiry he laughed; but the laugh was rather sheepish.

"Morbid. Can't help it," he explained. "People are born so. My mother was. You understand? No, you couldn't. Beyond words. You feel, you know a cat's in the room, for example, even after dark, and it sickens you. Beastly!"

He shuddered as before, finished his lemonade, took another cigarette, and was himself again.

"An idea though, *quoi?*" He bestrode the rickety chair, horseback fashion, and continued gayly: "Dan, look here! A 500 express rifle's the only thing after all; soft-nosed bullet with a good long stalk; six drams of black powder to drive it. Gets him in his engine room every time. Let's do it. Let's move out to-night."

"Who?" said Dan. "The globe-trotter? Going to shoot your cold-belly M. P.?"

Runa puckered up an impatient face.

"Not at all. Tigers, tigers," he replied. "Take our holiday on shikar. Tiger shooting. I picked up a boy named Davaraj who's crazy to go. He knows the home address of every tiger in India. Now come! Let's be off. Your dead striped cat put me in mind of it."

The offer was plainly a great temptation to Dan. He stood staring, bright-eyed, rejuvenated. Then he grumbled something and shook his head morosely.

"Like to, Runa." He picked up from the table his letters, which he folded and put away carefully in his pocket. The light died out of his gray eyes. "Can't afford it, son."

Runa jumped up and shook him.

"Stop that now! It's growing on you," cried Mr. La Flèche earnestly. "You just break the habit in time. Dan, we're too young to be misers. You're getting bad, bad—ah, you are a Drake's-Tail:

*Quack, quack, quack!*
*When shall I get my money back?*

It grows on you. Really, there's no expense. Old H. H. of Mayaganj gave me a cartload of railway tickets that I haven't used. This jewel of a shikari, Davaraj, he owes me money. So there you are! Nothing to buy but your chow,

which costs less than you're paying here. We're rich enough. *C'e n'est pas le Pérou, mais* —if you don't come help me kill a tiger I will bag the M. P. after dinner this evening!"

Dan laughed, but not so easily won over, stated his former objection. Runa released him with a final shake, and went up and down the room, making magnificent oration, chanting the beauties of life in the jungle, then returning to the charge with reasons lively, subtle and exact. He was not to be gainsaid. Noon drew near, with the hour of tiffin, but Runa remained in full swing. There was no escape from him but by surrender.

"All right. We go."

"You bet we go!" The victor at once caught up his helmet. "First to eat in glory at a real hotel —— Oh hang it, no. My globe investigator will be eating there. Haw. Indeed. Haw! *Diable, diable, diable l'emporte!* But come elsewhere."

Arm in arm he dragged Dan downstairs and hailed the sleeping cab stand.

"Hi, gharriwallah! No time to lose now. We'll be packed and away, supplies and all, by eight sharp."

As their greasy victoria rattled through the humid glare of Calcutta, Towers began to rejoice that his friend had conquered after all. His face must have betrayed as much, for Runa looked at him quizzically and laughed.

"Better already, aren't you? *Hé oui*, there was need *de revoir la vie en rose*, if only for a fortnight!"

Dan the skeptic joined in laughing, but shook his head.

"You can't keep it up a fortnight," he repeated.

"Our bet covers that part," sighed Runa. "You'll see." He sank back with legs crossed, carefree and luxurious, drawling his words out: "A balloon, a field glass, forty bloodhounds of the good Uncle Tom, a flea comb, a witch-hazel rod, ten thousand bushels of telegrams, a ouija board—all these my chief shall require to catch us with, Daniel the good child and me. We depart so quietly, ah, so little creep, creep, creep-mouselike in the dark. And we leave no address!"

II

THEY left none. At eight o'clock that evening they came, alone together, unobserved if not creep-mouselike, into a dark echoing station where the train waited, a long wall of open windows and doors. Pilgrims, coolies, baboo jute buyers and Afghan peddlers lay encamped along the platform. Under a mound of boxes, corded bundles, and neatly folded canvas there squatted a little figure whom Runa hailed as the boy Davaraj. This boy who kept such close correspondence with tigers rose painfully to salaam. He was a lean aged boy with white mustache, wrapped to the chin in dirty calico, top-heavy with a dirty turban. He grinned rather toothlessly, and suffered from stiff joints; but he got the mountain of camp kit safely stowed, unrolled *razais* and sheets on the padded leather cushions of his masters' compartment, and hobbled into his own narrow quarters, all with great dispatch and little talk, before the train rolled out. The ghostly crowd and the lamps vanished.

"Not bad, Danny?" Runa lay smoking on his quilt in the dark.

"Not at all," replied Towers.

A breeze of motion drew soft and pleasant through the open windows. Outside a black plain moved past, lighted by stars and fireflies.

"Where are we going?"

"Never mind. We're in the hands of Davaraj." La Flèche yawned and flipped his cigarette outdoors. "Whilst you do not know, it, however, is distinctly not ungratifying. Haw. Indeed. Heaven is very kind. We're off. Hurrah! Good night."

They slept angelic sleep in that cool cradle of the train. Dan never knew just where their journey led. Before dawn they were set down at some dark place in a cloud of fireflies and of white shapes dispersing wearily under broad foliage; before sunrise, were jolting in a cart drawn by solemn bullocks that paused to browse the greenery overhanging an ancient and forgotten road; by noon on the next day, had pitched their tabernacle of double canvas, a tent within a tent, among low wooded hills where only insects humming and a hidden stream tinkling through jungle disturbed a silence intolerably hot. Old Davaraj, the boy, forgetting his rheumatism, came and went, establishing the camp, giving orders to dark wild men who scowled in the sunlight and wondered. He wore a new turban of white cloth, rolled sumptuously round a green and tinsel peak; in his hand for rod of office he carried a pale-yellow yardstick inscribed with some Newmarket tailor's name, which he pointed loftily hither and yon, like him of the Apocalypse measuring the cubits of a golden city; and as he pointed so he was obeyed. The dark forest men bowed and performed the mysterious will of Davaraj. "Funny old duck," said Runa as they sat after dinner, playing cards by candlelight. "But he knows tiger, you'll find."

"I hope so," replied Towers with a stretch.

"You will. A point of seven. Good. A quint major. Four kings. Thirty-six. Repique. Ninety-seven. . . ." And Runa played quickly through to a capot, the cards falling like autumn leaves on the packing-case table.

"You'll never be lucky in love," said the defeated Dan

"No." Between the candles Runa's pale-brown face, clear and handsome, lighted in a kindly smile. "No. That is true. *Çà ne fait rien.* I've lived alone in the world since my mother died."

They forgot piquet, to lounge and smoke, exchanging confidences, while outside their tent the jungle stream murmured and tinkled, night birds complained from hill to hill, and round the outskirts of some village far off a pariah barked. When after a happy hour spent in overhauling firearms the two men lay on their cots they heard these sounds continue, dreamy and widespread, like the breathing of a wilderness gone to sleep. Now and again the tent walls, gilded by the dim night lamp, wavered and sighed comfortably with a stir of homelike shadows.

In this way the evenings faded into dreamland, bringing hot but cheerful days, neither too busy nor too dull. Sunrise, blazing up the long valleys over treetops wonderfully green and still, overtook the tent mates with their retinue afoot and active, scrambling through forest paths wet with dew, or meshes of thorn and creeper, or steep glades choked with keen-bladed grass. Afternoon found them resting in camp, with a string of jungle fowl to be counted, or rabbits to be cooked under Runa's supervision, carefully, delicately, after some old French fashion. Once a headman and notables—timorous, monkey-whiskered starvelings—came in procession with a tribute of warm milk from a village of which the gables gleamed far down among the woods, a huddle of pointed golden thatch. Nightfall brought to their tent the aged boy Davaraj, rheumatic yet eager and bright-eyed, reporting and prognosticating.

"It is very well," Runa told him. "We have but one complaint. Where is the tiger?"

Davaraj made salaam, with ten stiff fingers trembling downward from the brim of his green-and-white turban.

"He is, father-mother," crooned Davaraj. "To-morrow, O vicar of the Lord! Men say he is larger than a cow. To-morrow. He is!"

In existence he might be, but not in that neighborhood, thought Dan, who began to consider the worthy Davaraj as a fraud. Much technical wrangling took place indeed among the villagers and forest men; and there came one rather thrilling hour before dawn, when all waited, shivering with dampness and hope, in a gloomy ravine full of shapes that might have been he. They were not. The paling obscurity showed them as rocks and matted bush. Then Runa laughed and cursed.

"Gone to the moon! I believe you're right, Towers. No such animal."

He took these disappointments bitterly; not so Dan, who rejoiced to live in camp again, roam the woods at all hours, and make acquaintance with strange trees and undergrowth, even though he met no creature alive but a gilt-green sunbird flashing through the leaves, a rabbit perked among ferns, or in full sail overhead a sacred peacock, long, burnished, lustrous, the Cleopatra's barge of the air.

Thus, when four or five placid days had drifted by, Towers happened to be loitering through a tangled alley near the camp, alone and sleepily contented. With pipe in mouth and shotgun forgotten under arm he went thinking of distant friends, of places and people beyond the seas. It was hot and close under these woods; and as he came out into the glare of a gully walled with coarse mustard-yellow grass he might have stepped from a cave into a bonfire. The air took him in the face like a sheet of invisible flame, blinding the eyes, parching the lungs dry and empty.

The gully ran upward, narrowing. Over its carpet of short stuff, brittle as needles, the surrounding thicket leaned, frowzy, like a

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*He Watched the Topaz Eyes Change and Broaden, the Shining Muscles Gather for the Leap*

# THE ORDER FOR MERIT

## By Joseph Hergesheimer

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

LITERALLY at no other time of the day, Freda realized, did she have what might be called a moment of her own. Even now she was conscious of a slightly guilty feeling—there was really no reason for her to linger here, since both her children were asleep. The peace of the small dim room was stirred only by their regular breathing. Hazzard had a knee drawn up, energetic in repose; but Eliza, a blur of pink and brown-gold, was utterly relaxed. Freda's sense of guilt changed to defiance; she didn't intend to go downstairs until she was ready—or at least until her back was rested. Yesterday and to-day it had hurt a great deal.

She had always hated kitchen work, her thoughts—newly and secretly released—continued; and now probably she was condemned to a lifetime of such drudgery. She did not mind when it was for Hazzard and Eliza; or rather the reward of their pleasure and well-being outweighed all the backaches imaginable; but the others —— The sudden amazing conviction that Walter had been the lucky one filled her with a startled sense of truth.

It seemed ridiculous, callous, when Walter, only thirty-two, had been killed in his first action in France. He had been so youthful, so full of vitality and certitude and plans, that even a glorious death had been inexpressibly sad. Yet in spite of this her new sense of his supreme luck persisted. It had always been like that; when he had married her Freda had had a profound appreciation of the benefit extended to her—Walter's good looks were so golden, his friends so wholly devoted, that a feeling of special gratitude was unavoidable.

This too had easily survived the early years of marriage; it had invested Eliza's arrival with the significance of a rare, precious phenomenon. Hazzard's birth had been more involved; indeed it had cost her nearly all that Walter later relinquished in a French field; but her husband's pleasure at a son banished the memory of her suffering and danger. Standing above her with the boy in his arms he had seemed, with his shapely, decisive jaw and bright flare of hair, no more than a boy himself.

*When Walter Had Returned for a Few Hours Before Sailing She Fully Shared His High Enthusiasm*

He had made plenty of money, however; successful in this, as well. His friends were solid university men in banks and brokerage houses; and a position of trust, then a junior partnership had been given him in one of the latter. Everything he touched, Freda realized, responded with the same ringing abundance. The circumstances of their living reflected Walter's brilliancy—Hazzard's and Eliza's clothing were smocked by the nuns of New Orleans, their nurse was always in the whitest and starchiest of caps and fluted aprons, they spent the entire month of August at a smart resort with expensive, smart acquaintances. The gay chintzes and deep chairs of his house, the mahogany-and-white paneling of the dining room, the draped, high-posted beds and tiled baths above were in his superlative manner.

Then the war, first curtailing his material success, set him on the final unassailable peak. Their money had gone very rapidly as America moved toward the conflict; but then neither Walter nor herself had paid any attention to such an ignoble detail. The market was shot to pieces, naturally; but after Germany was smashed it would be stronger than ever. Walter's mind had been entirely addressed in the early days to the question of whether or not he should offer himself to France. Then America laid aside neutrality and his doubts were answered.

She had of course warmly supported his patriotic and martial ardor. When, at an officers' training camp, he had got a first lieutenancy and returned home for a few hours before sailing she fully shared his high enthusiasm. This, they had agreed, was their joint sacrifice—that he should go overseas and fight for democracy while she stayed home and kept things going against his return.

Only for a moment, the night after he had departed—sitting as she was now by the children—had the slightest cloud darkened the future, obscuring issues that only six hours before had seemed crystal clear. It was easy for Walter—his duty was as sharp as the blowing of a bugle; but what about herself? What about the children? She had banished her brief fear. Walter would come back

Things always turned out perfectly with him.

At first, aghast by the sheer, crude fact of his death, it seemed to her that he had been lured on to utter disaster, that all his triumph had been mocked and betrayed. But to-night she realized how his good fortune had held. He had been eternally young and strong and erect, and he had never known such a weary pain as that now lodged in her back. He had had only happiness from Eliza and Hazzard, happy hours and the glow of wide predictions. And at the zenith of so much, before the least chill wind had blown over his warmth, before any disappointment or age shadowed his eyes—he had been changed into a shape of imperishable beauty.

His part had been swift and final, like the flash of his sword blade in the sun; but hers had hardly opened. The war in Europe at last was coming to an end; but her struggle was only beginning. It wasn't, she told herself, that she was a coward or that she too was not willing to make any sacrifice in her own private feminine engagement with life, yet ——

Hazzard dropped his knee and turned on his side. He was five years old and apparently inexhaustibly energetic. He had to be watched continually, on account of an adventurous and fearless spirit, but he was an uncomplicated, sweet-tempered child. Eliza, who was two years older, was extremely sedate in actions, but she already had a restless curiosity of mind and tactless frankness. She played dolls in an offhand, tyrannical manner, and dragooned Hazzard to an uncomfortable degree.

It was for Eliza rather than for her boy that Freda questioned the future; and this seemed to her strangely significant of everything that had overtaken both the world and herself.

What had life in hiding for Eliza? That was equivalent to asking what it had for her, Freda, who was not yet twenty-nine!

She couldn't, however, stay in the tranquil presence of her children all evening, and, straightening a coverlet, brushing back a strand of disordered hair, she turned reluctantly from the room. As she descended the stairs her mouth involuntarily tightened. Mrs. Norma Scannon, Walter's mother, like herself a widow, was seated at a table with some newspaper clippings, a tube of paste and a blank book. She was arranging in a permanent form all the notices of Walter's death, supplied by a clipping bureau.

Mrs. Scannon, the elder, was in a conspicuous, unrelieved depth of mourning, with the simple exception of a gold star pinned to her bosom. She was not a large woman, but she gave the impression of having once been much fatter; she had prominent brown eyes, a blue-black shadow across her upper lip, and a voice charged with flooding emotionalism.

Her sister, Caroline Hazzard, sat on the other side of the table reading the evening paper. It was evident that she had always been as thin as she was at present. She read the paper with vigorous, decided motions of harsh hands remarkably like the countenance framed in severe dead-black hair, which every little while she showed in the shifting of the sheets. Freda had never seen Miss Hazzard until after Walter's death, at which she had come East from a small city of Ohio; and Freda had been impressed at once by a relentless spirit expressed in the uncompromising hair and in denunciation of the insidious harm of rocking-chairs.

"Here is a splendid account of dear Walter in a Denver paper," Mrs. Norma Scannon proclaimed. "It is headed Heroes of Our Civilization. Doesn't it make you burn with pride, Freda, to know that the country is ringing with praise of our Bayard?"

"Of course," Freda replied simply.

The other enveloped her in a brief, cold attention.

"One could never guess it from your tone," she said. "At times I fail to understand you—a woman, a relict, blessed beyond words. Him to whom you were privileged to be mated shrined in the heart of his nation."

"I really don't feel as though I need to defend my love and admiration for Walter," Freda replied. There was a sudden, sharp dig of pain beneath her shoulder. A devastating fatigue pressed upon her.

Walter's mother answered heavily: "I hint at nothing. Perhaps the young women of to-day are different from those of yesterday. I glory in my willing sacrifice and loss. There is something else." She turned from the scrapbook and produced a letter. "We are specially invited to Newark for a patriotic parade. Mothers and wives who have made the supreme gift are to march together. It's this Friday coming, and I wrote immediately, accepting."

"But how can I go?" Freda cried. "Why, it would take the best part of a day. Hazzard and Eliza have to be taken care of. We have no servants now, remember."

"Caroline will look after the children," Mrs. Scannon insisted. "You have a greater responsibility than a day's work at home. We are, in a way, public property; our country has a right to us."

"What's that?" Miss Hazzard demanded. "Friday? You know well enough, Norma, that Friday's the afternoon for our Committee for Devastated Rumania. Get in that colored girl you've had before."

"I'm not going to leave the children all day with a colored girl of fourteen," Freda asserted. "There won't be any proper dinner for them, and Hazzard is certain to run away again."

Miss Hazzard elevated her brows. "When I arrived here," she remarked, "I had no idea we were to be without servants. For women of your mother-in-law's and my age it is very uncomfortable. Indeed, I am not at all sure but I'll have to move."

"I manage the best I can," Freda said unhappily. "You know they're almost impossible to get. The girl I had—and you complained about her all day long—left to get fifteen dollars a week for war work. You see, I can't pay that."

"I think Freda does very well," the elder Mrs. Scannon put in. "The dinner to-night was really delicious. And if

she can't get to Newark for the parade I shall endeavor to represent us both."

Freda wished, in an inner passionate violence almost hysterical, that they would go away—Caroline Hazzard, who held over her the promise—or was it a threat?—of the money she was supposed to control—and Walter's mother. She could get along comparatively well by herself. Neither of them contributed a dollar toward the expenses of such a particular household; and though Walter had left something besides his life insurance she needed all for the children. It made her actually sick to draw a hundred dollars from the only sum of their safety.

But when she put out the light in the cramped room back of the children to which she had moved, a corresponding terrifying spiritual darkness settled over her. She was absolutely alone in a world, without advice or warmth or assistance. There was literally no one to whom she could appeal outside the two women living here and on her limited money. Practically she could do nothing; even common household duties left her exhausted when evening came. Walter had insisted on an ornamental and not a useful wife; they would always have servants, he had declared.

When they were first married, with one general inefficient girl, she had been tireless the house had looked better then than it did later with three servants. But it had been fatally easy to let go, to give up her efforts one by one and sink into the ease that was the sign of Walter's pride and success.

Then after Hazzard's birth she was actually unable to undertake continuous or heavy labor.

Her thoughts turned to the war, back to Walter's death and the problem it had left for her. Everyone agreed that his first and greatest duty was to his country; he had spoken of the responsibility to his children and the future. Well, they had both given freely; but her gift was apparently inconsequential compared with the other—a labor without music or honors. Mrs. Norma Scannon had expressed the world's attitude toward Walter Scannon's widow. What a hateful word "widow" was! But Mrs. Scannon had used a worse she had called her a relict. Freda sat straight up in bed with her hands clenched and told the night that she would not be a relict.

Her determination was lost in a wonder at what it was in men that so insistently spoiled the women they loved. Walter had treated her as though she were a species of Christmas tree on which he hung presents. And in her affection for him, her delight and surrender, she had been exactly what he wanted.

Eliza must be different.

The wish invaded her that Hazzard would be different, too, from his father. That, she felt, might be disloyal, but she couldn't help it. If the world was to be better they must all change; almost the first necessity was a clearer understanding between men and women, less and less of the ignominious Christmas-tree idea. She grew sleepy and her thoughts blurred; then life would be safe not only from the horror of war but from the blinding stupidity of peace as well. Walter had spent her with careless fingers; it would have been all right if he had lived.

Her room was cold when she woke, and flooded with a thin bright radiance. She shivered at the prospect of rising; then getting up directly she found her slippers and a wrap and went in to the children. Eliza was sleeping, but Hazzard was wide awake and greeted her with an excited whisper. He had found a giraffe among the shadows on the ceiling. She could see it by bending close. His face was fresh and sweet, and on her way to the kitchen the thought of him pinched her heart.

The gas stove was out of order. It was quite impossible for the present to have repairs made; and the coal scuttle was empty. She got it too full, at the bin outside the door, and had to rest in the middle of the floor. She ground the coffee and pulled the kettle forward on the stove; then set the table in the dining room. It would make her work far lighter to fix the breakfast things the night before, but she couldn't bring herself to such a compromise with her sense of nicety.

Soon thereafter she had Hazzard out of the tub "Really, Hazzard, you must stop splashing me!"—and Eliza was sedately bathing herself.

"Perhaps," she said to her brother, "we can get done breakfast before they come down."

Freda was too wise to chance any remark on the "they." Already there was a stir from the front of the house, from the room that had been Walter's and hers.

The children, in their broadcloth coats and smart feathered hats, were out in the small back yard before Mrs. Norma Scannon and her sister appeared.

"The oranges are on the table," Freda called from the stove.

"I don't care for fruit this morning," Miss Hazzard answered; "or at least not for uncooked fruit. Is there a baked apple?" There wasn't. "I always keep baked apples at home," she proceeded. "Do you remember, Norma, how full our refrigerator used to be? Something for everybody. Housekeeping is very different now from our day."

"I can't say much for this new way of making coffee either," the elder Mrs. Scannon put in. "It stands to reason coffee won't be coffee just from rising through a strainer.

"Freda, dear, I must show you to-morrow. Walter used to say there was none like mine."

Freda Scannon at last took her place at the table. It seemed to her that she had been up half a day already. Caroline Hazzard's bath, it developed, had been no better than tepid.

"I must see about a convenient apartment," she told them; "large enough for Norma and me and a capable servant."

"I'd like you to be comfortable here," Freda said with a feeling of hopeless timidity. She must not sacrifice the children to her own mood.

"I shall stand by my companion's family," Mrs. Norma Scannon declared firmly. "I owe it to Walter's darlings.

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*Freda Gazed at the Broad, Patient Face Before Her and Stopped With a Sudden Constriction of the Heart. He Was Blind*

# GERMAN BILLETS

## By Maude Radford Warren

WE ARE the golden rope—we, the Army of Occupation, here in the Rhine country—and by us the Germans are trying to climb. So be it, if they do it in the right way and with the right spirit. Our soldiers have nothing of the conquered-must-drag-at-the-wheels-of-the-chariot attitude. It is considered wise for us to be on formal terms with the Germans; we are not expected to fraternize. But it is not in the nature of our soldiers to be overbearing or unfriendly; or even, so far as that goes, to be formal. Of depression and grief and bewilderment the Germans, whatever their crimes as individuals or as a nation, must have suffered full share. At present they are behaving toward us pretty much as the individual temperaments dictate, and they are perhaps to be more easily read now than they can be later on.

Whenever in the work of occupation we soldiers and officers and few civilians come freshly into a town or village the inhabitants, in the throes of adjustment, are likely most plainly to show their real feelings toward us. It happens that the day before yesterday I met with an unusual number of concrete experiences that may be taken as typical. To begin with, as I was leaving my room on the way to dinner, little Frau Schmidt, who has the apartment adjoining, darted from her door, where I am sure she had been standing for some time to intercept me. Her manner was eager, was almost pathetically friendly.

"Oh, you are here," she said, speaking English in a rich throaty voice. "You wanted a laundress. I know one who is prompt and cheap. I see that the chambermaid has not come yet to make up your room. If she does not come do not blame the landlord. She is a little devil who has never been married and who does not love children; and he, poor man, cannot find anyone else to work for him, labor is so scarce now. But he loves the American soldiers. He wants them all to know that."

### *A Symbolical Accident*

I HAPPENED to know that the landlord was suspected of selling absinth to the soldiers and was being watched.

"It is kind of you to take so much trouble for me, Frau Schmidt."

"Ach, it is nothing. I speak English well. I say to myself: 'Perhaps I can help my country by explaining the Americans and the Germans to one another.' For you do not understand our hearts; no, that you do not. But it is all over now, is it not? There would never have been a war if we women had had anything to do with it, would there?"

While we were blaming it all on the men there sounded a sudden fall and the shattering of glass. We both rushed into the apartment with the same fear—that the tiny Schmidt boys were somehow mixed up with the glass. There in a corner stood a Schmidt infant, staring down guiltily at a picture he had evidently pulled from the table It was a picture of William II, late German Emperor.

"Ah, that is what you would call a symbol," said Frau Schmidt. "Young Germany pulls down the Emperor. I had that picture from the wall removed."

Her pale face crimsoned, tears came into her eyes, and she spoke with what I am sure was sincere emotion.

"Yes," she said; "Von Hindenburg I leave up there on the wall; for, see, he was a great soldier; he was no politician. He did his best for us. He was not like Von Ludendorff, on whom I stamp; he knew the truth but he deceived us. The Kaiser—oh, but before the war how the people would have died for him! Two and a half millions of men did die for him; and he—he ran away in our hour of need. The Emperor and his six sons—and not one wounded. Is there another household in Germany of which that can be said? Men died in agony with love for him in their hearts, and he ran away from his people. If he had but stood up here like a man in his own land and shot himself we could have forgiven him. The Empress was all for good works; no one will say a word against her. The Crown Prince—on him I spit. I feel sad for his little children when I think what they will read about him some day in the books of history. The Emperor may come back to Germany some day; but never, never can he rule us again. Ah, madame, you are in an unhappy country with no ruler, no manufactories, no fats, with a heavy debt, with many sick and weak people—above all with our best men dead. A miserable country; but you must not think we do not like the Americans; indeed we do."

Who could feel anything but pity for such a German subject? It is bad enough to belong to a country that has lost millions of men; nor is Germany the only country in such case. But what a humiliation to belong to a country the ruling party of which has deceived its dead soldiers and its living trusting civilians. Frau Schmidt was a heartbroken woman, betrayed by her country, and still ready to put up a good fight to make the best of things.

As I descended the stairs I heard excited voices in the café, the proprietor of which was suspected of selling absinth. A guttural raucous German voice was lifted high against an American voice, both speaking the guttural language. An orderly was lounging in the lower hall, cocking an interested ear caféward.

"Them birds'll be at each other's throats in a minute," he said cheerfully. "They oughtn't to let unregenerate Germans in, especially when they're half-seas over, what with drink and patriotism."

I could translate a word here and there, and the orderly obligingly helped.

"That's the landlord butting in now," he said, "saying what wonderful soldiers the Americans are. That German has been sousing himself all afternoon and chinning to the fellows. At first he was all right—just telling where he had been in this and that campaign. But those last couple glasses were too much for him and he's saying now that the Germans weren't beaten at all, but had food enough for two years more, and equipment and men, and could have whipped us if they had kept on, but the high command had other plans and chose to withdraw the troops so that they can get more out of it when they come back to fight later on. He says that in ten years Germany will come back, only the United States won't be in the fight then; and then the German'll be on the top of the heap forever, and the victory will have come that so much noble German blood has so gloriously paid for. Now all that Hun has to do to get into trouble is to tell us that we aren't real soldiers."

### *Fawning German Compliments*

I WITHDREW from the tumult and the shouting and passed into the main street. A few doors along was a little bakery, where I stopped to order bread to make some Y. M. C. A. sandwiches. The tall dark couple who operated the shop smiled widely and said the bread would surely be reserved for me, and that it was as good bread as could be manufactured, considering the kind of flour Germany had to use.

"How well the gracious Frau speaks German," said the woman fawningly.

The gracious Frau speaks a meager, halting, ungrammatical German that sets her own teeth on edge.

"Will the gracious Frau sell me a little soap?" she begged. "Such as she has in the canteen for the soldiers?"

No, the gracious Frau could not do that; it was *verboten*.

"Why," asked the baker suddenly and resentfully, "do your soldiers go armed in the streets? It is not necessary. We never want to hear another shot as long as we live. Your soldiers need not fear harm."

This surely was smile-provoking.

"Our soldiers are not afraid of anything," I said; "it is not a question of fear."

"Then why?"

You can figure to yourself what a German officer would have said in reply to a question like that. What I said was:

"Your German Army took its orders unquestioningly, did it not? So does ours. Whatever is decreed in our Army is decreed with good reason."

As I passed out I was tempted to look back through the window but I did not, for I wanted to see nothing that would disturb my appetite for dinner. That dinner had been especially ordered in midafternoon by a few of us Y. M. C. A. people not yet settled in messes. We had set the hour, and the proprietor of the café had pointed out the room we should use. As we learned later, two of our number had appeared at ten minutes before the hour and had signified by gesture that we should all presently arrive. We met in the street outside the café and went in some ten minutes late.

In the dining room that had been assigned to us the table was not set. We called for the proprietor, who informed us in German and in English that there was no food left.

"You were to come at six; it is now a quarter to seven," he said.

We showed him by his own clock the right time.

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*Riding on the Rhine to the Tune of "Yankee Doodle"*

# The Lion Hunter as a Bird Lover

## By Major Edward B. Clark, U. S. A.

WHY have the house wrens left Oyster Bay?"

It was early June, 1912, the eve of the Republican National Convention of historic, hysteric, noisy and near-riotous memory. Outside the hotel multitudinous thousands were howling for Theodore Roosevelt to appear and speak to them.

Inside the hotel the "We are Seven" Progressive governors of sovereign states of the Union were waiting, foamingly impatient for a conference with the chief on means to circumvent the plottings, machinations and other synonymous deeds of the majority of the Republican National Committee.

The Colonel had rammed his way through the crowded streets and the crowded rooms with the din of acclaim in his ears. He ran into the chronicler hereof, grabbed him by the arm, shoved him through the entrance to a vacant room, slammed the door and asked:

"Why have the house wrens left Oyster Bay?"

The seven governors, waiting restless for the "nation's fate" conference, and the clamoring mob without were in my mind and ears: "Good Lord, Colonel, why house wrens now?"

"Because they rest me. Give me ten minutes of house wrens and I can talk to seventy-seven governors."

Theodore Roosevelt shot lions with a rifle, and birds with a field glass. The second sport he loved better than the first. The birds were not all one to him, for he had his favorites among them; but all of them from phœbe to phalarope had for him an abiding interest. I always have thought that he loved the birds of his Western ranch better than those of his Eastern home. Possibly it was the youth time of deeper impressions and keener appreciations, but more likely it was because the songs of the plains birds are more appealing. The Colonel could not sing a note, but he loved the music of the fields. Sometimes you will find such a combination of contradictions.

*Theodore Roosevelt Shot Lions With a Rifle, and Birds With a Field Glass. The Second Sport He Loved Better Than the First*

### *The Saw-Whets at the White House*

I WAS the Washington correspondent for a Chicago newspaper through seven years of Roosevelt's Administration. The dead line for telegraphic copy was three-thirty P. M., Washington time. It was three o'clock. My telephone rang.

The voice of William Loeb, Jr., commanded: "Come up to the White House quick!"

The thought that Loeb had a story and wanted to give me a chance to catch the last edition ran as fast through my head as my legs through the street as I hotfooted it to the White House office.

"Hello," said Loeb. "Get out there."

"Out there" was the White House lawn. Loeb helped me through a window. On the lawn I found the President staring at two small owls perched on the capital of one of the porch pillars.

"What are they?" he asked without taking his eyes off them.

"Saw-whet owls," said I.

"I know it," said he, "but they have no business here at this season, and I needed a witness, for if I had told those Biological Survey sharps that I had seen two saw-whets here they'd have elected me to the Ananias Club."

In the spring of 1905 President Roosevelt went on a Western trip. With him among others was John Burroughs. The Slabsides sage breakfasted with the Colonel while the train was crossing the northern prairies of Indiana, alive at that spring season with meadow larks of the Eastern species.

I boarded the train at Chicago and rode with Burroughs to Evanston, Illinois, where the Northwestern University was to make the President a doctor of something or other. "Uncle John" told me he had just finished a two hours' argument with the Colonel on the comparative virtues of the Eastern and the Western meadow larks as singers.

"We hammered away at it all through breakfast," he said, "and we kept it going until we struck South Chicago. The President holds that the Western meadow lark has a better sustained and sweeter song than his Eastern brother. I hold the reverse. We have agreed to stop rowing over the thing until we reach some station where we can hear a Western lark sing. Then one or the other must give in."

I learned later that John Burroughs had "given in" by admitting that the Western meadow lark has a "better sustained and sweeter song" than his Eastern brother.

Colonel Roosevelt never was separated from his birds. He watched them from the railroad train, the motor, the carriage and the saddle. The flash of a wing would send him hurrying to his window at home or abroad. When he was President he knew every likely nesting place about Washington. At Sagamore Hill he had scores of bird households under daily supervision in the season of home making. Bird study came as near being a passion with him as it lies within such a gentle pastime to be.

About thirteen years ago Colonel Roosevelt gave me a list of the songsters and nonsongsters that he had seen through the seasons in the White House grounds during two or three years of presidential life. It was a long list and it gave proof of early morning, midday and late evening observation.

On the night of the day that he gave me this list of birds the Vice President of the United States and Mrs. Fairbanks held a semiofficial reception at their Farragut Square home. It was eleven o'clock when the President arrived. The room in which the receiving party stood was filled with the ambassadors and ministers from countries which since then have been at one another's throats. With them were a score or so of the lawmakers of the nation, most of whom at that time were at loggerheads with the chief guest of the evening.

Down the receiving line went the President, turning finally to speak to Speck von Sternburg, the Ambassador from Germany, who died before the late—no, the still present—unpleasantness.

In a far corner of the room, completely shadowed as I thought by the greatness and near greatness of the assembled ones, I was talking to a fellow correspondent. I heard my name sounded sharply and turning saw the President on tiptoe looking over the ministerial, ambassadorial and senatorial heads.

"Clark," he called, "I have seen the worm-eating warbler. Put him on the list."

Worm-eating warbler! Grubby name, but borne by a beautiful and appealing bird. Probably that night Speck von Sternburg chuckled, and the British Ambassador murmured "My word!"

Theodore Roosevelt carried in his head everything that he had read about birds. He stored up the little things, if they held any interest, along with the big things. His memory, like his grit, was with him always. It astounded other politicians whose pride was in their tenacity of remembrance of men and things.

In the fall of 1903 I went to Washington as a correspondent of a Chicago newspaper. I was the obscurest of them all. A friend asked me if I had met the President.

I said "No."

"Come with me," he said.

I went in and was introduced to the President.

Hearing my name he said: "You are the man who ten years ago wrote a monograph on that warbler with the name as long as the law. What is it? Oh, yes, the prothonotary warbler."

I had written the little article in question and had almost forgotten it. How Roosevelt had remembered it and what made him remember it have been a puzzle to me to this day. However, to a little study of that gold-nugget bird of the Kankakee River bottoms I owe the beginning and the lasting of a close friendship.

"The Nature Faker" incident had its beginning on the morning that I first met Theodore Roosevelt in his White House office. After speaking of the bird "with the name as long as the law," he said, "Let's get into the fields for half an hour."

### *Getting After the Nature Fakers*

AND so some senators, and some men perhaps more important than senators, waited for thirty minutes while a new Washington correspondent, green to Capitol and White House ways, talked birds to the Chief Executive.

That morning the Colonel bewailed the tendency of the popular writers of natural history "to lie." It was three years later that he gave to me the interview which was published under the title of "Roosevelt on the Nature Fakers." By the way, he never saw the expression "Nature fakers" until he read it in print as the heading of the interview. The coinage of the phrase was the work of another. Here is how the interview came about:

I was asked to the White House one evening to spend an hour in the President's study. We got on to the subject of what he called the iniquity of teaching children a false natural history. Extravagant stories of animal life labeled as the truth were being used as supplementary reading matter in the public schools of the country.

"Let's get after them," said the President; and he did get after them.

There was a happening that night of domestic human interest. I took no notes while the Colonel was talking, and was trusting wholly to memory. I had an old guide once who when he was asked a question never would answer without saying, "That takes a heap o' concentratin'." It took a heap o' concentratin' to retain all that the Colonel said. The door of the study opened into the hall, which runs lengthwise of the White House. In the hall were Archie Roosevelt and his brother Quentin, who now is sleeping in France. They had some neighbor boys with them, and a dog whose bark was a mixed bass and tenor.

Boys and dog raced the hall. The noise out-tumulted tumult. Finally the whole outfit ran into a screen, knocked it over and smashed a big vase.

*(Concluded on Page 54)*

# A HOUSE DIVIDED

## By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WRIGHT

A THIN plaintive wail split the quiet of the night. For a few seconds it maintained a high shrill pitch, then diminuendoed to a croupy pizzicato sobbing. Derry Moultrie sat up straight in bed, the glory of his lavender pyjamas wasted on the blackness of the night.

"Dawg-gawn! Narcissy, ain't that Chinners' baby never 'sleep?"

"Yeh—in the day times!" snapped his wife viciously.

"Seems like they'd ought to have some 'sideration. Oh, law, lis'en at that!"

That was a hoarse croaky barytone which effectively drowned the infantile cries.

The man's voice punctured the thin board partition which divided the Chinners and Moultrie sides of the two-family house and pounded on the eardrums of the harassed Moultries, a few feet away:

*O-o-oh!*
*A jay bird sat on a hick'ry limb,*
*He wink at me an' I wink at him.*
*I pick up a rock an' I hit 'im in the shin;*
*He say: "Please, Mist' Chinners, don' do that ag'in!"*

For perhaps fifteen minutes Truman Chinners bellowed discord into the night, faithfully chronicling the vicissitudes of the unfortunate jay bird. Came a pause—and the Moultrie family listened hopefully. But the Chinners infant had no mind to end the concert, and his tremolo squeal resumed the nocturne where the proud father had left off.

The baby cried, cried until it choked, and then settled into a prolonged sobbing. The voice of Chinners *père* rumbled once again through the partition:

*O-o-h!*
*A jay bird sat on a hick'ry limb,*
*He wink at me an' I wink at him. . . .*

It was too much strain for the jangling nerves of the overwrought Derry Moultrie. He left his bed in a bound and snapped on the electric bulb. He crossed the room and hammered on the board wall until it shook. The voice of Truman Chinners came querulously to his ears—a momentary relief from the infernal singing:

"Wha's all the row 'bout?"

Derry was choking with rage. His naturally chocolate complexion had taken on a greenish tinge and his voice quivered with passion.

"Jes' wan'ed to know," he roared, "how long you runs on one windin'?"

A severe silence ensued. It intensified Derry's wrath more than a sharp answer. "If'n you cain't keep that baby quiet "

That evidently was the baby's cue. He took advantage of it with a vengeance. The wailing which had gone before had been quiet and soothing in comparison with the squawks and squeals and choking grunts that echoed Derry's unfinished threat. Narcissy, draped now in an old-rose kimono—gift of white folks for whom she had once condescended to cook—fancied that she heard a Chinners chuckle. She apprised her husband of the suspicion, and together they paced the floor, robbed of all chance for sleep.

The mantel clock cuckooed thrice. An A. G. S. train shrieked tauntingly as it rumbled through the city. The parental Chinnerses had settled to a crooning duet—the father's rancid barytone a full measure ahead of the mother's rich contralto.

Each sound from the Chinners manse seemed intensified by its journey to the Moultrie home. The thin boarding which had converted a one-family cottage into a source of double rental was evidently imbued with acoustic properties. Derry and Narcissy sat on the edge of their bed and shook with silent rage.

Finally forbearance ceased to be a virtue and Derry smashed a clenched first into an open palm. "'Tain't to be stood!"

"'Tain't!" agreed Narcissy dutifully.

"Folks what is got babies don' have no 'sideration a-tall."

*"They is a Figger Floatin' Roun' Yo' Home. It Say: 'Truman Chinners, They is a Chance fo' You to Make a Heap of Money—a Heap of Money—Away—West—West'"*

"Not none," came the wifely echo.

"Jes' wait'll I gits to him. Ise gwine make him stop that racket!"

"How?" queried the annoyingly practical Narcissy.

Derry whirled on her in a rage.

"How? How I know how? I ain't no cunjer-doctor, but Ise man enough to make 'im quit. Enough is too much. Ain't nobody gwine put nothin' ov' on Derry Moultrie. One month sence't that baby be'n bohn, an' I ain't had a night's res' ontwell yet. Seems like folks'd have mo' sense'n to have babies in a two-fambly house."

Narcissy shook her head commiseratingly. "Orpha Chinners was tellin' me yestiddy ——"

She broke off suddenly and lifted her head expectantly. Something was wrong. Silence had occurred on the other side of the partition. The Moultries tiptoed to the wall and applied their ears. They heard sibilant mutterings; much cautious tiptoeing about the room; then, in the voice of the father: "Dawg'd if'n he ain't 'sleep a'ready!"

The qualifying adverb set Derry Moultrie aquiver with a vast righteous indignation. It was the last straw. For thirty days and more he had lost his quota of sleep, and Derry, in common with all others of his race, was overfond of the Morphean embrace.

"They ain't gwine put nothin' ov' on me," he muttered vindictively, whereupon he raised his rich clear tenor in the opening measures of a popular syncopated hit. It was balm to his soul to envision the petrifaction caused beyond the partition by this latest offensive maneuver. Narcissy smiled with benign approval. There came an imperative rapping from the Chinners side of the house and the angry voice of Orpha Chinners:

"Quit that racket, Derry. You is gwine wake Wade Hampton up."

Apparently Derry did not hear. Certainly he did not cease his leather-lunged singing. Within two minutes his valiant efforts were rewarded by the startled screaming of Wade Hampton Chinners. Punctuating the infantile yells he could hear the fervent profanity of the father, and the volley of threats which accompanied it.

War had been declared.

An engagement of outposts occurred at six-thirty in the morning after a night of bitter recrimination through the dividing wall. Derry Moultrie and Truman Chinners, both carpenters by profession, met on the common veranda as they sallied forth to work. Red eyes gazed hostilely into red eyes. Both men were physically exhausted by the labors of the night. Neither was in a fit condition for a day of hard work. Derry would have passed on without a word, but the battle spirit of fatherhood was rampant in Truman's blood as he placed himself deliberately in Derry's path and glared up into his eyes.

"Derry Moultrie—Ise warnin' you to be careful they ain't no repeatin' of las' night."

"What 'bout las' night?" inquired Derry innocently.

"That yowlin' you an' Narcissy was doin'."

"I reckon this is a free country."

"You done it to wake'n up li'l' Wade Hampton."

"I ain't got no mind 'bout Wade Hampton. An' if'n I had—ain't he been keepin' me awake fo' a month?"

"I cain't help what he does ——"

"Folks what cain't control they babies, Truman Chinners, ain't got no right to have 'em. If'n you c'n keep that bag of yells quiet I reckon they ain't no reason why us cain't git along pleasant like we useter."

"'Tain't my fault ——"

"Humph! Reckon you is gwine say Orpha makes you sing!"

"She does."

"You is some hen-pecked man, Truman. Nex' thing, Orpha'll be sewin' pink ribbons on yo' nightshirt to fool the baby!"

Truman flared. "What goes on in my house ain't no concern of your'n, Derry."

"Same to you, an' also ditto. If'n they ain't no law 'gainst a baby yowlin' an' you singin', I reckon us'n c'n have a concert any time we want it."

Truman squared up to his once friendly neighbor. He had half the size but twice the belligerency of Derry.

"Bet' not make me sore, Derry."

"P-ff! You ain't noways th'eatenin' me, is you?" And as a complimentary afterthought: "You li'l' runt!"

"I ain't th'eatenin'—Ise wa'nin'—tha's all!"

"Huh! W'en I gits wa'ned I wants to git wa'ned by a man."

"You is gwine fin' out quick enough I is a man if'n you keep on like what you done las' night, 'member that, Derry Moultrie. If'n you vallie yo' complexion you jes' 'member that!"

The men separated without an actual physical clash, Truman Chinners strutting like a victorious buntam to his temporary job a few blocks away, and Derry Moultrie toward the car line.

Derry was angry. His mind was busy with a consideration of ways and means, having as their objective the downfall of the Chinners household. The beauty of a perfect morning was wasted on his misanthropic mood. He swung into Avenue H with long, space-eating strides. His eye happened to light on a sign. He knew that sign. It had startled Darktown's society with its unheralded appearance three days previously. It was an ornate sign, grinning forth from the veranda of a one-family cottage in the center of the residential section populated by the colored citizenry:

PRINCESS RAJJAH
CLAREVOYANT EXTRIORDINARY
OCULTISM CRISTAL GAZING
Find Out What Your Husband and Sweetheart is Doing. Do You Want to Get Rich for One Dollar? Sure You Do! Then See The PRINCESS RAJJAH—Most World Famous & Cheapest.

He perused the sign carefully. His lips curled scornfully back from twin rows of shiny white teeth.

"Bunk!" he soliloquized skeptically; "an' they ain't ary one of these heah niggers ain't fell fo' it! 'Ceptin' on'y me!"

He boarded a trolley for the center of the city and transferred to a suburban car marked Westfield. In the trailer he found a jam of fellow workmen, most of whom were bound for Westfield, where five hundred cottages were being erected by a big contracting firm under rush orders. From the workers' standpoint the job was an excellent one; the wages high, the hours easy—and until the birth of Wade Hampton Chinners the carpentering of Derry Moultrie had found favor in the eyes of all the foremen, white and colored alike.

But the past month had effected a change. No longer did Derry come whistling to work refreshed by a long night of undisturbed slumber. He was the victim of vicarious insomnia. He dozed over his labors—and thereupon fell from grace. All of which had considerable to do with his rancor against the whole Chinners family.

Previous to the advent of little Wade Hampton the Moultries and the Chinnerses had been the best of friends. The ladies found each other congenial as neighbors and fellow members of The Lily of the Valley Club. The husbands spent their evenings together discussing professional matters. They were members of the same church and both held minor offices in the exclusive Sons and Daughters of I Will Arise.

The baby had changed it all. Friendship had been metamorphosed into enmity. The parents of the child—their first and only—resented the resentment of the childless couple. They could not understand that anything Wade Hampton might do could be otherwise than wonderful or universally pleasing. They considered it an honor that the Moultries were allowed to sacrifice a paltry few hours of sleep for the pleasure of listening to the lusty precocious yells. The Chinnerses did not object; certainly the Moultries' protests were indicative of basest ingratitude and a lack of all sense of appreciation. It wasn't the Moultries' baby and it wasn't their house. The Chinnerses were not responsible for the very thin boarding which separated their homes.

Relations had been broken off *in toto*. But there was no gainsaying the fact that the Chinnerses were getting the better of what had rapidly developed into bitter warfare. It was inevitable that the Moultries would grow tired of remaining awake for the purpose of waking Wade Hampton when he drifted off to sleep. On the other hand night wakefulness came natural to the baby.

Derry Moultrie developed, with desperate and somewhat devilish ingenuity, new methods of torture. He went to the expense of having a telephone installed. For obvious reasons the instrument was placed in the kitchen, out of Chinners' earshot. The Chinnerses had a telephone, and for many nights after the installation in the Moultrie home the dropping off to sleep of Wade Hampton was the signal for a violent jangling of the Chinners telephone bell. Truman would leap for the phone, hoarsely whisper a "Hello!" only to hear the mocking click of a receiver at the other end—which he fortunately did not know was the Moultrie home—and the cool calm voice of Central inquiring "Number, please?" Inevitably Wade Hampton waked, squalled—and was trundled by his father.

But despite Derry's best efforts victory perched on the Chinners banner. Derry and his now haggard wife realized poignantly that they had lost the fight and that they were destined to spend the remaining eight months of their leasehold in a nightmare of sleeplessness.

The diminutive cause of all the trouble continued to howl his nights happily away. The fond parents took it all as a matter of divine course, and the carpentering of Truman Chinners became even more expert than it had been. He was in the grip of proudest fatherhood, and each nail driven under the inspiration of his lusty-lunged son and heir. Truman had even been emboldened to a flyer in independent contracting, which unfortunately had driven him close to the ragged edge of disaster. But even that professional débâcle had been salved by the pudgy brown fingers of his son.

Derry Moultrie had no such balm. The condition—trifling enough at the outset—had been magnified a thousandfold by the long period of enforced sleeplessness. The tempers of himself and his wife had been utterly annihilated. They became crabbed and rowed with one another.

The warfare between the two sections of the divided house became merciless. Chinners more than half suspected the source of the many-times-nightly telephone calls and muttered overt threats having to do with the complete and sudden extinction of the Moultrie family. But by the end of the second week it had become patent to the Moultries that things could not remain as they were. Even their temporary triumphs were too dearly bought. Whereupon, after a heavy-eyed consultation with his consort, Derry presented himself before Goodrich Carroll, agent for the house in which he lived. He explained to Mr. Carroll that he wished the Chinnerses removed, and removed quickly. Mr. Carroll shook his head.

"They have a lease, Derry."

"Sho'—don' I know that, cap'n? But what good's a lease if'n white folks cain't bust it?"

Mr. Carroll smiled. "You must have a reason."

"Sho' is."

"What is it?"

"Jes' trouble," answered Derry evasively. "You see, Cap'n Carroll, us an' the Chinnerses don' git 'long so well like what we useter. Mis' Chinners is got pow'ful uppity 'long with my wife an' they is rowin' all the time. An' w'en wimmin gits to rowin', cap'n, they ain't nothin' to put between 'em but distance an' lots of it. An' in co'se me 'n' Truman ain't frien's like what we useter be, an' Ise pow'ful skeered they's gwine be trouble between him an' I."

"Why don't you sublet?" inquired the real-estate agent. "I'd agree if you secured a reliable tenant."

Derry shook his head. He had no mind to end the vendetta by a Moultrie evacuation.

"Guess'n I could if'n I had to, cap'n; but to tell the hones' truth this heah job which I is got over to Wea'fiel' ain't li'ble to las' so long on account they ain't like my work so much as they useter. An' besides they ain't no mo' houses roun' where I lives at, an' seein' tha's the bes' residential section fo' colored folks what they is I sort of hate to move out of it."

"Doesn't it strike you that the Chinnerses might feel the same way about it?"

"Them? Naw! They is got a baby, Cap'n Carroll, an' w'en folks has babies they don' keer no mo' 'bouten sassiety. I been rentin' fum you th'ee yeahs, boss man, an' I knows good an' well they ain't nobody gwine git nothin' fo' nothin', so I kinder thought if'n I was to pay you 'bout twen'y dollars you might fin' out some way to bus' that lease eh?"

Mr. Carroll chuckled. He liked this tall, slim, clean negro, whom he had found an honest, reliable tenant. And he knew there was some compelling motive behind the unusual request, especially since it was backed by a proffered bribe of twenty dollars cash.

"I really don't believe I can do anything, Derry; but I'll take the money and try. If I fail I'll return the twenty."

"You could fin' 'nother tenint easy, coul'n't you?"

"That's the very easiest part of it, Derry. The rub comes from Truman Chinners. If he doesn't care to move, and continues to pay his rent, I can't put him out."

"G'wan, cap'n," retorted Derry with glorious grinning confidence; "they ain't nothin' you coul'n't make a nigger do if'n you sot yo' min' to it!"

But after three days of intensive diplomatic effort Mr. Carroll reported that he was unable to influence Truman Chinners to vacate his home.

"Sorry, Derry—but there wasn't a thing stirring. Here's your twenty."

Derry waved it wearily aside. "You hol' on to it, boss man. You is good as a bank, anyways. An' they ain't nev' no tellin' w'en sumpin will come up."

"I'm afraid nothing will," was the cheerless answer, "unless you bring it about yourself."

Derry looked up suddenly. "Onless I —— Boss man, you sho' spoke a mouthful that time!"

"Meaning what, Derry?"

The beginnings of a thought were agitating Derry's brain. He answered vaguely: "I—I ain't know yit—'zac'ly—cap'n. Not 'zac'ly. But I sort of feel's if I was gwine have an idee."

He left the office of the real-estate agent and walked homeward with long easy strides. And the idea which had been begotten of Goodrich Carroll's casual remark matured rapidly. Derry's brow was wrinkled with a tumescence of thought as he swung into Avenue H and paused before the sanctum of the Princess Rajjah—Clarevoyant Extriordinary—Most World Famous & Cheapest. For perhaps ten minutes he studied that sign intently. Then his lips expanded to a broad red smile, and the smile became a chuckle.

"Golly!" he murmured, "Ise gwine take a chancet. They ain't nobody superstishuser'n Truman an' Orpha Chinners. Not nobody a-tall."

The noon hour had not yet chimed and by the delay in answering his eager ring Derry correctly judged that the clairvoyanting business was on a temporary decline. He was pleased with the idea, but not a little surprised.

From the day of the princess' arrival Darktown had been stirred to the roots over her undeniable soothsaying prowess. Much wisdom had dripped sonorously from her supposedly East Indian lips in a dialect suspiciously Afro-American. She had discovered lost jewelry and brought about more than one marriage. She had foretold commercial successes and traced the past with a vague generality which carried specific meaning to the gullible listeners. In short, the Princess Rajjah had become quite the rage.

But dollars is dollars, and even a clairvoyant who sticks consistently to the silver lining in her prognostications must discover that negro pocketbooks are not elastic. Having one's fortune told was a luxury that few could afford at all, and none often. At the hour of Derry's arrival Mr. and Mrs. Princess Rajjah were deep in discussion of removal to new and more fertile fields.

A quick glance through the curtained window, and Mr. Princess Rajjah postulated that a new worshiper was come to the shrine of the infinite. He swiftly donned a gaudy bathrobe and a tall headgear resembling a bestarred duke's cap, while Mrs. Princess slipped out of her kimono and into the robe of state a glass-jeweled séance costume. She placed herself in a cheesecloth booth behind a small table on which rested a crystal

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*"We is Jes' Come Fum the Princess Rajjah's," She Exclaimed, "an' She's Sho' the Wonderfulest 'Oman!"*

# A WOMAN'S WOMAN

*"Do You Know How Pretty You Are? I've Seen the Most Beautiful Women in Europe and I'd Rather Know Jolly Plummer Than Any of Them"*

## By Nalbro Bartley

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

XI

HARRIET PLUMMER'S boarding house was an old-time brownstone-front affair. Yes, she was in, the woman said who opened the door.

Tiptoeing up the stairs Mr. and Mrs. Plummer knocked at her door. A small fair-haired girl with childish blue eyes and a pinched selfish mouth came in answer. She wore an elaborate smock, knickers of corduroy and was smoking a cigarette.

"I think we have made a mistake," John said briefly. "I was looking for Harriet Plummer."

"Oh, yes! Harry dear, someone for you," the small girl answered easily.

Then Harriet emerged in a severe brown-linen smock and knickers. She was not smoking, but a cigarette butt indicated that she had been. Her hair was cut short like a boy's and she was thinner and paler than ever before.

"Well," she began in her clipped fashion, "why didn't you let me know? Glad to see you. Hullo, daddy! Here are my people, Leila." She waved an introduction with one of her slim hands.

John and Densie came in rather timidly and sat down. The room was in keeping with the two rising young feminists—severe and scant furnishings, some foreign prints on the wall, smoking stands, a great writing desk heaped with books and papers, golf sticks, a tennis racket and books piled in untidy stacks on the floor. The bedroom was a nondescript affair tossed together any old way—it was evident that the feminists merely slept here and forgot its very existence the moment their eyes opened. A brass samovar, teacups and saucers showed the only signs of domesticity.

"How long are you going to stay?" Harriet asked after the first shock had subsided. "How's Sally and the boy? I've a lecture at eleven. Leila has to clear now, poor old thing! She's behind in two of her subjects; had to go home because of her mother's illness."

"Harriet helps me," Leila confessed. "Don't you think we've a nice place, Mrs. Plummer?"

"Very," Densie fibbed. She was still staring at the knickerbockers and cigarettes and shorn hair! "Harriet, you didn't say you had cut your hair."

"Oh, didn't I? It was such a bother to comb. Leila here keeps hers because hers is pretty. I'm afraid I never want to be bothered with combs and hairpins again. I'll leave my share to Sally."

"It doesn't look right," her father commented grimly.

Then he felt the situation was entirely too much for him. He would decamp and leave Densie to ferret out the new scheme of things and deal with it as she wished. So, after a few more commonplaces and Harriet's modest announcement that she was coaching three people a day in math and Latin and doing quite well in school and some simpering remarks from Leila, John departed, telling Harriet to get her mother back to the hotel safely and to come and take dinner with them that night.

"Your mother is here as delegate to a club federation," he ended formally.

"Oh, those women's clubs you've been joining. Is that it, mummy?" Harriet's eyebrows arched in amusement. "I am not interested in club movements. Here, daddy, here is the last thing I wrote that they thought good enough to make into a pamphlet—Study of Women's Reformatories in New York and Connecticut. And next summer I'm appointed to a bully good thing: dress as a tough girl and go to the small New York towns that have canning factories, blow into the town presumably walking the ties and get a job at the factory, act as rough as I like and lay in wait to see if they are employing child labor. It may mean a great deal to me; we believe that most canneries keep two sets of books, one for the inspectors and one for their own use; and most factories are so situated to the railroad that an approaching stranger gives the warning himself, and into the vault goes the one set of books! I am positive of this—you remember when we first talked it over, Leila?"

Leila remembered. That was the best thing Leila ever did—to remember what Harriet said, and use it as her own original thought.

"You cannot go to strange towns dressed as a rough woman," began her father testily. "Great heavens! Is charity conducted on this scale?"

"You do not understand, daddy—but after you see the work I'll do, tracing child labor to its source and stopping it, you'll be bound to approve. Some of the canneries in the grape belt have had children of eight and nine helping pick, and some foreigners let their four and five year old babies shell peas or string beans and hold down a regular job!"

"Well, the poor souls know where their children are—better than letting them be run over by an automobile," murmured Densie.

"I remember when such things existed and no one seemed to think them terrible."

"Mummy!" Harriet's dark eyes glowered with anger. "Please don't say that in front of my friends—you don't realize how you have committed yourself."

She exchanged compassionate glances with Leila. Leila's family were impossible too!

After John had left and Leila exchanged her knickers for a brief skirt and a tartan-plaid coat and mannish hat, saying a glib and affected good-by to "dear Mrs. Plummer," Densie took off her black cape and began to unpack the basket of goodies she had made.

"Really, mother," Harriet explained ever so kindly, "we diet. No meat—no tea or coffee—no sweets; cereals, vegetables, eggs three times a week, cheese and buttermilk. I cannot study when I stuff myself as I did at home." She looked with scorn at the sausage loaf, the cake, the jar of mayonnaise. "Thanks just the same!"

"You mean—you don't—want any of it?" Densie asked slowly.

"We couldn't use it. Once in a while we have a tea here for some of the students and we have jam and wafers, but we'd all rather smoke."

"So you do smoke, Harriet!"

Harriet flushed. She did not enjoy meeting her mother's steady disapproving gaze.

"You cannot keep me a baby all my days, mummy. You do a great many things I don't do, and I never complain. Well, grant me the same right."

"Why do you wear these things?" Densie pointed to the knickers.

"Convenience. Skirts are clumsy. Here, wrap these up and eat them yourself. They'll probably taste better to you than hotel fare." She began replacing the articles in their basket.

Without speaking Densie did so.

Presently Harriet ventured more cordially: "I hope you have some spare time when I have some spare time, mummy. We are both busy, aren't we? What would you like to see?"

"I must attend the club meetings and I shall go home as soon as they have finished. Your father has no business here. He came to please me," she admitted lamely.

"How nice! You must go to the Metropolitan with me." Harriet assumed a martyred air. "And we'll do a theater, I suppose."

"No, dear; I only came to see my daughter." Densie laid the rejected basket beside her cape. "I felt you were growing to be a stranger to us, and I see that I was right. Tell me, who is this Leila?"

"Her name is Leila Cochrane, and she comes from Bangor, Maine. She is a darling girl."

Harriet spoke with more enthusiasm than Densie could remember in years.

"She is studying to be a librarian. We met each other last year and we've been rooming together since this fall; she means everything to me, mummy."

"Why did you never write about her?"

Harriet frowned. "I didn't think it was necessary. I'm old enough to room with whom I choose." She glanced at the mantel clock.

"When you have finished school next year do you intend coming home?" Densie's eyes were dark and anxious.

"No." Harriet looked at her directly. "I could never come home and be satisfactory to any of you, and least of all to myself. I expect an appointment and I think I shall take it. After a little I'll go abroad. I'd like to be statistician for the Whitechapel district in London."

"Then we've lost our oldest girl?" A tear showed on Densie's flushed cheek.

"Please, mummy, don't go into agonies. You are too emotional to understand, I do believe." Harriet's irritation would not stay in check. "You don't want me to be a burden, a wasthing? This is my work. I must do it my way. I haven't been any expense to you this last year—have I? Sally has—I know that without the asking. I never intend to be an expense; in fact as soon as I get a position I shall send you an allowance. I want to repay all you have done for me. Yes, I do; then you cannot say I have shirked in my part. It would be an economic crime not to do so—considering your and daddy's circumstances. But you must not delude yourself with thinking I'm coming home—because I shall live in my own way."

"I only want you to love me, Harriet. I don't really care about the rest. Only I cannot understand why young women smoke and cut their hair short and wear knickers when they are learning to help the poor and stop crime. And why they don't want to come home. It is a home, after all, Harriet; and these rooms are not. There is nothing here that suggests comfort or care or anyone's taking any particular pains."

"I cannot endure the smugness of a home," flashed back her child. "Homes are too often stagnant places, retarding progress. I shall never have a home. I am not a home woman—some are, I presume—but homes in the old sense are bound to pass away, just as you left the Little House and took a flat. We cannot always go on having ponderous drawing-rooms and steel engravings of Nelson and silver water pitchers in the dining room—that sort of thing. Where would we end if we were satisfied with that goal?"

"Where do you wish us all to end—and where do you intend ending?"

"With a great world-wide reform, coöperative housekeeping, learn to be impersonal. I have tabulated some experiments made by a professor—I'll show them to you. This is the day and age of the specialist, mummy; that is the great barrier between you and me. The old-time school-teacher could make her clothes and help with the housework and teach her musty methods, as well as go buggy riding with her young man and sing alto in the choir! Well, that may have been well enough, but to-day the teacher must consecrate herself to her career. That career must come before all else. If a man is to be a doctor he must learn to be a specialist. If a woman is to be a lawyer she must be nothing but a lawyer—that is the reform which is approaching. Do the one thing you are meant to do and do it with all your heart. Let the other people do the mechanics of mere living if they wish."

Harriet paused, her cheeks slightly crimson from excitement.

"I see. And as to religion, Harriet?"

"I am not interested in theology," her child answered calmly. "I prefer Egyptology as a recreation. . . . Of course, systems of philosophy are interesting. I find the Chaldeans entertained the same belief as to morals and a code of honor that I do myself. Now Leila admires the vikings. But beyond a fragmentary analysis I have never had the time to bother."

"Have you never met a man you fancied?" Densie asked in despair.

"I shall never love romantically," was the forcible answer. "What time have I for love?"

"You don't sew?"

"A woman makes this stuff for all of us. It saves the time we need for our work."

Densie rose. The older era had suffered a temporary defeat!

"I suppose you must go to your lecture—just start me toward my hotel. I won't afford another cab. I must be at the opening meeting this afternoon. You'll come to dinner with us, Harriet?"

"Thanks. May I bring Leila?"

Densie hesitated. "We wanted you to ourselves."

"Leila shares everything with me," Harriet protested.

"Then bring Leila," her mother said, turning away.

Harriet took her over half the way and left her, to scurry back to her lecture, telling herself that perhaps it was just as well they had come—there would have had to be a definite understanding sooner or later. It was annoying—but then, it never could have been anything but annoying, and once over it was a good task accomplished. Dear little mummy, she would send her as generous an allowance as she could afford. Harriet was naturally just and generous—and she was fearless. What she believed she lived, and her Uncle Herbert used to say that her word was as good as a Chinaman's. She hated to hurt her mother—it was like tearing old lace, she admitted to herself. But it was inevitable. As for her father, Harriet's sense of humor came to the rescue—her father looked quite gay and well-cared-for—she had no fears for him. He too had broken away from the old ties and was probably living his own life in his own way.

In a bewildered state of mind Densie answered the convention roll call, but she was distinctly sorry she had come to New York. Her dress proved to be a fright, as she heard someone murmur when she passed; the others were beautifully gowned and jeweled creatures or else very trig tailored affairs that made one address them with respect. Everyone seemed to know everyone else, and Densie alone was strange. She did not know what to do. She knew her club expected some sort of glowing report; they would have liked some evidence that their delegate had been a success and deserving of notice—but beyond the roll call and consenting to have a window just back of her opened for more air Densie Plummer played no part in the convention.

She did not catch the full meaning of the addresses, because she was thinking of Harriet with her shorn head, her cigarettes, her heartless plan of life, her refusal to stay at home or return to it, her argument that so much money a month would be a worthy substitute and heart balm. Densie's little mouth set in a firm line as she experienced a quiet sort of desperation. She was losing out. Four years ago she tried to make a great advance and overtake this younger generation swinging by her so carelessly. But she had not overtaken them; they were passing her more rapidly than ever before!

She knew they rose for a benediction and a buzz of small talk filled the parlors. Someone handed her a program on which were scheduled the meetings and committee meetings, and that was all.

She returned to her hotel, to find John waiting with the announcement that after they had Harriet for dinner they would go to the theater with the Fergusons, friends of his. He had met Ferguson accidentally and they had made the date. After the theater they would go to supper at a famous café. Densie must see the place; it was worth the price of their codfish alias crab meat.

"What about Harriet?" John concluded irritably. "I can't make the girl out—what does she say?"

Briefly Densie told him.

He shook his head. "You should have brought her up differently, Densie; that is not the way for her to be."

Densie gave a choked laugh. "I—brought her up differently? That is funny! Suppose you talk with her!"

"It is not my place. I want to stay friends with her or she'll go putting me in her statistics." John really took a humorous view of the matter. "The girl is on the-way to success in her line, and I suppose it's this modern era, little woman; the one you were telling me about—remember?"

"I suppose—but shall we try to make her change her mind?"

"Heavens, no! In captivity Harriet would be worse than a Bengal tiger. She's sound at heart—merely odd. It's a poor family that can't afford one genius—and a rubber plant, y'know."

Humming a popular air John went below to wait for his modern daughter.

Densie remonstrated once that the girls were not eating enough nutritious food, only to be properly reprimanded by a shower of statistics and tables of food values; after which she let John and Leila do the talking while Harriet cynically viewed the gay dining room and Densie thought with rebellion of her good food upstairs, which was wasted while they paid absurd prices for inferior messed-up concoctions.

Harriet and Leila had donned severe silk frocks out of respect to John and Densie, and Harriet's felt hat hid the short hair. Leila and John carried on a bantering conversation of nonsense at which Harriet seemed amused. It struck Densie it was silly and useless, and her head ached as she tried to remember all that had happened at the federation meeting.

But if the dinner was bad the evening was far worse. From the first sight of Mrs. Ferguson, in a rich green satin with sealskin bands, a cloudy hat of black tulle and with an evening coat thrown over her arm, Densie felt a greater despair than before. She saw John's eyes smile admiringly at her and then give a quick side glance at his own wife.

Mrs. Ferguson was kind to Densie, but she sat beside John and kept asking him little questions the answers to which conspired to show how

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*"You Do Not Understand, Daddy—But After You See the Work I'll Do, Tracing Child Labor to Its Source, You'll be Bound to Approve"*

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

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PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 1, 1919


## The Function of Congress

THE New York World remarked not long ago that as a legislative body Congress had almost ceased to function. The Revenue Bill, started early last summer, was still undisposed of. None of the big appropriation bills had been passed. There were some rather pressing things—reconstruction in general, railroads, shipping, public works for unemployment—as to which there was hardly a chance that Congress could act during the session.

About two weeks before, President Wilson had cabled over an urgent appeal for a hundred million dollars to feed some parts of Europe that were not able at the moment to help themselves. The appropriation, he thought, would be not only a great stroke for humanity but for world politics at that critical juncture. Congress had been debating that proposal. Press reports gave one the impression that a large part of the Senate was passionately opposed to it. We had spent twenty-five billion dollars and many good American lives in support of the proposition that certain trampled peoples should have a fair show in the world. Handing over a hundred million dollars' worth of food to those same people to fend them from starvation in a pinch seemed a simple and relatively small matter. But senators discovered that sacred and vital principles were involved in it. And after debating it along that line and holding it up for about ten days, the Senate passed the bill by a vote of three to one—as it had no doubt intended to do all along.

What is the function of Congress, anyhow? Is it work or talk? Of the comparatively few citizens who pay any real attention to the proceedings of Congress we wonder how many feel like calling that body into a corner, taking it by the buttonhole and saying, with tears in their eyes, "Dear Congress, for heaven' s sake, take your coat off and go to work."

## When We Came In

TO KEEP the record straight remember that we were not at war with Germany until April, 1917. We had been deeply provoked; but until Germany renounced her agreement to limit submarine operations we did not judge that our national interests required war. Prior to April, 1917, the Allies were not fighting any war for us, because we had no war to fight. When we did have a war to fight we fought it to a finish.

It is necessary to remember all this because of late there have been persistent suggestions from Europe that the war should be considered a joint enterprise from its beginning, in July, 1914, with all costs from that date apportioned among the final belligerents. Those suggestions must be decisively rejected, because they rest on a false premise. It was our war when we declared war, not a moment before. The joint account runs from that date.

We now have a great quantity of high-priced foodstuffs. We tried to stimulate production of foodstuffs to the utmost in order to supply our Allies. Now that shipping is released, England, France and Italy can buy various foodstuffs elsewhere much cheaper than here. They are buying them elsewhere. Our effort to stimulate food production may let us in for a billion bushels of two-dollar wheat this year. The Allies will not buy a bushel of it so long as they can get other wheat cheaper. That is their right and their business. The wholesale pooling of national resources stopped when the war was won. And it began when the war began—which, for the United States, was April, 1917.

## Wasting Labor

IN FIFTEEN years the Government has spent a hundred and fifteen million dollars on Western irrigation projects and thereby brought under cultivation a million and a half acres of land formerly worthless—a sound investment and a permanent addition to national wealth.

Last May Secretary Lane proposed a similar reclamation of waste swamp lands. Nearly every state in the Union has more or less extensive tracts of such lands. The undertaking would be far less localized than the irrigation schemes have been. In the South alone forty million acres might finally be redeemed. What the secretary proposed was only a start—with an appropriation, say, of a hundred million dollars, which would create twenty-five thousand good farms.

He said war would end sometime. Then hosts of men who had become used to outdoor life would be looking for outdoor employment. With an appropriation of a hundred millions, fifty thousand of these men could be set to work immediately at good wages, and half of these could finally take up good farms which their labor had reclaimed—not farms in the raw, but at the producing stage, with the buildings up, the land plowed, the seed at hand; and they could pay for the farms in installments running over a long period. No flavor of charity about it, but sound business all the way through.

The bill, at this writing, is still pending. The war has ended. Munition factories are closing. Adjustment to peace production is taking place. But while it lasts unemployment is sheer waste of labor—sheer waste of the greatest national asset. The reclamation bill ought to be passed now. It should have been passed before.

## Wisdom From China

THE Senate has a bill recommended by the Secretary of Commerce and in line with suggestions from the American Chamber of Commerce in China. It looks to closer trade relations between China and America on a basis of mutual advantage.

There is considerable capital in China. The Chinese invest quite extensively in foreign companies doing business in China, which naturally helps the companies do more business there. But they are British companies working under corporate charters granted by the British Government at Hong-Kong.

There are no American companies—that is, no United States companies. There are corporations chartered by the various states—New Jersey, Delaware, New York, and so on. The Chinamen do not know anything in particular about New Jersey, Delaware, New York, and so on. Their lawyers tell them that the United States has nothing in particular to do with these corporations; that they are the creatures of the various states; that these states have different laws; that the provisions of a given charter may be lawful in one state and unlawful in another. The Chinese shrug their Oriental shoulders and turn to a company whose charter bears the seal of a great nation.

The bill in question provides for the incorporation of companies, under certain circumstances and for certain purposes, by the United States. Its particular purpose is to meet the objection of the Chinese that they have not time to trace out and keep posted on the contradictions of forty-eight independent state sovereignties; that they want to deal with the United States, not with New Jersey or Delaware.

It is high time we took those Chinese objections home and provided for national incorporation for our own purposes.

## Protecting Bondholders

A GREAT many swindlers and gamblers who ought to be in jail are out after Liberty Bonds. Many agencies, from the Treasury Department down, have issued warnings against them. But there ought to be a more vigorous protective campaign.

For millions of small holders the Liberty Bond represents not only patriotism but the holder's effort at saving and thrift. A man may save without being thrifty—if he finally squanders his savings on a fake investment. That is pretty apt to discourage him from saving again.

The great thing is to reach the individual bondholder; tell him to be very wary of anybody at all who comes angling for his Liberty Bond; tell him that any investment at all which offers a very high rate of return is certainly either a gamble or a swindle; impress upon him that the most honorable of the gentry who offer him twenty per cent stuff are inviting him to a gamble in which the risks are about the same as at a faro table, and the others are simply trying to rob him; urge him never to deal with strangers and to rely only on the statements of men whose experience and character are satisfactorily known to him. Let him offer to submit the proposition to the bank for its judgment. If the solicitor shies at that the solicitee should immediately shy at him.

One security looks pretty much like another. One man looks pretty much like another. If a man says "Lend me a thousand dollars," you do not think of doing it until you have satisfied yourself as to his reputation and responsibility. Easily, without expense, you can find out in what broad class any given security belongs—whether it is a rascal, a gambler or a steady-going farmer with a promising quarter section. But because one security does look about like another and some men are liars and others are gullible, vending fake securities is one of the simplest methods of robbery. Bankers, big and little, ought to emphasize these things—get them to the public. There ought to be a vigorous protective campaign.

## Getting Back to Normal

WE ARE still technically at war, but already government's control of trade and industry has largely ceased. Its fixed price for wheat remains, and its building and operation of ships. It still has a hand over speculation and the exportation of gold. It has the railroads, telegraph and telephone lines. But its price-fixing of metals has been withdrawn. The very extensive intervention of the War Industries Board and the War Trade Board, through priorities for domestic business and licensing of exports and imports, has practically disappeared. Government's hand is hardly felt in the retail trade in foodstuffs and other staples. Its control of capital and of security issues will soon disappear.

For many months hardly a movement was made in trade or industry that did not in some fashion have a government string to it—that did not in some way or other shape itself according to a government requirement. That was war. But with the signing of the armistice that condition in the main rapidly passed away. In the main, trade and industry again conduct themselves without particularly thinking of Washington. That is peace.

We never doubted that the pattern of affairs in the United States after the war would be so nearly like the old pattern that our doctrinaire friends, who imagined a quite new dispensation, would be much disappointed.

## A Case of Nerves

DURING the past few weeks there has been a wave of newspaper hysteria over the bugaboo army of unemployed. Well-meaning gentlemen, who should know better, have put out estimates of the number of jobless men in the country which are such wild exaggerations that they are absurd on their very face. Other gloomy publicists have predicted an era of unemployment which almost implies that our population will suddenly cease to require food, shelter, raiment and transportation.

Careful research indicates that the whole matter is a case of nerves, a case of judgment impaired by the strain of war and war's uncertainties. It is not to be denied that there is idleness in certain industrial centers. It is no more to be expected that men will step out of war jobs into peace jobs without a moment's loss of time than that a traveler can pass from train to train without an instant's delay at junction points. Vital economic readjustments are never effected instantaneously. The great fundamental fact is that there will be work enough for all. Farms, factories, railroads, shipyards and the building trades are crying for men. Arrears of production in private industries and public works will have to be made up, and few able-bodied workers who really want to work need long remain separated from the waiting jobs.

## Business in 1918

SECURITIES listed on the New York Stock Exchange in 1918 foot up nearly twelve billion dollars—far more than in any previous year. But they were nearly all United States bonds. Of all other stocks and bonds issued for new capital there was only two hundred and sixty million dollars' worth—much the smallest amount in many a year. One issue of railroad bonds, for fifteen million dollars, practically completes the list in that department.

That gives a picture in little of the year's business—everything on government account or under government control; government practically the only borrower and the only lender, supplying the capital and directing in some degree its expenditure.

That is what we are reacting from now. Hardly anybody at Washington, for instance, raises a voice for permanent government operation of railroads. Congress hastens to set a period to government wire operation. The people whom Congress represents are impatient of governmental leading strings. They would rather worry along by themselves.

# THE MUDDLED AMERICAN

## By Samuel G. Blythe

A CERTAIN eminent near-American traveling abroad officially in the war-stricken fields of France and in other war-ridden countries for the purpose of asserting his own loyalty, and proving it if possible by taking energetic measures to show just how loyal he was, the same including numerous ringing speeches in which Germany was roundly excoriated and some errands for Washington, took with him seventeen trunks of personal apparel in order that he might be suitably dressed on every occasion while engaged in this work of high governmental—and personal—emprise.

It so fell out that he embarked for his near-native land at the port of Brest, where he impressed his importance and particularity upon those in charge of affairs, and was loaded, with his seventeen trunks, upon a special barge to be taken to the ship on which he was to sail.

After he had mounted the ladder and had been received with due honors by the officer of the deck the work of hoisting his seventeen trunks was left to the American sailors on the barge. They laboriously carried up the trunks, one after the other, until the sixteenth was on the deck. As they came wearily down the ladder for the seventeenth, one of the gobs—a lad who had volunteered to serve his country in the great crisis—wiped the sweat from his forehead and said: "Holy Moses, and we enlisted in this war to make the world safe for democracy!"

### *Some Things That Make Us Wonder*

THAT gob put into words the thought of the average American of these times. A man traveling with seventeen trunks in the time of a war that had for its American appeal and basis the spread and exemplification of democracy is no more puzzling than a hundred other things that have happened, are happening and will happen. It isn't that the average American hasn't the understanding, but that most of the processes and performances of those in power or seeking to get into power are not understandable. The average American reads his newspaper and asks: What is it all about? We are informed that the old order has changed, that there is a new deal, that the United States has become a world power, and that this has affected our goings and comings, our doings and being dones, in an infinitude of ways.

"It is the war," those who attempt to answer assert positively.

"But the war is over."

"Ah, yes, to be sure; then it must be the peace."

The average American is muddled—muddled over Washington and its exemplars; muddled over politics and its practitioners; muddled over the conditions that obtain everywhere from one end of the country to the other. He has read the first of the Fourteen Points, which demands "open covenants of peace, openly arrived at," and a diplomacy that "shall proceed always frankly and in the public view"; and while he was refreshing his memory on that demand he learned that his own Government had taken over all the cables that lead to Paris, where these covenants are to be made. He invests all his savings in Liberty Bonds and goes forth in the morning to discover that his grocer is charging him a dollar a dozen for eggs that have a good many of the aspects of the execution of our announced policy of "pitiless publicity" about them.

He joined in the general condemnation of Senator La Follette, and wonders in what internment camp the senator's fierce foes in the Senate had him placed; and while he is wondering he finds that La Follette, now that the war is over, has been exonerated, and he muses over the question of whether the fact that the Republicans have but two majority in the Senate after March fourth, and need La Follette's vote, has anything to do with it.

He has uncomplainingly ridden on the crowded railroads, thus doing his part, and has paid the increased freight rates without a whimper, and now he finds that the Government, if it tries to reduce the rates, can only do it by taking some hundred millions more of his money in order that the wages of the employees on the railroads shall not be reduced also; and the average American wonders where he gets off on a proposition of that sort. He listens to the ominous discussions of the dangers of Bolshevism, in Congress and out of it, and is perplexed because many of these men who speak in such fear of a Red Menace in the United States do not advocate restriction of immigration. He knows that all our troubles of this sort are imported troubles, that these disturbers come freely in from the outside, from other countries; and he cannot understand why Congress has not struck at the root of the evil, prohibited their entrance and deported those that are here. He wonders whether the foreign vote has anything to do with it; whether such a step by the politicians in Congress would not deprive those politicians of the support of this foreign-born element. And he is still wondering.

For nearly two years his soul has been seared and scorched by the hot fires of denunciation of Germany and the Germans, and now he is asked to cut down his food intake in order that food may be exported to Germany to prevent the spread of Bolshevism and feed the people who have caused him all this trouble and loss and pain. He finds that the Government has taken over the telephones and the telegraphs, but wonders why it is that with reduced rates it costs him more to use the long-distance telephone than it formerly did; nor can he satisfy himself why it so often takes two days for a letter to get to Washington from New York when the trains make the run in less than six hours, and it is quicker to go to Chicago from New York, in person, and return than to try to transact business by mail. He wonders if government ownership really is such a good thing after all, after he has had his experiences with consolidated railroad-ticket offices under governmental control and has eaten a few of the standardized meals on the dining cars.

He discovers that if he wants to go anywhere on the railroads and not ride in day coaches he must set the definite date for the journey many days in advance in order to get accommodations; and that gives him food for thought and basis for comparison with the old days, because it is quite impossible for him, not being a seer, and sometimes traveling on emergent business, to know in all cases a week ahead the date on which it may be necessary for him to travel. He tries to cable abroad and discovers that since Mr. Burleson took the cables it often takes seven days to get a few words under the Atlantic from New York to London; and his experiences with Mr. Burleson's domestic telegraphs are also disconcerting.

### *Barbed and Pointed Questions*

HE READ with interest the protests against the President's going to France, and agreed that it might not be a wise thing to do. He was pleased with the reports of the tremendous receptions the President received, but now wonders why it is that the correspondents say there was so much delay in getting the peace going. He was all set to have Elihu Root on the Peace Commission, and is puzzled yet as to the exact reason Henry White was substituted. If he is a Republican he wonders why he never heard of Henry White, and if he is a Democrat he asks the same question. He has accepted the ministrations of Colonel House in governmental affairs and has heard of the colonel's prodigious powers. Wherefore, knowing that the colonel is a man of such transcendent abilities, he isn't sure in his own mind why the President had to go at all; or, if the colonel really isn't so prodigious, why the President intends to return. He tries to understand the reasons set forth for the delay in getting under way in Paris, and the thought that the knowledge by the other nations concerned that the President is booked to return may have something to do with that delay harasses him, for he conceives that without the President the Peace Commission from the United States will be far less formidable as a diplomatic entity than when the President was in Paris in person. If that is the case, he asks, why didn't the President put on the commission the biggest men we have? And that is another question for which there is no answer handy at the moment.

He hears there is to be another Liberty Loan in the spring and is getting ready for it. And at the same time he observes that Congress has been dilly-dallying with the revenue bill which is to provide money for present needs, and is concerned to find a way to meet all the new taxes in

*The Shepherd and the Crook*

the bill when it is made into a law, and these new Liberty Loan demands on him that are coming. He doesn't understand what all the delay is about, and reads that it is in part caused by the Honorable Claude Kitchin, of North Carolina.

He doesn't get Kitchin or the system that maintains him. If he had an employee in his business who was of such proved inefficiency he would discharge him or reduce him. He cannot figure out why with a presidential election coming next year the Democrats in the House of Representatives allow Kitchin to remain as floor leader and work further damage on them through his narrowness and sectionalism, and it is debatable to him if the real reason isn't that a good many of the members of the House of Representatives are not Kitchins of their own degree.

The average American goes to Washington and finds that capital in a state of flaccidity unequaled in the history of it. He watches Congress at work, and discoveres that Congress apparently does not know what it is trying to do or why it is trying to do it. He sees statesmen jump up and rail at the President, and statesmen jump up and applaud the President, and when he analyzes what they say he concludes that neither the railers nor the applauders have any clear idea of what they are talking about. He listens to a speech on Russia and discovers that the sum total of it is that the man who made it wanted to whack the President. He listens to a speech on Americanism and learns that the speaker isn't so much concerned about Americanism as he is about himselfism, he being "prominently mentioned" as a candidate for the Presidency. He had an idea that the pressing thing at this time was the readjustment of affairs in the United States, following the war, and getting back to business, but he finds that the principal and pressing aspect of the situation so far as the politicians in Congress at Washington are concerned is the politics of the next presidential campaign. He wonders if it is more important at this time to jockey with politics and men for advantage in 1920, a year or so away, when neither he nor any of his similars in business in the United States can find out where they stand as to taxes and business regulations that are coming.

It puzzles him exceedingly to learn that the very law that had to be made a dead letter by the Government when it essayed to operate the railroads has for years been the prop which has held up hundreds of so-called progressive reformers, investigators, crusaders and uplifters; and he does not get the reason that incited Congress to pass a seaman's law that the Government itself couldn't operate on its own ships. He looks at this law-making business critically, and it befogs him to find that the real reason for much legislation is not the good of the country but the political good of the party that passes it.

### *Dazed Minds Leaping From Puzzle to Puzzle*

HE WATCHES the various investigations that are in progress. He faithfully reads the testimony taken and searches for results. He never finds any. It is beyond his comprehension why the investigation that begins with so much banging of cymbals peters out in silence and impotence. He had thought that the men who howled for investigation had the good of the country at heart, and he often finds that they merely were playing politics. He can't understand why his personal and business affairs should be subject to party politics, legislatively applied; and when he asks why, he gets no reply but a laugh and the demonstration to him that ours is a government by party—and that means that the party must be the government.

He finds that inasmuch as politics is the chief concern of Washington at this time, and how to get a party advantage out of the war, the Democrats are embarrassed because they do not know what one man is going to do; and the Republicans are embarrassed because they know what too many men are going to do. The average American tries to think out this series of statements that is presented to him in Washington:

The President went to Europe despite the fact that his journey broke a hitherto unbroken precedent.

Another hitherto unbroken precedent is that no man shall have a third term as President.

Might it be that a President who has broken so many precedents broke a few of them in order to break this latter one at the important time?

When he digs, as well as he is able, into the inside of the affairs at Washington he is confronted by an apparent condition that confuses him, which is this: Though President Wilson is all there is to the Democratic Party the Democratic Party isn't all there is to President Wilson. He mulls that over for a time, and then asks why, if that is true, the President endeavored to put the war on a partisan basis in the last election? The only answer he gets is: Ask Burleson; which he does not understand. He is told that Brother McAdoo and Brother Gregory are forced to resign from the Cabinet because of the high cost of living in Washington and the low basis of salaries, and wonders how the others can afford to stick along at the same old price for their services until it becomes evident to him that a good many of the remainder would work for nothing rather than quit. Furthermore, it puzzles him why this discovery that living in Washington is expensive to the *n*th degree did not come to a decisive and remedial action by these eminent victims of it until after the prospects of the Democratic Party in November, 1920, had been considerably dimmed by the elective action of the people in November, 1918.

His boy in the Army writes from France that he did not get his pay for months, and he is unable to solve the problem why the War Department was unable to get his thirty dollars a month to his boy and to the other boys, but was able to land one thousand cases of gas masks in Brest, France, in the last week of December, 1918, six weeks after the war was over.

Also, it does not seem entirely just to the men who did the fighting to adopt the large, expansive Washington view that it is all over, that we won, and that there is no use going into details of the affair anyhow. He has been of the opinion that this was an American war, and it concerns him to discover that while the Republicans ardently condemned the injection of partisanship into the war by the Democrats at the time of the last election, and before the war was over, the Democrats now as ardently condemn the injection of partisanship by the Republicans into the conduct of the war after it is ended. Likewise, some of the things that happened to his boy over there were not partisan. They were personal, and the average American fails to comprehend why it is a question of partisanship, either before or after the war, to inquire why his son did not get a letter from home for weeks.

### *Seeking Light in the City of Ignorance*

THE average American felt that this war was an American affair, and that all the United States had a hand in it, but this view is not sustained by the disconcerting suspicion that the President of the United States apparently came to think that the United States was comprised within the iron picket fence that surrounds the White House. He discovers two distinct political ideas, and cannot decide as to which is the proper one. The first is the Democratic idea and practice that all the worth-while politics of the United States is at Washington and that all the interests of the United States are there; and the second one is the idea of the Republicans that all the worth-while politics of the United States is outside of Washington. He debates whether the Government is seated or sated at Washington, and gives it up.

The average American has followed, as closely as he was able, the course of his Government in railroad affairs, and has accepted his own personal railroad difficulties as part of the game, and as incident to the winning of the war, having read many pronouncements by the railroad administration that what the public suffered in the way of inconvenience—or, rather, lack of convenience—has been because of war demands on the transportation system. He has had an idea that presently some sort of order and expertness in handling the great traffic systems would ensue, but he does not understand details or requirements, not being a railroad man.

When he gets to Washington he is astounded to find that apparently railroadmen and railroad administrators do not know much more about the railroads than he does, for when he inquires about the railroad situation he discovers that one administrator has one plan, another another, that the Interstate Commerce Commission advocates this and the Congress something else. He finds the President nebulous about it, Mr. McAdoo vehement, the railroad presidents on the fence, the shareholders uneasy, the legislators with forty different ideas, and the whole matter stirring inconclusively like a paint pot in the Yellowstone Park which sputters and splurges and growls and fusses, but never gets anywhere or does anything but make a muddy noise.

He listens to demands that the roads be given back at once, that they shall be held for the original period of twenty-one months, that they shall be retained for five years and that they must go on forever under governmental control; and he is puzzled exceedingly over the way the situation shapes up, which is somewhat like this: First, the railroad men could not run the railroads satisfactorily before the war; second, the Government could not run the railroads satisfactorily during the war; third, who the dickens is going to run them after the war?

And in all Washington he finds no concrete or reassuring answer to the question, and it dismays him to observe the vast amount of language that is being spilled to obfuscate the situation; but he does get a glimmer of the main and fundamental fact, which is that whosoever runs them the average American is going to have the privilege of paying for the running. He considers his own experiences with government ownership, such as they have been, and remembers his experiences with private ownership also; and setting one against the other he isn't reassured that he will get anything but the worst of it no matter what the outcome may be, and that disturbs him; albeit the average American is pretty well used to getting the worst of it, as it happens.

He reads columns in the daily papers concerning revelations made before certain Congressional committees about pro-Germanism before and during the war in his country. He is amazed, disgusted and confused over these revelations, because he cannot figure out why, if all these things were going on during the war, and before it, something wasn't done then, for the Government has not gathered all this information since the armistice was signed, and had most of it while hostilities were on. He cannot understand why with all this proof available these men who are being told about now were allowed to remain at liberty; or why, since they were allowed to remain at liberty at the crucial time, they are being exposed now, when it is all over. What's the use?

He doesn't get that phase of it, nor sense the logic of this retroactive crusade, for it seems to him to be a monumental case of locking the barn door after the horse has been stolen, unless indeed the horse that was stolen wasn't worth much, and the door-locking is merely a justification for inaction because some people may have had an exaggerated idea of the value of the horse. Any way the average American looks at it it perplexes him, for according to his mind the time to expose such people is when they are operating, not when they have quit. It reminds him of a judicial process that would send a man to jail and not let that fact be known until after his term was up and he was out and free again. He can't get the definitive angle on it all, unless perhaps it would have been politically or otherwise injudicious to expose some of those concerned except in this after-the-war manner. He wonders about that.

The average American was exceedingly loyal and most amenable to war restrictions. He did everything he was told to do and obeyed every regulation that was made. He heard a lot about censorship, and, it may be, found that his letters from home and abroad were opened and that his cablegrams were inquired into. When the war ended he was assured that all that would stop, but his editor friends tell him that the censorship is continued, and he is trying to figure out how far it still goes. It has occurred to him that politicians who get a new power are most loath to relinquish it, and he has witnessed the building up of vast machines for espionage purposes in this country that have their peacetime values as well as their wartime values. He asks himself if he is perfectly sure that this espionage will not continue, to a degree, at least; and discovers that he isn't. His letters, his telegrams, his cablegrams, his telephoning—all his methods of communication are still in governmental control, and the officials handling them have had a big taste of unrestricted examination. Such an asset is of immense value to a party in power, he thinks, and he considers the political advantages of it all and cannot get at a satisfactory settlement of the matter in his own mind.

### *The Aim of All Political Endeavor*

HE HAS watched the development of other autocratical tendencies in this country of his that he has fondly considered to be the greatest democracy on earth, and has understood that the only way a democracy can make war successfully is to transform it into an autocracy; but now that the war is over he ponders on the proposition of whether there ever will be a return to the old system. He has seen few evidences of it. He knows that the concentration and continuation of power is the aim of all political endeavor, and he lacks definite assurance that the amplifications of centralized control that have been apparent during the conduct of the war will be scrapped with the other war machinery as soon as peace comes. His experiences have led him to believe otherwise. When he sees in Washington the party now in power that is doing nothing but marking time because the head of it is away, displaying no initiative, nor any energy or ability; and the party that is to come into power offering nothing better in the way of a program than that party had for policies twenty years ago—he does not see anything much in prospect but the usual maneuvering; and he wonders, and is perplexed over it all, whether this war which the United States fought to make the world safe for democracy will go so far as to make the United States safe for democracy too.

He reads in the newspapers from day to day of the unsettled conditions in all the world, and knows from what he hears and sees that there is likely to be upheaval everywhere, yet he finds that the leaders of both great political parties in America are going ahead with their plans for the presidential campaign of 1920 as if this war, when it ended, ended in all its phases, and on the basis of the good old days. He has been led to believe—and does believe—by those who ought to know that this war has changed both the face and the fundamentals of things, and that new problems are pressing forward that shall be acute in this country. He looks over the political leaders and wonders when they became seers that they have diagnosed the future as they apparently feel sure they have, and now, early in 1919, can predict what will be the state of political and national

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# REPUBLIC TIRES

*With* STAGGARD *Studs*

# DISBARRED

## By William Hamilton Osborne

THE girl in the green gown stole softly down the stairs—her heart in her mouth—and stood for a moment listening at the door of the room at the far end of the hall. She waited for a sign—something indicative of the mood of that room's occupant. For she was about to beard the lion in his den; also, she was about to whip the devil round the stump. She had a single objective to accomplish, and its accomplishment required considerable finesse.

The odor of a good cigar was wafted toward her; with it the sound of whistling—mild, tuneless, ineffectual. This lent her hope. She crept into the room and gently closed the door behind her. Then she pressed on, a bit timorously, through the thick haze of tobacco smoke, to the man sitting at the desk. He was a big man, with a big face. He was Henry Emerson, her father. The girl placed her hand lightly on the big man's shoulder; he started up in alarm. Then he sank back in his chair, grunting a bit good-naturedly.

"You scared me, Tessie," he complained.

"I'm going to scare you some more," said the girl.

She leaned against the desk, facing him. She was a winsome young woman, with rather wistful eyes, and soft warm curves about her face.

Her father thought her very beautiful indeed—more beautiful, of course, than she really was. Just now there was something determined about her expression—about her whole attitude; something a bit desperate, perhaps.

"I've Seen These Rich Men Take Pretty Girls Off Into a Corner; and They Marry Them, Too, in the End"

"Pretty thick in here for you," said Henry Emerson, brushing the smoke away. "Open a window, Tessie."

"No," said the girl; "I just closed the door. I've got some private business to talk over. I want to get married; honestly I do."

"Good Lord!" laughed her father. "Go ahead and get married, then."

"Easier said than done," returned the girl. "So far, nobody's asked me. Nobody at all."

"But they will," said her father a bit soothingly. "Just give them time."

"I've given them time," went on the girl. "I'm twenty-five years old. And I'm your daughter, which, I take it, counts. And I haven't had a single offer—not a darned one, father."

Now a keener man than Henry Emerson might have understood that though the girl so far had successfully bearded the lion in his den she was, nevertheless, only starting in to whip the devil round the stump. Her father could not understand that in uttering certain truths she was merely laying the foundation for an ultimate confession. She was a bit clever with it all. And she kept on uttering truths. Henry Emerson considered them as she doled them out, one by one. True, the girl was twenty-five. That was a mere matter of calculation. True, also, she was still unmarried. That was a self-evident fact.

"Gammon!" said her father, now considering her most recent statement. "You can't tell me that nobody's proposed. A girl like you? Why, I've given you all the chances in the world."

"I'm afraid that they're not the right kind of chances. I haven't met the right kind of men."

Her father backed his revolving chair away from the desk. He stared at her. "In a pig's neck," he cried, "you haven't met the right kind of men! Good Lord, Tessie, you haven't met any other kind!"

"I know," nodded the girl, arguing it out—progressing step by step. "Rich men—and the sons of rich men. Too rich—to want just me. I know what these rich men want—I know what they're looking for. Either somebody with wads of money—more than we've got. Or else for a very, very pretty girl."

"But you're very, very pretty," protested her father. "And you're the daughter of one of the most influential men in River City. The man that runs a street railway in a place like this is no slouch. Don't forget that. And his daughter is entitled to the best."

"Your daughter doesn't want the best," said Tessie; "and if she did she doesn't get it—and she can't get it. Climbers are born, father. And these rich men that I know, they won't—they won't lend me a hand, don't you see? And you're wrong, father. I'm not very, very pretty. I know what pretty girls are, father. And I know how these rich men take to them. I've seen 'em take these pretty girls off into a corner and put their hands on them; and they marry them, too, in the end, even if these pretty girls haven't got a lot of money. Or else they take a very rich girl or a very aristocratic girl and take her off in a corner—only they don't put their hands on her. And they marry her. But nobody takes me into a corner, father. And nobody puts his hands on me. And nobody marries me. And I want them to. I've studied the thing out, father. You've meant well; you've wanted me to marry somebody—a man as big as my father. You want me to have a husband that counts."

"A better man than I am, Tessie," said her father; "that's the man for you. You're crazy. I know a dozen likely young fellows."

"I know two dozen," sighed Tessie; "and they know me. That's as far as it gets. And I'm twenty-five years old. We've—tackled the wrong crowd, father. Won't you please see it? I'm twenty-five years old, and I'm your daughter, and I want a man, and I want a home, and I want children. And I get just nothing—just nothing, father." Her father shook his head. Something was wrong—something was clearly wrong. He leaned forward and tapped her hand with his.

"We haven't tackled the thing just right, Tessie," he said. "I've left it to you too much, maybe. I'll have to take a hand."

Tessie shrank back against the desk. "I don't want you to take a hand, father. I can't have the men that you want me to have. I can't have them because they don't want me. And if they don't want me you can't make them want me."

"In a pig's eye I can't!" returned her father.

Wearily the girl shook her head. "If I can't get what—what we want," she said swiftly, desperately, "I—I must take what I can get." There was a false note present in the tones of her voice, and her father instantly detected it. He sized her up silently. Tessie—well, Tessie Emerson wriggled a bit under his gaze. She laughed, a bit hysterically. "It's the old adage, father—if you can't get what you want—take what you can get. Don't you see," she went on hurriedly, "that a girl wants somebody? She wants somebody—that wants her. Honestly, father, I want somebody. And I want somebody that wants me. You see that, don't you? And there's nobody in the whole wide world, father, that wants me."

"Nobody at all?" queried Henry Emerson.

"Nobody," she faltered, "except—just one man. There's just one man in the whole world that wants me. And there's nobody that I want—except one man. And I want him, father—I want him! And, listen, father—I can get him—I know I can!"

Her flushed face was very appealing—very tender.

Henry Emerson grunted for the third time. "So that's the idea!" he said.

"It's all true," she pleaded; "all I've told you—it's true. None of the rest want me, father."

"And who's this one that does?" queried Henry Emerson.

The girl trembled. "A man—named Ames," she answered.

"What Ames?"

"You know him," returned the girl desperately; "he's in your law department."

"Oliver Ames?"

The girl nodded. She was speechless.

This time her father snorted. "Oliver Ames!" he repeated. "Why, he's nothing but a hired hand of mine!"

"Father," cried the girl, "he tries all your jury cases for you! I've been told he's the cleverest jury lawyer in the state."

"In a pig's eye he is!" retorted her father. "He's a hundred-dollar-a-week man, that lad. That's all he is. Oliver Ames—and you've let him paw you—and put his face near yours ——"

"Father," exclaimed the girl, "he—he's never put his hands on me in his life! I—I've often wished he would."

The magnate caught at that. "You said a mouthful a while ago, Tessie," he went on, "about the chaps putting their hands on a girl they like. It's often done. And this Ames—he'd have had his hands on you long ago if he really wanted you. It isn't you he's after, Tessie. Not just you. It's Henry Emerson's daughter that he wants—even if she's wall-eyed. I know these lads—they can't

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# STYLEPLUS CLOTHES

## *Back again in a Styleplus suit*

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Henry Sonneborn & Co., Inc.

And mighty good it feels after his hard work in the field or at sea for Uncle Sam!

Back home again! He's a bigger and better man in the eyes of his friends now!

His uniform made him look every inch the *soldier*.

Now his Styleplus Clothes make him look every inch the *man*.

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This reduces our costs and gives style, tailoring, and substantial values at moderate price.

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Sold by one leading clothing merchant in most cities and towns. Write for Styleplus booklet and name of local dealer.

**Styleplus Clothes**
**$25-$30-$35**
TRADE MARK REGISTERED
"Each grade one price the nation over"

Henry Sonneborn & Co., Inc. Founded 1849 Baltimore, Md.

**AMERICA'S ONLY KNOWN-PRICED CLOTHES**



Trade Mark Registered

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fool me. He wants a stranglehold on Henry Emerson, and on Henry Emerson's influence and cash."

"He wants just me," said the girl.

"How do you know?"

"I found out one day. I found out before he ever knew who I was. When he thought I was—just a nice sort of a girl he told me ——"

"Ames had the nerve ——" interposed her father.

"He didn't say a word," returned the girl hastily; "he just—told me. And I knew. When he found out who I was—he sort of stopped. But I can have him, father. And I want him—honestly I do."

"You want him because you think he's clever?"

"I just want him," said the girl.

"You think he's the cleverest jury lawyer in the state?"

"I think he is," returned the girl, "but that doesn't signify ——"

"In a pig's eye it doesn't signify!" retorted Henry Emerson. "Didn't I tell you that we pay Oliver Ames only five thousand a year to try our cases for us. Now how in a pig's eye can a man that we pay only five thousand a year to—how can he be the cleverest jury lawyer in the state?"

The argument was unanswerable. Tessie side-stepped it.

"I don't care," she reiterated. "All that I know is that I want Oliver Ames—I want him bad, father. And I know that Oliver Ames wants me."

When poor little Margery Manning—aged three and a half—pushed aside the loose picket in her front-yard fence and crawled through the aperture into Magnolia Avenue and paradise that sunny summer afternoon she little dreamed that she was going to afford the courts of her state considerable trouble; she little recked that indignant multitudes throughout the length and breadth of an entire continent would familiarize themselves with her own personal history—history that she proceeded forthwith to manufacture. She crawled through the fence; she toddled across the sidewalk; she stood for one instant on the curbstone. She was not without objective. Across the way, seated on the opposite curb engaged in the creative art of making mud pies, were two urchins like herself. By no means did these urchins have the street to themselves—pedestrians hurried to and fro, delivery wagons swerved round the corners, from somewhere down the thoroughfare there issued the pounding of a street-car gong.

Margery saw nothing but the two urchins just across the way. She heard nothing but the seductive, energetic cackle of their voices. She plunged. She stepped down into the street and lurched on toward the car track. She reached it, nearly crossed it ——

Then somebody screamed—not Margery.

The car stopped—considerably more than a hundred feet beyond. Motorman and conductor came running back—wondering passengers keeping pace with them. They found something—a silent little bundle of clothes that lay supine across the farther rail. They picked the little bundle up. Margery's mother ran shrieking from the house. An ambulance was called. A fresh crowd gathered. The motorman and the conductor took names. But so far as they could at that time ascertain, no one inside or outside the car had seen the accident, except the motorman—white faced, and sick, and sullen.

The day after the Margery Manning case was tried Henry Emerson, the president of the River City Traction Company, sent for the company's head trial counsel, Oliver Ames. Oliver came, debonair as usual. He was very pleasing in appearance, was Oliver Ames, and easy in his movements—a young-old youngster with laughing eyes and sensitive mouth. Henry Emerson looked him over—he decided that he liked Ames less than ever. And with fresh reasons too.

"Ames," he said, "I didn't think I'd have to send for you. I thought you'd come to me."

"About what?" queried Oliver Ames, wondering.

"About the Margery Manning case you lost for us last night"

"Oh," nodded Oliver, shrugging his shoulders as though the Margery Manning case was all in a day's work. "Fortunes of war. Fortunes of war."

Henry Emerson snorted. "You call a twenty-thousand-dollar verdict in a case like that fortunes of war?"

Oliver Ames sobered. "Do you want my frank opinion, chief?" he queried.

"I'm curious to know what your frank opinion is," returned his chief with the suspicion of a sneer in his tone.

Ames nodded. "If you put it to me straight," he said, "I call the Margery Manning verdict damned bad management, nothing less."

His chief grunted. "Honest confession ——" he began.

"The Margery Manning case," went on Oliver Ames wearily, "ought never to have been tried. I could have settled it with Lefferts half a dozen times for five thousand dollars. Half a dozen times I recommended that figure. It did no good. Somebody turned me down."

"I turned it down," returned Henry Emerson. "Do you think we've got five thousand dollars to throw away on a case like that?"

"Perhaps," smiled Ames, "throwing away twenty thousand comes a trifle easier."

"The case," said Henry Emerson doggedly and offensively, "should have been won."

"The case," returned Oliver Ames steadily, "could not be won."

*It is a Matter of Social History That by Hook or Crook He Got Her in the End*

"In a pig's neck! Why?"

Oliver Ames, who had seated himself, rose. He shook his head, still more wearily.

"Mr. Emerson," he said, "the time to talk about the Margery Manning case is past. From the date of the accident I have dinned it into Carter's ears, and into your ears, that this case ought never to have been allowed to come to trial. You wouldn't listen. Now we're licked."

"Why are we licked? Why were we licked?" cried his chief. "It's the most damnable outrage that ever came down the pike. Here's a fool of a mother lets her kid run over all creation—probably while she's at the matinée. And here's a kid that runs all over creation. Why shouldn't she get hit? Why shouldn't she? Talk about contributory negligence! Good Lord."

His trial counsel sighed—was silent. He was through.

"Well," demanded Henry Emerson, "what's the answer?"

"The answer," said Ames, "depends upon whether you're talking to me as my boss—or whether you're talking to me as one lawyer to another. You are a lawyer, you know, Mr. Emerson."

"And a blamed good one too," said his chief.

"Being a blamed good lawyer, then," smiled Oliver Ames, "you will understand a few basic principles that underlie the Margery Manning case. And remember that this is Margery's case—not her mother's. Just Margery's case.

"The first simple principle is that a child under seven years of age cannot be guilty of contributory negligence; it can't be negligent because it doesn't know how to be careful. What about that?"

"Bad law," grunted Henry Emerson.

"May be bad law, but it's the law," said Ames; "but let's get on. You are also familiar with the basic principle that the negligence of a mother cannot be imputed to a child. This is Margery's case. What does a blamed good lawyer have to say to that proposition, chief?"

"It's rot."

"It happens to be law."

"How were we negligent, then? Come now," demanded Henry Emerson.

"Three women," said Ames, "whose names Lefferts gave us early in the game—women whose testimony could not be impeached—were sitting in three several bay windows. They saw Honaker ——"

"The motorman?"

"Yes. They saw his car coming along at a clip faster than any other car had ever come along that street. A dozen people heard him apply his brakes. And yet, after he'd struck the kid he couldn't stop his car for a hundred and fifty feet. Mark you, the child was about to cross the track. Honaker either saw her at that time or he didn't. If he didn't see her it was his duty to have seen her. If he did see her it was his duty to stop. In either case it was his duty to have his car under control. And he saw here there ——"

"How do you know he did?"

Ames smiled reminiscently. "Lefferts had him. Honaker had to admit either that he was looking ahead, as he should have been, or that he wasn't. If he wasn't he was guilty of negligence. So he quit on that. He admitted finally that he was looking ahead. Lefferts had him again. For the child was there, almost on his track. If he looked ahead he must have seen her. Finally he admitted that he did see her—he was two hundred feet away and he saw her near his track, intent on crossing it. But he didn't stop. He had a reason." Ames chuckled.

"Go on!" cried Henry Emerson. "What was his reason?"

"Why," spluttered Oliver Ames, "he thought that this little three-year-old tot would stop and change her mind. There you are, chief. Our defense narrowed down to that—we didn't stop because we thought that little Margery Manning, three years old, would change her mind."

"Seeing she had no business on the track," cried Henry Emerson, "that was reasonable enough."

"It was more than reasonable," laughed Oliver Ames. "It was a scream."

"Well, why in a pig's neck then, didn't you coach him in advance?"

"Outside of the fact that it's not part of my duties to coach witnesses for the traction company it is my personal opinion that all the coaching in the world would have been lost upon a man of Honaker's wonderful resource. However, I didn't coach him. I'm a lawyer, not a detective. I can't make over witnesses, and wouldn't want to if I could."

He started toward the door. Emerson called him back. "That's all you've got to say about this thing?"

"What more can I say, chief?"

"Then I suppose," went on the chief, "that you think we ought to pay this twenty-thousand-dollar verdict."

Ames nodded. "Frankly," he said, "it wouldn't be a bad idea. It might be money in your pocket."

"And if we pay it," cried his chief, "if we pay this twenty thousand to Lefferts how much of this twenty thousand does Lefferts pay to you?"

Oliver Ames stared at the big man with the big face. "Your mind and mine, Mr. Emerson," he said at length, "seem to have been cast in different molds. Thank God!"

"I don't want any thank God's," said Emerson. "I want to know what you're going to do about this verdict. Straight talk."

"I've already done it," said Ames. "After the verdict I made a pro-forma application for a new trial. We'll argue it just as soon as we can get a transcript from the minutes."

"And do you think Kennedy is going to let this twenty-thousand-dollar verdict stand?"

"Frankly I don't," said Ames. "Judge Kennedy's been a railroad man himself. Unconsciously he leans a bit our way. I've an idea that he'll set the verdict aside."

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CADILLAC
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CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY—DETROIT, MICH

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"And in the face of that you think we ought to pay the verdict. Why?"

Ames shrugged his shoulders. "I have an idea that a jury on a new trial will trim us worse than this jury did on the old one."

"And you call that loyalty to the River City Traction Company?"

"I don't like to see the River City Traction Company's interests slaughtered by a claim department that doesn't know any law. I can settle a case for five thousand that's going to cost you twenty-five or thirty. If you call that disloyalty make the most of it."

"Ames," shouted Henry Emerson, "I shall expect this verdict to be set aside. You see to it that it is."

Three weeks later Oliver Ames stepped into Henry Emerson's office once again, this time with the afternoon edition of an evening paper in his hand.

"I suppose you've seen this, chief?" said Ames, his lips twitching.

"No!" snapped his chief. "What about it?"

"Considerable about it," returned Oliver, a sardonic smile upon his face. "Judge Kennedy has set the Margery Manning verdict aside and ordered a new trial."

"Of course," said Henry Emerson. "What did you expect?"

"I didn't expect," replied Oliver, trying hard not to grin, "that he'd do it just this way."

"What way?" queried the president.

"See for yourself," said Ames, handing the paper to his chief.

In black letters covering three columns on the first page appeared this heading:

"A Wooden Leg is Just as Good
As One of Flesh and Blood"

COMPLACENT UTTERANCE IN THE MARGERY MANNING CASE BY LOCAL JURIST WITH TWO SOUND ONES.

Henry Emerson nodded. "I haven't got time to read it," he remarked. "As long as he sets aside the verdict it's all right. What does he say?"

"He says," returned Ames, "that the jury in awarding twenty thousand dollars for the little girl's leg wholly failed to take into consideration the fact that science has provided artificial limbs whose operation is almost as perfect as those furnished by Nature. Hence the verdict is too large."

"Well," said Henry Emerson, "that's good reasoning, isn't it?"

"The editor of this paper," went on Oliver, "wants to know what Margery Manning's future sweetheart will think about it—in case she has a sweetheart."

"What's that got to do with it?" cried Henry Emerson.

Oliver Ames shrugged his shoulders. "It's only one out of ten thousand editorials that will flood the country, based on this decision. By this time Seattle and San Diego are reading about the wooden-leg decision by a wooden-headed judge. Chief, it's newspaper syndicate stuff of the finest kind. In time it will encircle the earth. The names of Margery Manning and Justice Kennedy will be known in Timbuktu."

"What of it?" repeated Henry Emerson. "The verdict's set aside—we get a new trial. That's enough for me."

Ames nodded seriously. "Right," he said; "that counts. I had a talk with Lefferts, Margery's counsel. It's a setback to him. He admits that. And I can settle this case with him for fifteen thousand dollars."

"Oh," sneered Henry Emerson, "you can? Got it all fixed up with Lefferts for fifteen thousand dollars, have you? You've got another guess. This case gets retried and it gets won."

"Chief," said Ames earnestly, "I don't want to see the traction company let in for a twenty-five-thousand-dollar verdict."

"There won't be any twenty-five-thousand-dollar verdict," snapped Emerson. "The judge has settled that by his decision."

"He can't prevent the jury from bringing in a verdict," pleaded Ames. "And by this time every juryman who'll sit upon that new trial has read this luscious bit of news. Every juryman will come into court with just one idea in his head—to soak us, and to soak Judge Kennedy. And they will soak us too."

"If they render a verdict of fifteen thousand dollars the court will set it aside again."

"Will he?" queried Ames mildly.

"Won't he?" retorted Emerson. "Of course he will!"

"Let me remind you," suggested Oliver, "that Judge Kennedy comes up for reëlection in the fall."

"What's that got to do with it?"

"Much," replied Oliver. "He needs votes. And with the proletariat reading stuff like this ——"

"This case," said Henry Emerson, "will go to trial."

Accordingly it went to trial again. Oliver Ames tried it—he exhausted all his energy, used all his persuasive skill, tied his opponent into hard knots, brought into play all his old tricks. And all to no avail—the case was lawyer-proof. It tried itself. Little one-legged Margery Manning sat on her mother's lap and smiled into the faces of the jury—asking them silently, subconsciously, what they thought about that wooden-leg decision.

The jury thought about it, hard. They brought in a thirty-thousand-dollar verdict for the plaintiff. Ames moved for a new trial—he based his application upon the judge's previous ruling. What he had expected happened. Judge Kennedy saw to it that a court attendant rounded up all the reporters and corralled them in his court room. Then he reversed himself adroitly, took back everything he'd said before, and summarily dismissed the railway's application. The thirty-thousand-dollar verdict stood.

The next day Oliver Ames was fired.

The day after that Henry Emerson sent for Lefferts, Margery Manning's young and energetic counsel. Lefferts obeyed the summons, wondering.

"Counselor," said Henry Emerson, "what'll you take for your judgment in the Manning case?"

"Thirty thousand dollars," said Lefferts promptly, "and interest and costs."

"You forget we've taken an appeal," said Emerson.

"Oh, of course," said Lefferts. "Then you can add to that my costs on appeal. You haven't got a leg to stand on, Mr. Emerson. You know it."

"I've got a hunch," smiled Henry Emerson, "that you'll settle the Margery Manning case for twenty thousand dollars before you leave this room."

"Show me," said Lefferts.

"I'm going to," said the traction-company man. "I've fired Oliver Ames."

"Fired—Ames!" echoed Lefferts. "What for?"

"Inefficiency," grunted Henry Emerson. "He botched the Margery Manning defense from start to finish."

Lefferts laughed. "Why, the devil himself couldn't have won the Margery Manning case for you—with me against him."

"Having fired Ames," went on Henry Emerson, "I want advice from you as to his successor. You're one of the leaders of the bar. Suppose you tell me whom to pick."

"Pick me," said Lefferts without the slightest hesitation.

Henry Emerson's eyes glowed. Here was a man after his own heart. He could understand a man who talked like this.

"Good," he said. "I will. How much do you want?"

"How much do you expect to pay?" queried Lefferts.

"We paid Oliver Ames five thousand dollars."

"So I understood," said Lefferts dryly.

"We'll pay you seventy-five hundred," went on Henry Emerson magnanimously.

Lefferts sauntered to the window and stared down at the crowds below.

"You see, if I should take this job," he said, "I'd have to try most of my cases against Oliver Ames."

"How so?" demanded Emerson.

"It's only a matter of time before he gets the cream of the negligence business," mused Lefferts.

"Suppose he does," cried Henry Emerson.

Lefferts shrugged his shoulders. "A man's got to be paid for trying cases against Ames. That's one consideration. Next, if I take on this job it's my job, and nobody else's. That's got to be understood."

"Of course," said Henry Emerson.

"No interference, no criticism, no faultfinding, no picking on your counsel because he can't win cases. I'm on my own. You get me?"

Henry Emerson gulped. "Of course," he acquiesced.

"Good," said Lefferts. "And here's my answer: Done, for twenty-five thousand dollars a year."

He got the job—eventually. He knew he would. The River City Traction Company took on Lefferts. Other people took on Oliver Ames. He was at once retained—as counsel for the plaintiff—in half a dozen important, not to say desperate, cases that had been hanging fire against the trolley company. He picked the best of these cases, placed them at once upon the trial calendar and prepared for trial. He tried the best case first—and won it. He picked another good one—he won that. With unerring discrimination he picked his winners, discreetly holding the doubtful cases in the background. He got verdicts against Lefferts in seven cases hand running. Henry Emerson, in a panic, sent for Lefferts. Lefferts, who understood his business well, kept his chief's messenger waiting for ten minutes while he finished some dictation, then he nodded.

"You tell Mr. Emerson," said Lefferts, "that he can see me here."

Henry Emerson, gritting his teeth, saw Lefferts there. There was blood in his eye.

"Mr. Lefferts," he demanded, "do you realize that this shyster Oliver Ames has rolled up a hundred thousand dollars' damages against us inside of three months?"

"I realize it very well," said Lefferts, handing Henry Emerson a cigar and lighting one himself.

"What have you got to say about it?" demanded Henry Emerson.

For answer Lefferts pressed a button on his table. "Miss Birdsall," he said to his stenographer, "will you please get out my contract from the safe? . . . Now," he went on, looking Henry Emerson in the eye, "you will refresh your recollection by rereading for the third time Clause Thirteen. . . . No, not there. You know where it is—at the top of the page. No interference, Mr. Emerson. And this is the fourth time you've interfered."

"Do you mean to tell me that I can't criticize people I employ?"

"You can, all of 'em," said Lefferts, "except me."

"But—Ames ——"

"I'm taking care of Ames," said Lefferts. "I know what Ames is doing. He's making a record, that's all. I know his game."

"In a pig's neck you know his game," said Henry Emerson. "Oliver Ames' game is to fight me. He's got it in for me. He's sore."

"He can't win cases just because he's sore," smiled Lefferts.

"He's winning them, just the same," said Emerson.

There was a knock on the door. A boy entered.

"Mr. Lefferts," he exclaimed, "the Handy jury's been out all night. The clerk just took their verdict. It's twelve thousand dollars, Mr. Lefferts."

"Another one!" cried Henry Emerson. "This thing has got to be stopped."

Lefferts nodded coldly. "If it's got to be stopped," he smiled, "why don't you stop it, Mr. Emerson?"

"By gad," yelled Henry Emerson, "I think I will!"

Accordingly he did.

One rainy afternoon some six weeks later a trolley car cavorting recklessly down the Solomon Street hill ran down a pedestrian—a woman—who was crossing at a corner. Oliver Ames by the merest chance was a passenger upon the car. With the train crew he hastened back to the scene of the collision and helped the trolleymen to carry the woman—wholly unconscious—into a near-by store.

The motorman rang for an ambulance while the conductor hustled out to take the names of witnesses. Oliver Ames followed him. The conductor approached a small group on the sidewalk, consisting of two young women and a man. The three of them apparently were homeward bound from work.

The young man shook his head as the conductor stood at attention, pad in hand.

"No use taking our names, brother," said the young man; "we saw the whole thing. Our testimony won't do you any good. Take it from me, it won't!"

Ames waited until the conductor had passed on to another little group. Then he nodded to the young man.

"The devilish thing about all this," said Ames to the three, "is that the company goes on getting evidence merrily, while that woman lies in there half dead. She has no means of taking names, worse luck."

"You with her?" queried the young man, hesitating.

Ames shook his head. "All I know is that the motorman was speeding along at thirty miles an hour and didn't sound his gong."

"It was worse than that," said one of the women. "When it happened, he wasn't anywhere near his controller box. He was leaning over the side, looking back."

"Oh," said Ames, "the skittish horse we passed. I get you."

"We all saw it," admitted the young man. "The motorman was clearly to blame. It's the worst exhibition of negligence I ever saw. He took a terrible chance."

Ames drew forth a piece of paper. "It's only fair to this woman," he remarked, "to give her what evidence we've got."

"You're not a trolley man?" queried the young man.

"No," said Ames.

"My name is Joe Speedling," nodded the young man, "and my address ——"

Ames made a note of what they had seen and who they were. Then he hung round until the ambulance surgeon, who had arrived meantime, was ready to depart. He drew him to one side.

"Doctor," he said, "here are the names of three good witnesses who saw this accident and who can help this woman with their testimony. Will you see that her relatives get it? It's important."

"Are you a lawyer?" queried the surgeon, shaking his head.

"I am," said Oliver.

The surgeon kept on shaking his head.

"You know, counselor," he said, "we don't make a practice of recommending lawyers."

Ames laughed. "That piece of paper's got the names and addresses of three witnesses, and a memo of their stories, doctor. I don't solicit cases. I want the woman to get a square deal, that's all."

"Who are you?" queried the surgeon, taking the scrap of paper and stuffing it into his pocket.

"My name is Ames," said Oliver.

The surgeon started. "Look here," he said, "I was an expert in the Whittlesey case. You cross-examined me. I thought I knew your face. You're the famous Oliver Ames. You're not trying to cut the traction company's throat?"

(Continued on Page 122)

# HAUGHTON ELEVATORS

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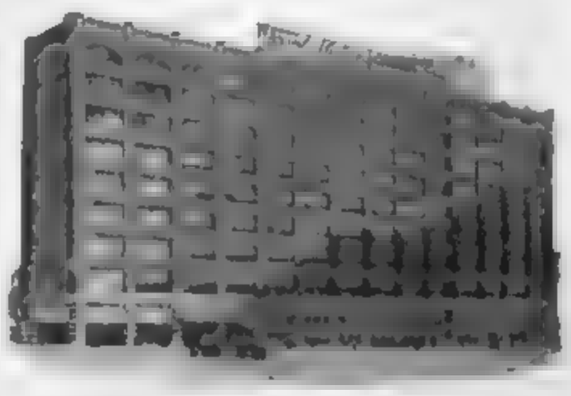

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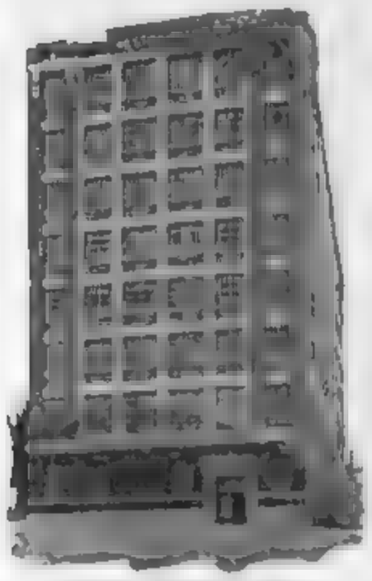

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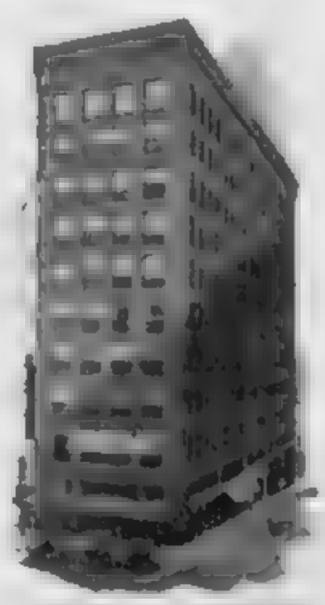

*RENKERT BUILDING*
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# THE EPIDEMIC—By Lowell Otus Reese

EVERYBODY sit down now, and act like Christians for once in their lives! This meeting is called to order!"

Uncle Jimmy Pepple, Sandstorm's oldest, richest and most influential citizen, hammered on the dining-room table with the potato masher—a makeshift gavel borrowed from Aunt Keziah's kitchen for the occasion. Aunt Keziah was Uncle Jimmy's old-maid sister—exactly as meek and retiring as Uncle Jimmy was arrogant and officious.

Uncle Jimmy glared back to where Clint Peters and I were snickering and talking.

"Somebody take them two pups and smack their dam' heads together!" he squalled peevishly. "Ain't I told you this meetin' is called to order?"

Clint and I shut up suddenly. Maybe Uncle Jimmy Pepple was a trifle illiterate to be chairman of the school board; but he was the richest man in camp and therefore to be respected. Moreover, Clint and I knew from experience that when the old hotel man's long chin whiskers began to twitch up and down convulsively it was a good time to behave. For Uncle Jimmy was along in years—but every one of those years had added to his experience as a fighting man.

"Feller citizens," said Uncle Jimmy, his voice assuming the unnatural magniloquence of the orator, "we have met together this evenin' to consider ways and means of providin' our thrivin' city with a schoolhouse and a schoolteacher. Feller citizens, Sandstorm has started up the ladder of progress. She has started up the ladder of progress like a rat up a rafter, and it won't be long till all the rest of the desert towns will be hangin' onto her skirts and tryin' to drag along. Now to my mind the burden of this meetin' lies upon us bachelors. Do you hear me? Upon the bachelors!

"Feller bachelors of Sandstorm, can we who shirk and loiter in the cool shade of unresponsibility—can we sit still and see our nobler feller citizens strivin' night and day for the upbuildin' of our fair city? Takin' responsibility by the hand and welcoming it like a long-lost brother, shirkin' no hardships. Look upon their shinin' example!

"Didn't Sam McCall have twins night afore last?" [Loud applause.] "Ain't Perley Moore and Ramon Sanchez and Pedro Arrellanes been faithfully addin' to our city's population year after year, ever since old Calaveras Ike Pippy made the first strike up here on Sandstorm Butte?" [Tumultuous applause.] "And shall we be unappreciative?" Uncle Jimmy brought down his potato masher with a mighty bang. "Shall we say to these loyal, toilin' sons of guns—shall we say to Sam McCall and Perley Moore and Ramon Sanchez and Pedro Arrellanes: 'Go, educate your children as you dam' please. I should worry!' Shall we? No, by gosh! We'll build a schoolhouse and then say to these haggard husbands and fathers: 'Go as far as you like. Sandstorm's with you!'" [Long, vociferous cheering.]

When the meeting adjourned from Uncle Jimmy's dining room it had been definitely decided that the bachelors of Sandstorm should meet on Saturday afternoon and build a schoolhouse. Upon Uncle Jimmy, as chairman of the school board, devolved the duty of going after a teacher.

"And the first bachelor that renigs," said Uncle Jimmy darkly, "gets his fool head busted with a pick handle!"

Little did Clint Peters and I know as we larked out of the hotel dining room and down the sandy street of the sprawling desert town—little did we know that this meeting was the first of a train of events that would turn our peace of mind about and stand it upon its head.

Listen!

Love is a peculiar disease. Sometimes it breaks out in spots like a rash, and sometimes it is an epidemic sweeping the whole community, sparing not even the graybeard or the flop-eared youth with fuzz on his chin. I know. So does Clint Peters. And the worst part is this: You're not safe after you've had it once. It's just as likely to hit you again when you're least expecting it—and maybe the second attack will use you up worse than the first.

Epidemic; that's the way it came to Sandstorm the first season after the cyanide mill started up and put the whole camp on velvet. Everybody had it. And that's the way it goes in this man's world. Soon as a fellow gets enough money so he can finish life in peace and quiet—soon as he has it all fixed so he can lay off work forever and not have a single care on earth he begins looking round to see if he can fall in love! Out of the frying pan into the fire; see?

And isn't it a human trait? The average man wouldn't be satisfied in heaven. He'd be everlastingly wanting to take a little flyer into hell once in a while to see what would happen. And as soon as he stopped smelling of burnt feathers—he'd do it all over again! You can't teach men to be prudent and let experiments alone. Not where love is concerned.

It's a fact. And two-thirds of Sandstorm's male population still blush with shame whenever they think of the fool things they did when struggling in the grip of that love epidemic. Luckily it didn't leave any scars—it was a gentle epidemic, not by any means malignant; but the fool things we did!

Why I've seen men with the delirium tremens and I've seen men come in out of the desert raving with the sun; but this love stuff certainly does start the average man doing things that would make the efforts of an ordinary nut look like the wise deeds of old Solomon.

Now right in the beginning you want to get it fixed in your mind good that out in our part of the desert girls were as scarce as water lilies. That is, girls. Of course there was Annie Swenson, who worked in the kitchen of the Sandstorm Hotel and helped Aunt Keziah wait on table. Annie was a good girl and we all liked her; but we had known Annie all her life. She had been living with Aunt Keziah ever since the sad day when old Lars Swenson got drunk and hit a box of dynamite with his singlejack to win a bet. Lars won the bet all right, but he wasn't there to collect it, and so Annie came to live with Aunt Keziah, just like I've told you. At first we all felt sorry for her and then we slipped easily into the habit of being used to her. If anybody mentioned Annie Swenson we thought of a good-natured little Swede girl with a few freckles and an invariable cheery "Hello, boy! You bane pretty good to-day?"

And then our mind forgot her and remembered Annie Swenson's biscuits. Yes, Annie was a good girl and we all liked her and would have battled for her any time she needed a fighting man. Still ——

Then there were the Ruiz twins, but they didn't count either. The Ruiz girls lived in a rude jacal built on the railroad right of way at the end of the ore switch. Their dad was a Mexican peon and he worked in the section gang in the daytime and got drunk on the proceeds of his

(Continued on Page 33)

You Can't Spend Five Years in the Desert Without Finding That the Sand Has Crept Into Your Bearings

Carrying double loads every trip.

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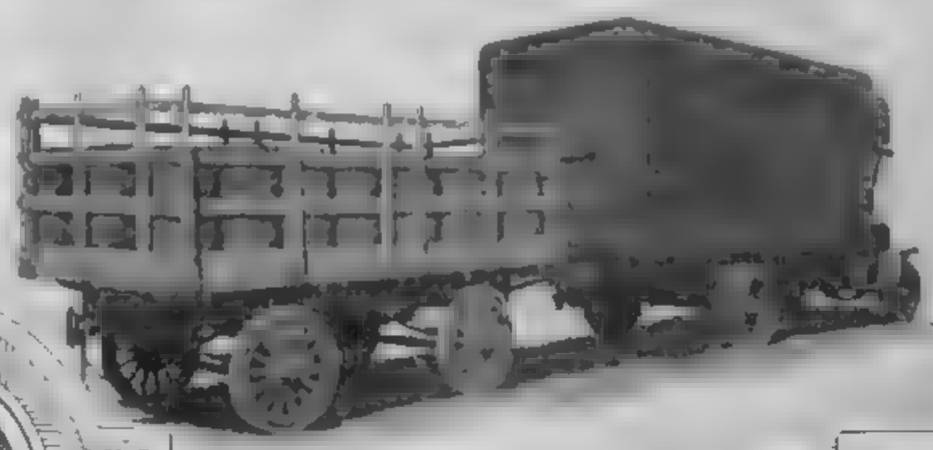

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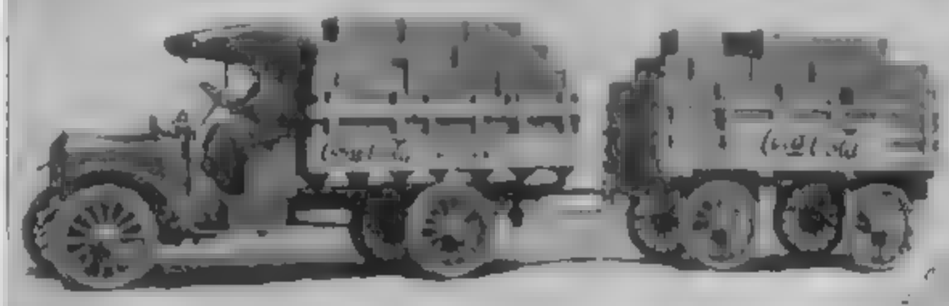

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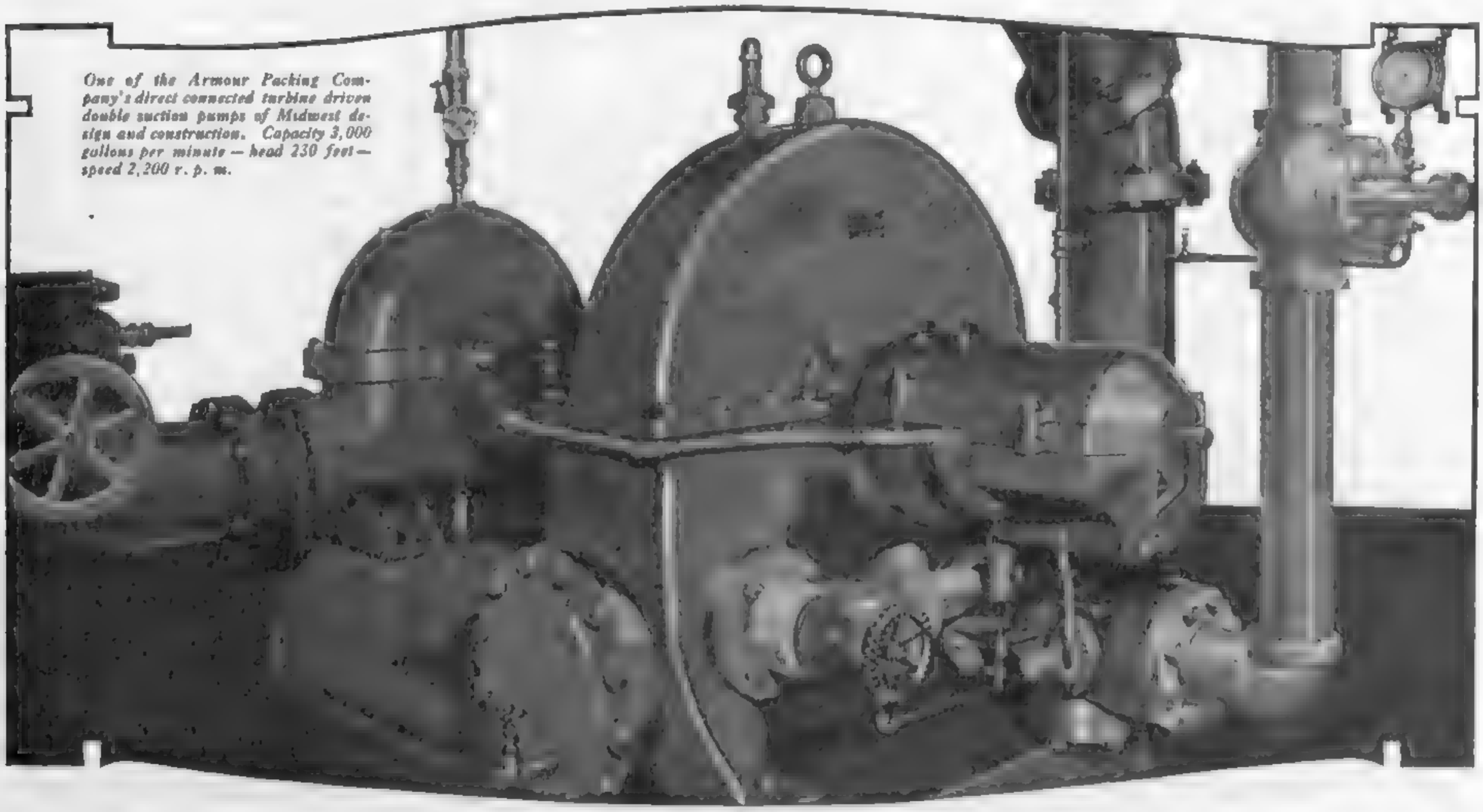

(Continued from Page 30)

labor at night. The girls had little time for society, because they were always too busy searching along the railroad track for stray sandwiches lost out of the car windows by careless tourists. And if the tourists proved stingy the Ruiz sisters did not hesitate at fried lizards.

Well, fried lizards may be all right, but they did not appeal to us. Nor did the Ruiz girls, viewed from a fried-lizard standpoint, lead us boys to regard them in the light of potential helpmeets. We were all used to the desert and none of us at all fussy; but every fellow has his ideals, when it comes right down to that—an instinctive yearning after better things. He dreams of ideals, even if he never finds them. Besides, no man can court a girl comfortably and have at the same time a vague suspicion that all through his married life he is likely to be finding horned toads and pop-eyed lizards showing up in his Mulligan stew.

By all this I have tried to show you that we Sandstorm men were like children who lie upon the ground and wonder wistfully what a star would look like if it should come down to earth. And knowing that we felt that way you will be able to understand our emotions when a star did come to our earth. Its name was Lynette Bertram.

II

"BILL," said Clint, "I reckon there's nothing on earth that could jar our friendship off her foundations. We been friends a long time, Bill."

"That's right, Clint," I said. "This friendship of ours—she's founded upon a rock."

"Sure is," said Clint, and borrowed the makin's.

Clint Peters and I were sitting upon a baggage truck down at the station waiting for the north-bound passenger train to come in. It was the Sunday evening following the day when we finished the new schoolhouse and we were waiting for the passenger train on general principles. It was about the only excitement that came to Sandstorm. In fact, watching the trains come in was nearly the same thing to us as going to the movies down in the valley.

Right here I ought to say that Clint Peters and I were indeed inseparable. We had been pally ever since our high-school days down in the Santa Clara Valley. That was five years ago. We had come to Sandstorm at the first news of the great strike. Together we had banged at the sullen heart of old Sandstorm Butte, and together we had seen our high-school English get nicks in it. For you can't spend five years in the desert without finding that the sand has crept into your bearings. You'll find the wilderness speaking in your blood and your speech and your soul. And when you walk you'll walk spraddly and seem to be lifting a heavy hobnailed shoe over a bunch of club cactus at every step—for it doesn't take even five years for your feet to forget the pavements.

I sat up suddenly and gazed down the railroad track. Far to the south a dim smoke smudge floated above the sea of greasewood and presently I was able to distinguish the faint far-away clamor of the wheels. "Here she comes, Clint," I said. Little did we know that Fate was riding on that train!

Clint was only mildly interested. He looked away to the east, where the night was beginning to travel up the sky in tentative shadows which soon would become a dark mantle upon which to scatter the myriad desert stars. The sun had gone down and a gray landscape stretched out toward infinity—gray, with a liquid blue tinge where the floor of the desert crept up to the edge of the hills. Clint sighed.

"Yes, sir," he said mournfully, "true friendship is sure screwed fast to the mudsills of eternity, and death alone can shake her loose!"

Clint is a poet; and when he gets to talking like that I keep still. It's the best thing I can do on such occasions, Clint says. The train whistled for the station and the agent came trotting out in his shirt sleeves, with a pencil behind his ear, and chased Clint and me off the truck. The train stopped and snorted as though it was a disgrace to halt in Sandstorm.

The first person to alight from the day coach was Uncle Jimmy Pepple. Uncle Jimmy turned and tenderly, reverently assisted to the ground ——

The station agent nearly ran us down with his truck but we didn't know it. For lo! here, come to the gross earth at last, was our Evening Star! A glorious Evening Star, attired in white diaphanous raiment, with little feet clad in tiny white shoes—a pink parasol in one slender hand! Our Evening Star! I heard Clint gasp like a man that has come up for the third time and knows that he'd better grab a breath while the grabbing's good. A lump came into my own throat and I felt suddenly all sort of yearning and wistful. There was a jolt and a rumble as the passenger train gathered up its skirts of yellow dust cloud and fled away across the desert—but I didn't see it go.

Neither did Clint Peters. The girl had opened the pink parasol and now held it tilted above her head, in spite of the fact that the sun had been down a long time. Importantly Uncle Jimmy Pepple strutted away toward his hotel, walking proudly beside this Nature's masterpiece.

As she passed us the girl's eyes turned our way past the edge of her pink parasol—turned for the smallest fraction of a second. Innocent, pathetic it was—a wide-open unsophisticated gaze which seemed to say "What a pity we are strangers! This world is badly arranged, isn't it?" Sort of soul-crying-to-soul look, you know. It speared through me like a cocktail that has been mixed out of stock drawn from too near the bottom of the barrel.

Just that swift glance, but it left me a wreck. Then the wonderful face was hidden behind that wonderful parasol. Together Uncle Jimmy and the girl proceeded up the street, the white shoes daintily choosing the best going.

"New school-teacher, I reckon," I said. Instinctively I had drawn slightly aloof from Clint.

"Nice-looking girl," said Clint. His voice was cold, though slightly tremulous. It sounded like the voice of a man with an icicle down his back trying to say he's comfortable.

I did not know it then but you can always judge of a woman's charm simply by watching the male spectators when the woman passes along the street.

I remember the change that was wrought among the Sandstorm loafers as Uncle Jimmy Pepple and the Evening Star went by. An indefinable change it was, a surreptitious brushing of a coat sleeve here, a twisting of a ragged mustache there. Even Sam McCall, Sandstorm's most disreputable old bottle strangler, swiftly buttoned his coat to the chin to disguise the fact that he wore no shirt.

And following that pink parasol at a discreet distance Clint Peters and I stalked along, pretending indifference, laughing and joking but feeling in our hearts the beginning of that jealous hatred which first sprouted in the Garden of Eden and which seemed to thrust us apart with the invisible hands of a Samson.

How futile are the vows of eternal friendship! Bonds which Love can snap with a wicked wink of his innocent eye! Clint and I were twenty-one years old.

III

LYNETTE BERTRAM had been six weeks in Sandstorm. Six weeks is a short period of time, especially when compared with eternity; but in that brief six weeks Miss Bertram had taken the lead socially. Emphatically she was the one bright Evening Star about which male Sandstorm revolved so fast it whizzed.

As has been previously intimated, earth-coming stars are not good for lifelong friendships. Clint and I spoke to each other, surely; and we still dwelt together in the same little shack we built when we first came to Sandstorm and located our claim. But as for any of the noble sentiments that we uttered when sitting upon the baggage truck that evening far back in our lives—ages back in our lives, before we had learned to love, before the advent of the Evening Star—noble sentiments like those were strangers in our home. We carefully avoided the subject of Miss Bertram and kept jealous watch over each other.

But one evening I saw Clint enter the hotel parlor, and immediately my soul did a double back somersault and landed squarely in the very middle of the Slough of Despond. Of course Clint had been invited! He wouldn't have dared otherwise! And I—I had been left out in the cold—far out on the cheerless rim of things in a circle untouched by a single beam from the Evening Star!

I sat up, waiting for Clint to come home—sat up two hours past my bedtime. When Clint came in I was ostentatiously reading the obituary notices in a year-old newspaper. Clint sat down and tried to hide the silly smirk of triumph; but he couldn't hide it. Not from me. I had known him too long.

"I've been invited to join the Mandolin Club," he said presently.

He was pulling off his shoes as he spoke and consequently did not see the spasm of agony that convulsed my face. A sickening presentiment lay cold in the pit of my stomach.

Clint had beaten me out! Clint had won his way to the heart of the Evening Star!

"I'm to see about getting the instruments," Clint went on. I listened dully. "She said she saw at first glance that I was full of music. Bill, that little girl certainly is a wonder! How d'ye suppose she knew that I was full of music? You'd never guess it! Just by looking in my eyes! She said she could see a world of music in my eyes. Poetry too."

I said nothing. I couldn't think of anything that wouldn't start a fight, so I kept still. Clint yawned extensively.

"Well," he said, "I guess I'll turn in. G'night, Bill."

"G'nl'!" I grunted.

I do not think I could have lived through more than two more days; I was suffering too acutely. But next evening as I dragged myself past Uncle Jimmy's hotel—it was the seventh time I had had occasion to pass the hotel—Uncle Jimmy came out and called me.

"Bill," he said cordially, "Miss Bertram wants to see you. Come in, Bill."

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It was still early in the evening, but I found the lamp burning in Aunt Keziah's parlor. For five years that honest old lamp had burned away, naked and unashamed; but this evening it wore a modest, æsthetic shade of rose-colored tissue paper; and through the subdued light Miss Bertram advanced to meet me like a dream come true. I could not speak for several moments. I could hardly breathe. When at last I managed to utter words they sounded like a dying gold fish blowing bubbles. Away down at the bottom of my consciousness I was sensible of a fleeting emotion which curiously enough I analyzed mechanically as a twinge of pity for poor Clint!

Here was I, standing in the center of undeniable heaven—and where was Clint Peters? Standing upon the porch of Jake Bauer's saloon across the street, I bet you, eating his heart out and hoping he could nerve himself to the point of hitting me with a lump of quartz on my way home!

Jealousy, jealousy! I thought. What a pity some men cannot control their jealousy!

When I left the hotel three hours later I was by no means the same despondent individual who had entered the place a lost soul contemplating the beauties of suicide. Miss Bertram herself had appointed me vice president of the Tennis Club, with full authority to see about getting cement and wire backstops and putting all these things in place. She had chosen the vacant lot next Uncle Jimmy Pepple's hotel; and all that was necessary before beginning the tennis court was to clear the lot of a grove of club cactus, a few yucca trees and quite a growth of greasewood brush. Still more, I was to be an honorary member of the Saturday Club, which, Miss Bertram assured me, was a most exclusive thing, meeting in Aunt Keziah's parlor every Saturday afternoon. Since the membership was—or rather would be—composed almost entirely of ladies I could easily see that in admitting me to membership they were tendering one of the highest tributes that could be paid to my innate chivalry.

Miss Bertram was strong on this point. She had seen, she told me, that I was full of innate chivalry. Indeed, it was that which first drew her attention toward me. Character study, she modestly explained, was the most absorbing occupation of her busy life. I was so strong too; so strong and so quick on my feet. She considered herself tremendously fortunate in persuading me to act as vice president of the Tennis Club. Moreover, she was sure I would play into championship form very, very soon.

I wanted to tell these things to Clint; but after a struggle I decided that I could afford to be magnanimous. As vice president of the Tennis Club I necessarily would be compelled to hold many long conferences with the president, Miss Bertram; private conferences to which the mere members would not be admitted.

And what was poor Clint? Nothing but one of a dozen ordinary members of the piffling Mandolin Club! The poor, miserable boob—why, he wasn't even secretary, so far as I was able to learn! Yes, at first I began by feeling sorry for him. However, later I decided that it served him right. Clint Peters was getting too fresh.

For several days I was supremely happy, in spite of the fact that I had to labor on the tennis court every evening until after dark, following a long, hard day in the tunnel, where we were busy stoping ore for our next shipment. It was hard work, digging post holes for the backstops, mixing and spreading concrete and shoveling away the sand, which persisted in blowing across the result of my labors. Yes, I was happy in spite of the fact that I was compelled to lose a whole afternoon to attend the initial meeting of the Saturday Club.

"And here's the mill boss plumb out of ore and barking like a peevish pup!" said Clint accusingly when I went home after that first session of the Saturday Club. "What you think you are anyway; a born tea lizard? Seems to me you'd look better on the end of a drifting pick than trying to learn how to make lacy li'l' hickyjiggles with a crochet hook!"

I overlooked this outburst for I knew Clint was sore. Of course I didn't crochet. This knowledge kept me tranquil. Besides, I could afford to overlook it, for Miss Bertram had told me that afternoon that with one or two strong sweet souls to help her she meant to lift Sandstorm and place it firmly upon a higher social, mental and moral plane. She wasn't at all careful to keep me from guessing that I was one of the one or maybe two strong sweet souls who were going to help her lift.

It may seem improbable that one girl could do so much in a desert town; but please keep on remembering that this was the first time that we had ever come in contact with an Evening Star. Remember also that we were nearly all young fellows, starved for excitement—social excitement; well-to-do, moreover, and aching to spend some of our new money. Besides, it must be conceded that Miss Bertram really was a wonder at getting people to help her. No matter what she started, Sandstorm fell in behind her and marched along.

Especially the bachelors; but the married men too at times showed a discreet interest in Miss Bertram and her work—an interest which in several instances was severely frowned upon by the married ladies most nearly concerned in the matter. Even Uncle Jimmy Pepple was Miss Bertram's adoring slave—though his was of course the admiration which an elderly father has for a lovely and accomplished daughter. I realized this. Still, there were times when I felt like reminding Uncle Jimmy Pepple of his gray hairs.

Yes, the Evening Star surely had Sandstorm by the tail and swinging in wide circles; every member of Sandstorm male society—with one exception.

Away up on the slope of Sandstorm Butte half a mile above town Chick Randall lived in a little board shack on his Blue Injun claim. Chick was about thirty-two years old; and to Clint and me thirty-two seemed about the age when this old bird Methuselah began thinking about making his will. Still, when Chick came out of his diggin's of an evening with the big muscles rolling along his sleeveless arms we were forced to admit that he didn't look a bit decrepit. In fact, viewing him closely, we got the impression that the Old Folks Home would miss Chick for several seasons yet.

Chick Randall never once entered our minds as a possible rival for the hand of our Evening Star. It was absurd. We knew that of course Chick was too aged to interest Miss Bertram. She needed youthful enthusiasm to help her lift Sandstorm up to the plane she had in view—not old keepsakes like Chick Randall and Uncle Jimmy Pepple. Nevertheless it gave me a distinct shock and a vague feeling of uneasiness when one evening—it was the evening before the Tennis Tea—Miss Bertram came out to where I was shoveling sand off the court and bracing up the backstops, which had been blown half over by the wind—Miss Bertram came out and asked casually why Mr. Randall had not joined the Tennis Club.

"I sent him an invitation," she said plaintively, "but he has returned no reply. Maybe he did not receive my message. What do you think, Mr. Carley?"

"Oh," I said, "Chick's too old. He's lost interest in everything but money, I guess. You see he struck the main lode up there on the Blue Injun, and now he's shipping so fast that they've had to put on a night shift down at the mint."

"Oo-oo!" My Evening Star caught her breath in amazement. "Is he so rich?"

"Next to Uncle Jimmy Pepple," I said, "I reckon he's the richest man in camp."

Miss Bertram pondered a moment. Then: "You're sure he won't be a member of our Tennis Club?" she asked.

"Afraid not," I said cheerfully. "Chick's an honest old gander, but he isn't interested in society."

I hoped this would settle the matter of Chick Randall, but it didn't. After a while she said it did seem a pity so nice a man as Mr. Randall should allow himself to become a hermit way up there among the rocks. Wouldn't I please visit him to-night and ask him to come down to the Tennis Tea to-morrow? Tell him, please, that Miss Bertram would be terribly disappointed if he didn't come.

Well, I didn't like to do it. Seemed to me there were too many infatuated old patriarchs bothering Miss Bertram already—hanging round and getting in the way, when God knows I needed all the time and freedom from interference I could get in order to head off that infernal upstart, Clint Peters! But my Evening Star smiled down at me, her face so pink and white and sweet, half hidden in her floppy hat lined with pink and drawn about her face—it made her face look exactly like a ripe peach—that I promised.

So that same evening after Clint and I had eaten supper and washed up the dishes I toiled up the side of Sandstorm Butte to the Blue Injun and delivered Miss Bertram's message. Chick shook his head and grinned that slow wise grin of his.

"Nope," he said. "Tell Miss Bertram much obliged—but I'm too busy."

"She says she'll be terribly disappointed if you don't come, Chick," I said, masking my joy. "Better change your mind."

Chick looked down upon the desert, at Sandstorm lying like a toy village scattered about on the spotted gray sand. He smoked quietly for a full minute, his kindly brown eyes contemplating the smoke that poured straight up from Aunt Keziah's kitchen and floated away in the purple air of the late evening—advertising the fact that Aunt Keziah and Annie Swenson were baking to-morrow's bread in the cool of the day.

"Nope," said Chick, rousing from his pleasant abstraction and smiling dreamily; "too busy!"

*IV*

MY TUMBLE out of heaven started the morning of that Sunday when we gave our Tennis Tea. Clint was sleeping late, for he had been up until midnight with the Mandolin Club, practicing for this event, to which the club as a unit had been invited.

Now in the bottom of my trunk lay a box which up to this time I had not dared to open. It was my new tennis suit. I had sent away to a mail-order house for it, but Clint had been trailing me so closely that I had had no chance to try it on. But I was desperate now, for the tea was only a few hours away.

I looked at Clint. He was snoring away like an oil-burner snorting over the Pass, and he seemed to be good for at least an hour yet. His mouth was wide open; and in the old days before we met the Evening Star I would have dropped a bug or something in it and had a really good time. But now I prayed that he might slumber on. I cautiously opened the trunk and hauled out the pasteboard box.

A tennis suit may look well on a man that's used to it. But it undoubtedly made my hands and wrists appear to belong to somebody else. The little white hat sat upon my head like a paper cup on a chocolate cream and it made my face look like a Digger Indian's. You see my tanned hide contrasted so strongly with the white clothing, especially the white trousers. I blushed as I regarded myself in the mirror and saw those white trousers. Never in all my life had I beheld my nether extremities clad in white, unless I was going to bed. When I thought of wearing them out in the broad light of day I was shocked.

But Miss Bertram had insisted that they went with tennis. No vice president would think of attending

(Continued on Page 37)

## In Arden Woods

**By Blanche Goodman**

*IN ARDEN WOODS among the ancient trees*
*Legends are lilted day-long by the wind,*
*Of how Orlando wooed his Rosalind*
*With "burning odes and tender elegies."*

*These on the budding hawthorn tree he hung*
*What time he fed love's ever-leaping flame,*
*Or carved upon the oak one beauteous name;*
*So warmly were his lady's praises sung.*

*In Arden Woods Orlando fares no more,*
*Nor Rosalind, save as a perfume blown*
*Adown the years; yet Romance lingers on*
*Wielding her magic as in days of yore.*

*To each his Arden—Fancy knows no bars.*
*I name you in the white foam of the tides,*
*In blossomy pastures—on sheer mountain sides;*
*My message flashes to you from the stars!*

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Q·R·S
WORD ROLL
Q·R·S
WORD ROLL

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## THE WHITE COMPANY

CLEVELAND

(Continued from Page 34)

a Tennis Tea unless dressed in the conventional white. I gritted my teeth. I was game; but it was a tough proposition.

Here I started and looked guiltily over my shoulder. Clint was sitting up in bed staring with wide amazed eyes that goggled at my white tennis trousers.

"For the love of Mike, Bill!" he said, grinning like a fool. "What you doing?"

"I'm dressing for the Tennis Tea," I told him with cold dignity. He still stared at my white trousers with unbelieving eyes.

"You forgot to put on your pants," he said politely. "Weren't you thinking of wearing pants?"

"Never mind!" I said stiffly. I wanted to call him down for the coarse remark, but I was afraid to start anything, because in the inevitable roughhouse I would be sure to get my spotless tennis garb covered with dirt. "Never mind!"

But Clint couldn't let well enough alone. "Tennis!" he snickered. "Say, why don't you learn to play a man's game, Bill? Dressing up like a perfect lady and prancing round after a little white ball and spanking it with a paddle ——"

"I'd rather do that," I said hotly, "than waste half my evenings with a fool Mandolin Club! The idea of a big strong man twenty-one years old and weighing one hundred and seventy-nine pounds—the idea of a big husky like that spending his life sitting round Uncle Jimmy Pepple's hotel scratching a squealing potato bug and robbing folks of their honest sleep."

Clint swallowed hard, but he grinned—a white-lipped grin.

"Bill," he said to me, "I know what's the matter with you—you're in love!"

"Aw hell!" I said, sneering the best I could under the suddenness of the accusation. "Aw hell!" Just like that. But under the tan I felt my face turning the color of a skinned beet.

"It's a fact!" persisted Clint. His tone was one of friendly banter, but his eyes were full of jealous hate. "What you wearing white pants for, then," he asked, "and wasting your time belonging to a hen Saturday Club—inviting the ridicule of the whole desert?"

"If it comes to that," I said with acrimony, "what you doing attending the meetings of the Mandolin Club three times a week and reading Shakspere with Miss Bertram every Sunday evening?"

"Ain't a man got any right to improve his mind without every sidewinder in camp butting in and wanting to know why?" bawled Clint. And I could see that he was beginning to feel like a skinned beet too. "Answer me that!" he said, and glared.

"Sure he has," I shot back at him; "but when he doesn't begin improving his mind until a certain evening several weeks ago when the north-bound express comes in and somebody with a pink parasol gets off it and walks uptown with Uncle Jimmy Pepple—why, it's a sure sign he's in love—or something! Me, I wear white pants because they're cool and civilized looking. But when a man ——"

"When a man gets so he can't eat pink beans any more," Clint cut in, "and spends all his time hanging round the hotel eating wafers and drinking tea out of a thimble ——"

"When a man stays out all night and sleeps all day," I bellowed, drowning him out, "why, that man's in love—or crazy! Sometimes I think both mean the same thing!"

"Who's crazy?" demanded Clint; and I could hear him breathing hard through his nose too. He got out of bed and stood with his bare toes all sprawled about on the splintery floor. "Are you aiming to get personal? Who do you reckon's crazy?" His fingers were opening and shutting convulsively and he licked his lips as though he'd been eating gravy.

"Clint," I said, "I'm your friend. I'm your friend, Clint, and I wouldn't for the world say you were crazy. Not for the world! You're in love yourself," I said.

"You're a liar!" yelled Clint.

That was when I busted Clint in the eye.

♥

WELL, the Tennis Tea was held in the hotel parlor, after all; for the wind had risen and was blowing a gale. The tennis court was covered with drifted sand and the air full of dust and flying pebbles. I was late, for my nose had bled on my tennis suit and I had had the devil of a time getting the spots washed out. Even then the suit didn't look the same. It was covered with smudgy looking places—a good deal like a white shirt front that has been through an evening of beer drinking. People always get careless, you know, after the seventh or eighth schooner. So take me all round I didn't feel a bit jaunty. And that was why, when I went into the subdued light of the parlor, I didn't rush into the middle of things the way I reckon a vice president ought to have done. Instead I slid into the back row of chairs and slumped down inconspicuously behind a couple of she members of the Saturday Club. I was just in time to hear a fragment of conversation.

"She paints too!" one of them was saying. "You watch when she comes close—there's a wrinkle beside her mouth like a crack in the sidewalk! She covers it up with powder; and when she's out in the sunlight—ever notice it?—she wears one of those floppy hats that keep you from seeing her face too plainly."

"Thirty years old if she's a day!" the other one said. "But she's surely smooth. You got to hand it to her—she's got every fool Sandstorm man trained so he'll roll over every time she looks his way! How do they do it? What's her graft anyhow, Min?"

"Money!" The other whispered it hoarsely. "She's out to win one of these rich Sandstormers—and she's merely waiting until she finds out which is the richest."

At this moment they saw me. I rose quickly and sought another seat. I heard the two gossiping Saturday Club members gasp, and I knew that my tennis suit had just hit them in the eye. Miss Bertram caught my glance and smiled. I had to go across. All in my white pants. A deadly silence accompanied me and it was miles and miles to Miss Bertram's chair. As I made the journey my white suit scorched my skin like a clinging web of fire, and out of the corner of my eye I saw Clint Peters sitting with the Mandolin Club, his striped bug upon his knee and his swollen black-and-blue eye regarding me with grotesque melancholy.

Miss Bertram was talking with Uncle Jimmy Pepple as I approached. Uncle Jimmy was dressed up in a high celluloid collar and the same Prince Albert coat he used to wear when he and Noah were boys together, drawing up the first elevations for the Ark.

"Did you see Mr. Randall?" Miss Bertram whispered when I reached her chair. I nodded. "Is he here?" she asked.

"He said he couldn't come," I told her. "Said much obliged—but he was too busy."

I was standing close to Miss Bertram. I seemed to catch a lightning flash of something—was it rage?—shooting for the fraction of a second through her eyes. And doubt shook me. Did I—surely it was not possible, but did I see that wrinkle?

Miss Bertram was talking to Uncle Jimmy Pepple again. I stood awkwardly for fully half a minute before the awful realization came to me that Miss Bertram had deliberately cut me. In the presence of the entire company! Dully I heard her next words, spoken to Uncle Jimmy Pepple:

"It is why I like these informal gatherings—one can have the servants as well. Poor creatures, they get so little pleasure."

I followed her eyes and saw little Annie Swenson sitting in the middle of a laughing group. Something hit me a jarring blow somewhere in the center of my mental machinery and I moved awkwardly away, still ignored utterly by my Evening Star. In my heart I knew that she was angry; unreasonably angry at me because Chick Randall had refused to fall!

I stumbled blindly toward the door. Behind me I heard a smothered snicker, and then I was out in the blessed fury of the storm, sneaking away home.

Well, Clint had won. Some way as I tore the white horror from my form and stuffed it into the stove—some way I did not care nearly so much as I might have cared. I was too badly crushed to wonder why the thing did not affect me more. But always coming to the surface was that mean little remark about servants: "Poor creatures." Meaning Annie Swenson! That remark seemed to me a sacrilegious thing. Why, Annie Swenson was Sandstorm! She typified all that was brave and good and industrious and cheerful—the things that had tarried with us clear through the hard days of the camp when we were merely prospecting and it was all hard work and no returns! Annie Swenson a servant! I never before had considered the little girl as a servant. It was horrible.


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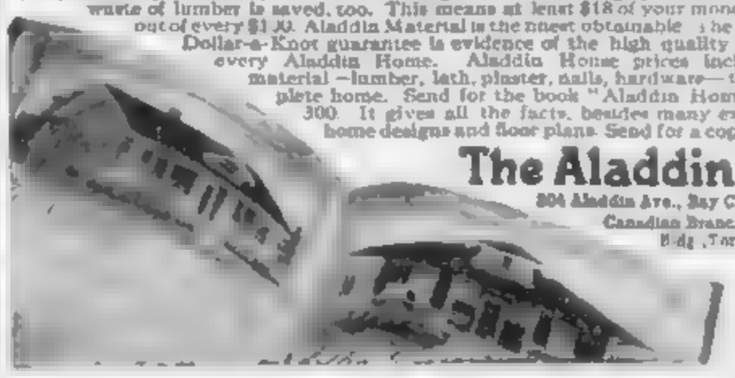

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Clint came dragging in an hour later. He slumped down beside the stove and buried his head in his hands. The room still reeked with the smell of my burned breeches. After a while my old friend spoke.

"Ought to've stayed, Bill," he said. "There was a surprise."

"What was it?" I asked tonelessly.

"Announcement," said Clint, and sort of filled up. "Miss Bertram. She's going to be married. Decided suddenly to announce it to-day at the Tennis Tea."

And again, someway it did not break my heart as I had half expected. True, something deep in the sacred cloister of my soul lifted up its voice and wept, but maybe that was merely my stricken vanity, I don't know.

"Who's she going to marry, Clint?" I croaked.

"Uncle Jimmy Pepple!" gulped Clint tearfully. "And I hope he chokes on his dam' whiskers!"

*VI*

AND so the epidemic passed and we all looked back and wondered what made us do it. It was terribly real while it lasted; but it was like some other epidemics—after the fever is gone you decide that most of it was imagination and that really there was nothing much the matter with you after all.

But I'm older now and I know what gave the mysterious lure to our Evening Star. She was new. And a new duck always raises a sensation in any pond. Why, I've seen an old maid who was so homely she couldn't make a date with a blind man—that is, in her home town. But she went visiting in a new community and got married before Christmas! She was new; that was the reason.

Something of this sort filtered into my bruised mind after a while. And along with it came another realization. I recalled how fresh and honest was Annie Swenson's cheek when the Evening Star made that mean remark about servants. I remembered that Annie's smile needed no careful grooming before she dared turn it loose in the face of a critical world. Annie's features were all hers; she needed no patching up and she didn't have to wear floppy hats I went farther and told myself that Annie Swenson was beautiful too. Why had I never noticed that before?

Because I was used to Annie! I realized it in a blinding flash. I realized, too, that Annie Swenson was a jewel, too long neglected. I had dreamed of a star—and lo, here was one shining upon me every day. But poor nut that I was, I had overlooked it, gawking at the sky for a phony star!

I rose and went straight over to the hotel kitchen. Annie was washing dishes. She gave me a warm wet hand in a firm friendly clasp, and smiled frankly and unafraid into my eyes.

"Why, hello, Bill!" she said, and it warmed my poor suffering heart to hear her voice like that. "You bane feel all right to-day?"

"I love you, Annie!" I blurted out. "I ——"

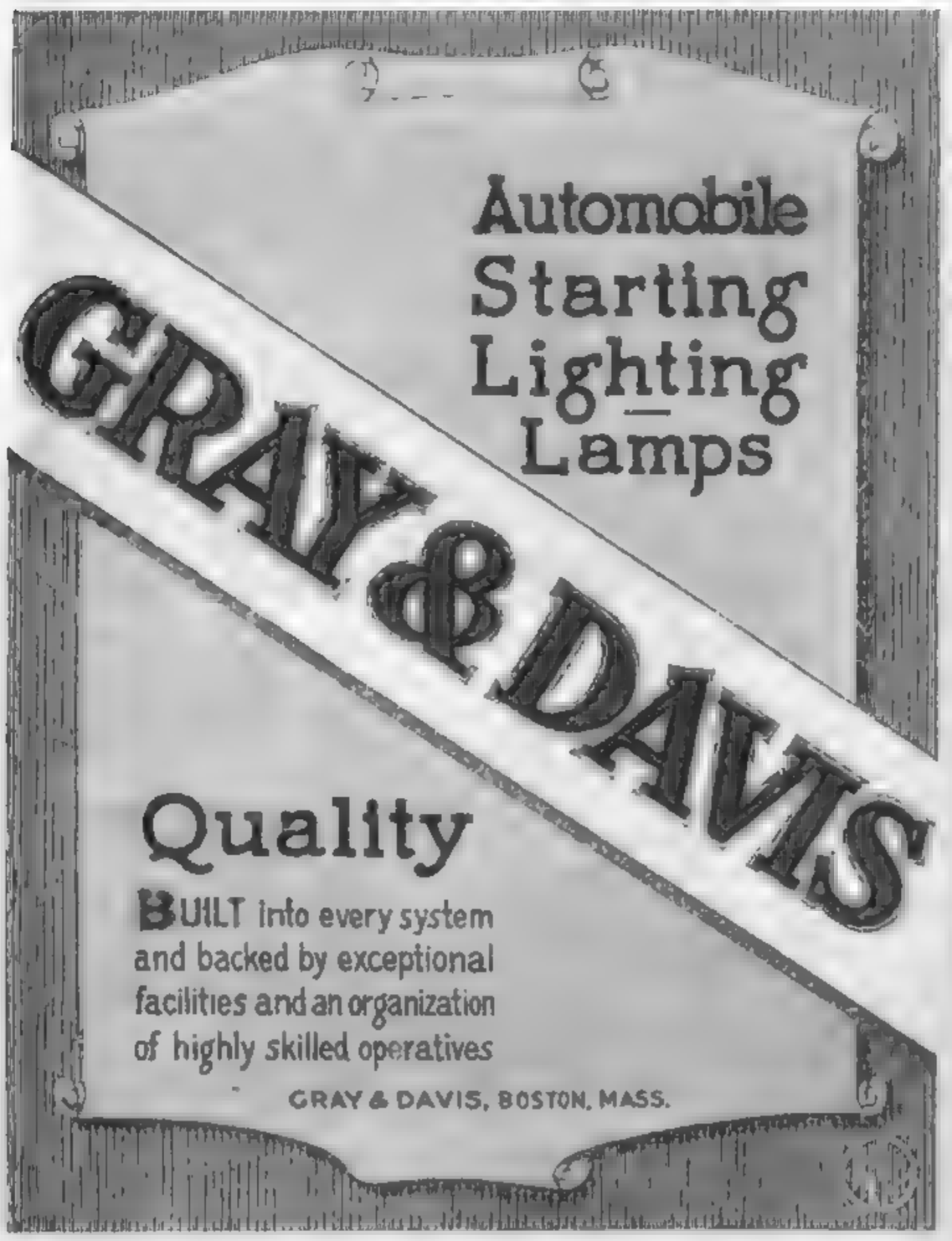
"Now, Bill," laughed Annie Swenson, "cut it out and help me dry the dishes! Clint Peters just told me the same t'ing two hours ago! You boys both crazy! W'at you t'ink, Bill? I got a secret: Chick Randall and me, we bane goin' marry and live down in the valley and buy an automobile! We bane engaged six veeks!"

I have told you that Clint is a poet. We were sitting on the baggage truck one evening a few days later and Clint was looking away toward the hills where the night was again sending up tentative shadows which later would be a black mantle upon which to spread the scattered desert stars.

"After all," said Clint sadly, "after all, true friendship is the brightest star in the heaven of our souls! Love is a disease; but true friendship is sure screwed fast to the mudsills of eternity!"

I put my hand about Clint's shoulders. "And only death can shake her loose!" I said.

Clint and I were twenty-one years old.



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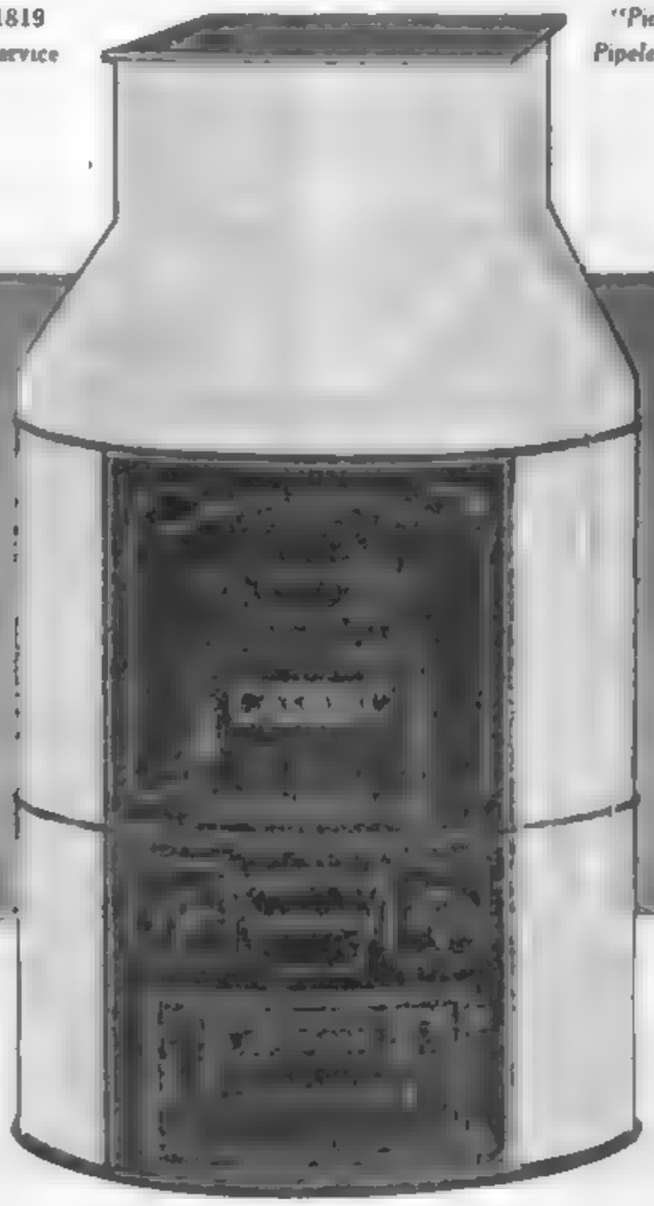

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# The Poets' Corner

### To the Rhine

The American Third Army moved on into Germany through a gray-white fog that seemed to go forward with its advance.—*Intelligence Summary.*

*YOU thought it a fog through the marching hosts—*
*A gray mist onward creeping;*
*But the fog you saw was a line of ghosts*
*From the mates that you left sleeping;*
*From the mates you left in the drifts of France*
*With only a dream to sever,*
*Who rose again for the last advance—*
*To follow The Flag forever.*

*You thought it a fog down the German plain?*
*But the call of the bugle found them*
*From the Marne and the Vesle into red Lorraine,*
*With the Argonne Woods around them;*
*From the Ourcq and the Meuse, where their helmets lay,*
*They leaped to the final order,*
*To leave with the line at the break of day*
*As it swept for the German Border.*

*You saw them last on a shell-swept crest,*
*As you stooped for a final parting,*
*And the slow red rain from their shattered breasts*
*Fell as the drive was starting;*
*By the barricade and the tangled wire,*
*In the glow of the star shells gleaming,*
*In the sodden trench and the bloody mire*
*You left them behind to their dreaming.*

*Oh, death is long and the grave is deep—*
*Where the spade-packed turf is awarded;*
*But one by one you could see them creep*
*From the mounds which their rifles guarded;*
*For faint and low on the winds that crept*
*Down where the poppy tosses,*
*They heard "FALL IN!" And the echo swept*
*Back to the wooden crosses.*

*By the smothered curse and the grinding wheel;*
*By the call of the sergeant, storming;*
*By the glint that came from the ancient steel—*
*They knew that the line was forming;*
*So they came again from their silent sleep*
*Back to the ranks that bore them,*
*Ready to move when the line should leap*
*Into the dawn before them.*

*You thought it a fog through the marching hosts—*
*A gray mist onward creeping;*
*But the fog you saw was a line of ghosts*
*From the mates that you left sleeping;*
*From the pals you left in the drifts of France*
*With only a dream to sever,*
*Who rose again for the last advance—*
*To follow The Flag forever.*
—*Grantland Rice, Third Army, U. S.*

### Airy Persiflage

*ON EARTH no longer would I fare,*
*I'm through with Real Estate terrene;*
*I've built a castle in the air*
*The finest one that e'er was seen!*

*A windfall lately came to me,*
*So I've a right to put on airs;*
*And in my castle, don't you see,*
*I'm far above all earthly cares.*

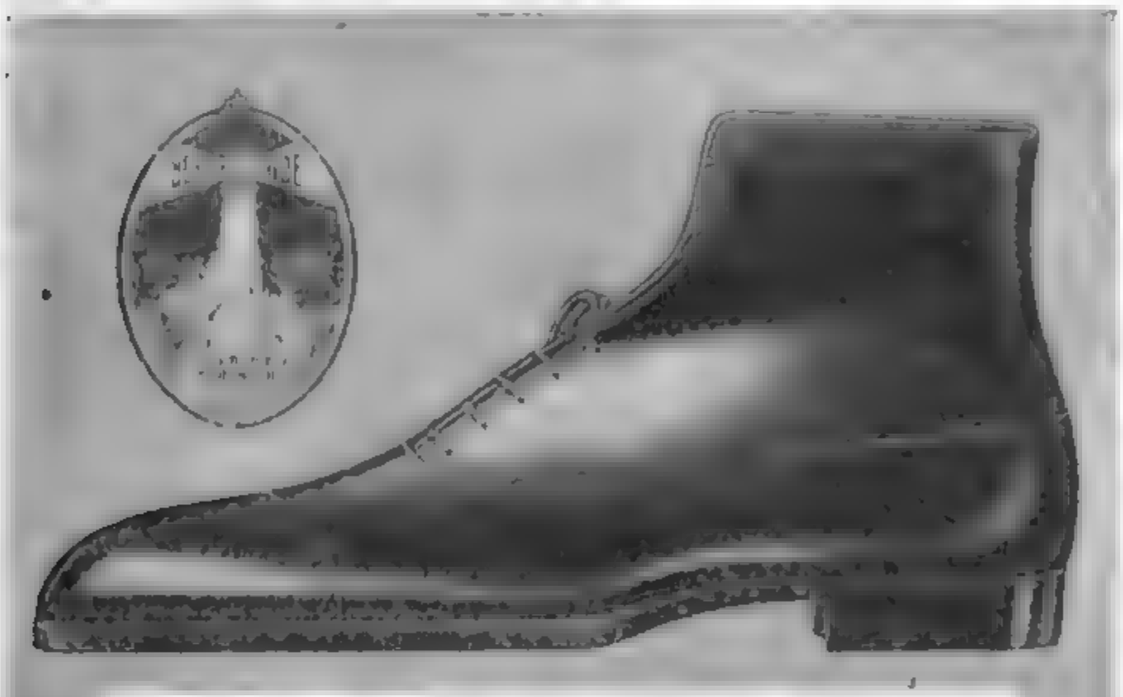
*Its rooms are full of atmosphere—*
*With pictures limned by Ary Scheffer;*
*An Airedale terrier barks anear—*
*While outside lows an Ayrshire heifer*

*We'll live on Aërated Bread,*
*Perhaps dipped in the Milky Way,*
*Or with air-current jelly spread;*
*And bake a sunshine cake each day.*

*Our garden will show air plants bright,*
*And windflowers blowing here and there;*
*Evenings, we'll read, by aërolite,*
*The Heir of Redclyffe or Jane Eyre.*

*For sport there will be shooting stars,*
*Or fishing in a mackerel sky.*
*And we can hear the welkin ring,*
*And music of the spheres float by.*

*Wind instruments will arias play;*
*Æolian harps, soft airs Sicilian.*
*And for my wife—well, I dare say*
*I'll choose some Airy Fairy Lillian.*
—*Carolyn Wells.*

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**SHAMPOOING**

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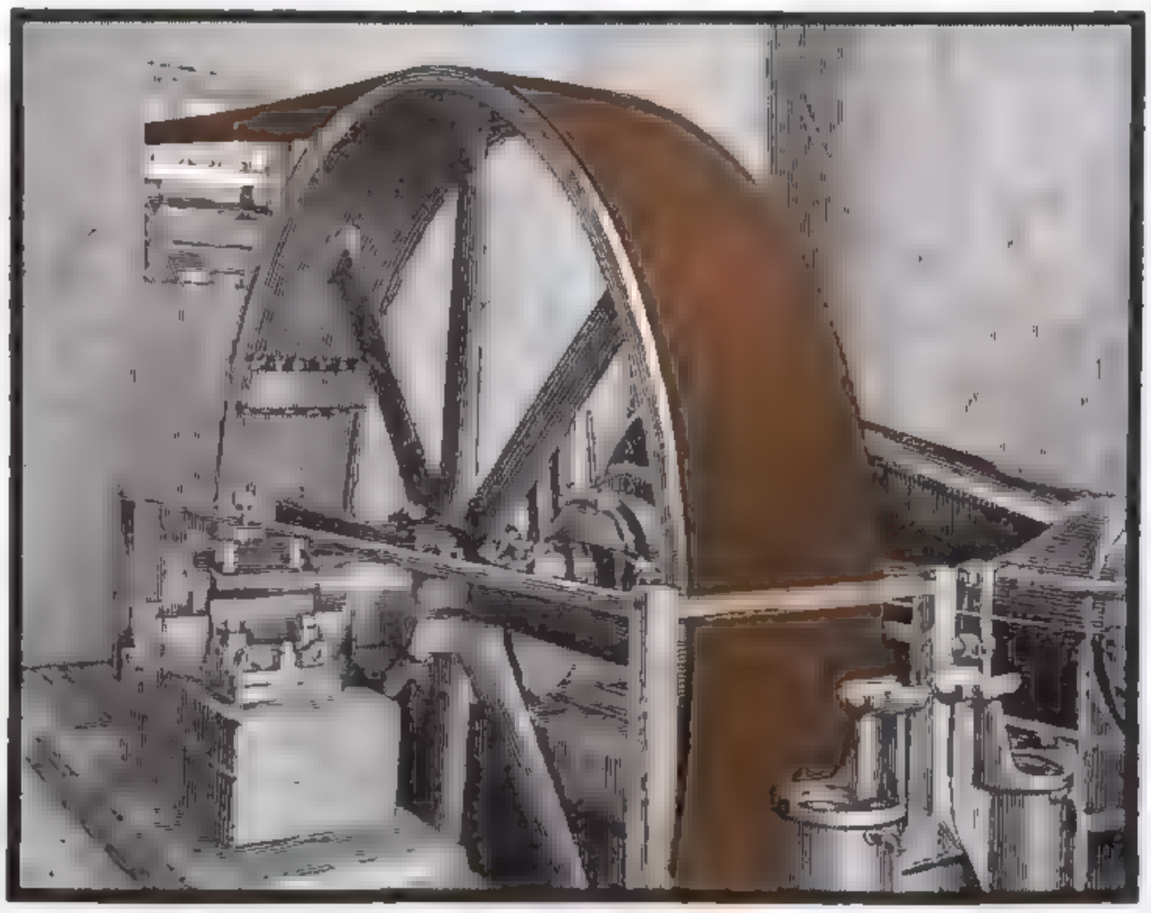
"It keeps my hair looking its best, and is so easy to use."



NORMA TALMADGE
"You may score for [illegible] Watkins Mulsified Cocoanut Oil

MAE MURRAY
"Shampooing with Watkins Mulsified Cocoanut Oil always keeps my hair look[illegible]"

GRATON AND KNIGHT



GRATON AND KNIGHT

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# OUT-OF-DOORS

## Sport After the War

FOR a long time sport has been in abeyance all over the world. Even the select and exclusive organizations of big-game hunters in such cities as New York, Pittsburgh and Chicago deferred their annual banquets and business meetings, not having heart for that sort of thing while sons and brothers and friends were across the water, where everyone else wanted to be. The large social clubs also were deserted; often in the great dining halls there would be hardly a corporal's squad at luncheon, and on these the great flag, with its service stars, seemed to look reprovingly from its place.

In the out-of-doors proper there was something nearer to a year of closed season for rod and gun than this country has known for many years. There surely was less duck shooting than for ten years and the upland shooters bought fewer guns. Anglers cut down their trips; and in every camp there was a more subdued air, less zest for fishing, and less interest in big catches. All the world was waiting and all wild game was beneficiary. Alaska had only five visiting hunters in 1918, and one of these came from Borneo. As was the case during the Civil War—though to-day to far less extent—game must have increased all over the United States during the war.

Now the strain is over and we turn to our problems at home. The social lid is tilted a trifle now at a banquet in Washington or Chicago; the Great White Way of New York begins to light up again. The world swiftly and forgetfully—after this as it has done after all its other wars—turns to its old ways; and after this war, as after all the others, we solemnly swear that this sort of thing is all folly and must never, never happen again. In short, it does not take us long to forget—or, at least, to try to forget; though we ought not to forget.

### *A Substitute for War*

Meantime human nature has not changed so very much, in all likelihood. There has been no real millennium as yet and there do not lack certain pessimists who say that the millennium is not going to come at all.

A journal devoted to the study of heredity has an article by a writer—Mr. Paul Poponoe—who believes the fighting instinct must have some sort of outlet in violence. He pleads his case in this way:

"The history of the race has left its mark in every man and woman. Through millions of years mankind fought its way upward. Every individual had to fight to avoid becoming the food of some carnivorous beast. He had to fight against the forces of Nature. He had, further, to fight with his own fellows, to some extent, for food, shelter, and a mate. Any male who could not and would not fight when necessary had small chance of leaving any offspring. It is natural, then, that every human male should still have an inborn disposition to war; that, once it has been roused by the appropriate stimuli, the impulse to war is stronger than the desire to live. As an organism, man is probably better organized to fight than to do anything else.

"War being instinctive in its origin, being an expression of man's inherited nature, it cannot be reasoned out of existence. 'If men's actions sprang from desires for what would, in fact, bring happiness,' Bertrand Russell points out, 'the purely rational arguments against war would long ago have put an end to it. What makes war difficult to suppress is that it springs from an impulse rather than from a calculation of the advantages to be derived from war.'

"Militarists have long recognized this fact and made the most of it. The fighting instinct being the strongest that men possess, militarists think that it is Utopian to talk of suppressing it. So far as the immediate future is concerned, this is certainly true; but it is the function of science to take a long look ahead."

Mr. Poponoe goes on to say: "Man long ago got the best of his environment, and his disposition for physical combat has to find expression, partly in sports, partly in work, and partly in fighting other members of his own species. The impulse to war is not only deeply ingrained in man's inherent nature but it is far more complex than is generally expected. When man has such natural impulses, what is he to do with them?"

The problem of the scientist, as well as of the publicist, is to find a satisfactory substitute for war; to furnish men with the combat their systems crave, but to make this combat productive instead of destructive.

William James, in his essay The Moral Equivalent of War, suggested a universal conscription of youth, not for military training, but for a fight with the environment—in reclamation projects, for example. Captain Cannon points out that modern warfare no longer satisfies the mental need of men as it once did. From the physical point of view he thinks competitive athletics would be advisable; from the moral point of view he believes that the fighting spirit of man should be turned rather against the environment.

Professor Russell says the biologist will not, of course, make the mistake of thinking that there is any one panacea which will abolish war. He thinks the means of reducing wars in the future are of two classes: first, changed methods in teaching history and patriotism; second, attempts to guide the impulse into productive channels. Universal public-labor conscription, as William James suggested, would not only aid in this but would give the nation an immense army of vigorous young men to be called upon at any time when the backward state of civilization made it impossible for this nation to avoid going to war.

We need not give such views as our own or indorse as infallible the conclusions of any of these gentlemen. They are quoted to such extent only because it behooves sportsmen, as well as others, to be participators in the great problems now thronging on us.

And yet the connection between sport and war has always been a favorite theme for generations of writers. Every man likes to praise the thing he himself likes. If we care for comparisons we may go back to Nineveh and find sculptures of kings killing lions with the bow and arrow or the spear. We find that early kings were really protectors of the villages—the man who could and did kill the lions with bow or spear; who rapidly grew braver and more expert for the purposes of war; and who also thus began to love his skill with bow and spear, in sport for sport's own sake.

The weapons of war and of the chase have always been the same, and every weapon is the expression of a desire for conquest. The sword came from the pointed stake; the sword and the spear are only extensions of the human arm, and that arm always has been stretched out only in the desire of conquest over something—in war or sport the arm is stretched out in the love of power over something.

Perhaps the millennium has come. If so the young man must learn to love the long-handled shovel and the grubbing hoe instead of the bow and spear. Perhaps you may not find that deep-seated love is a thing to be abolished by the magician's abracadabra. The old kinship of sport and war runs to a deep foundation.

It is easy to see, when we reason about it, why we love the uniform; it will die hard. For a long time we shall see in rural and outdoor life the soldier's garb, devised as the best for outdoor men. There will be very common for a time the campaign hat and the broad-toed shoe, the cloth puttee and the short and comfortable trench coat, allowing freedom for muscular movement. If so, war will be at our doors even after war is done.

It is an odd thing that Mr. James should have suggested reclamation enterprises as an outlet for the impulse of violence—the fight by man against environment and not of man against man—at almost the same time that Secretary Lane's vast reclamation scheme appeared, projected not as a sequel of war or an antidote for war, but as an industrial solution of the problem of the unemployed.

This last proposition, at least, brings us out of the field of abstract argument—a field so fashionable and so futile to-day—into one in which all Americans are interested, whether they wore the uniform or not. Secretary Lane's reclamation idea is born out of this war. It surely will tend to kill American outdoor sports. How? Obviously. The Interior Department has taken stock of every acre of wild land in America—marsh, forest, desert or foothill. Millions of acres of unused lands have been discovered which are now to be utilized—though one supposes that it certainly will be years before this plan will have been put fully into effect.

### *Blossoming Deserts*

Surely this means that the last of the American wild places are to be used as soon as possible. The last resort of wild game—the last home of the last bird and beast—is to be cleared, drained, plowed and planted. Enter industry; exit game; exit sport; exit that phase of preparation for war; enter a new country and a new philosophy of all work and no play—unless that shall be play in some rich man's yard.

This comes as a sequel to a war that was to leave the world more brotherly and more democratic, with fewer class distinctions. As we used to say in Monte Carlo: "Messieurs, make your plays." That is to say, write your own ticket. It is anybody's guess. One guesser guesses stricter game laws; the growth of the law of trespass; a future of less and less open sport in America. What a change in half a lifetime!

And what a nice world we are to have now, with no more war—and no more sport; only business and the humming wheels of commerce, and deserts blossoming like roses—all that sort of thing. One is obliged to wonder how South America is, toward the interior, or whether a man could make a living in East Africa to-day! The United States appears to be becoming too civilized for some of us heathen.

A friend asked another friend a war question the other day. "Do you ever stop to think," said he, "what the aëroplane is going to mean for the American wilderness? We shall be able to drop right down—in half a day—into the middle of the Sierras, or any other place. There won't be any more wild land. The North Pole will be a week-end trip."

There may be more truth in this than at first appears. I know of at least one concern that is going to make small aëroplanes for private use, believing our returned flyers will not be content unless they can fly now and then.

An Oklahoma woman, commenting on Secretary Lane's reclamation scheme, declares that marsh work is not healthy for soldiers, and that they ought to live in higher country, even if that be a hundred miles away—a distance which in her belief would be negligible if all soldiers were provided with a certain flying machine that she herself has invented.

Again, messieurs, make your plays. Nothing is too sudden or too horrible or too useful to happen at any minute now.

During the war our Government went into explosives more widely than it ever did in all its life. The armistice found us with some thousands of tons of TNT on hand—enough to blow half the continent off the map, as it was intended to blow all of Germany off the map. England has a vast tonnage of this terrible explosive, and perhaps also France.

*(Continued on Page 45)*

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(Continued from Page 43)

What is to be done with it? England is said to propose taking it out to sea and dropping it overboard. Our War Department is trying to wish its supply of TNT on other Departments of the Government. The Interior Department, for instance, is taking some five hundred tons of TNT for road, rock and stump work in the national parks.

TNT is the most terrific explosive developed by the war. It looks like brown sugar. If Willie eats a bunch of it because of that resemblance, be careful, oh, be careful of Willie! Do not treat him rough! He may leave the place—and perhaps not very much of it. TNT is called safe by those who make it and is said to require an extra strong primer to detonate it.

According to those who like it, it may be dropped, burned or otherwise maltreated with impunity. It is difficult to say whether one should believe everything one sees in the newspapers about TNT, because experience with it has been rather brief.

### *Irrigation and Sport*

The lover of wild places will always have his quarrel with those who seek to change the wilderness into a rose garden. Irrigation and power enterprises have done more to ruin the beauty of the West than all else combined. Have you ever seen Jackson's Lake in the Jackson Hole country, south of Yellowstone Park? It was once as beautiful a mountain lake as ever lay out-of-doors; but since the Government dam has been built it has become a desolate and unsightly sheet of water covering forests of naked drowned trees, which thrust up horribly for miles and miles of its expanse. Maybe Jackson's Lake has paid for itself. I don't know; but I doubt it.

Have you ever seen Two Medicine Lake in Yellowstone Park? The dam is in at its foot now and one of the most beautiful valleys in the Rockies is being made abominable. It soon will also be a hideous lagoon, full of drowned trees. The same is true of Sherburne Lake, farther north. Two Medicine was my own lake, in my own valley, at the foot of my own mountain. I shall never go there again. Has it paid for itself? I don't know; but I doubt it. It may one day irrigate a few acres of the Blackfoot Indian lands; but crops there can come only by special Act of Providence, and not by Act of Congress. At least, our civilization is resolved to determine all these things empirically.

### *Roosevelt National Park*

It was the writer's fortune to appear with others before the Senate committee in Washington on January fifteenth of this year while Senators were conferring on the proposed extension of the old Sequoia Park, of California, under the new name of Roosevelt National Park. The bill was reported out favorably that day, and before noon of the following day it passed the Senate unanimously, and without opposition—the quickest, wisest and handsomest piece of legislation the Senate of the United States has turned out for many a day.

The new park will contain about sixteen thousand square miles, whereas originally Sequoia had only about two hundred and fifty. It will include the wildest and least-known mountain region of the United States, with the tremendous cañons of the Kings River and the Kern River, not to mention the unrivaled features of the giant trees, the oldest and most tremendous living things upon the surface of the earth. In committee and on the floor of the Senate former political opponents of Theodore Roosevelt came out with one mind and declared alike for the park and for the name, finding the one fitting to the other. Surely, at least, we may say of this addition to the national parks of the country that it will be unique, rugged and wholly American.

In the House the Roosevelt Park Bill was introduced concurrently by Mr. Elston, and was spoken to by Mr. Gillett, of Massachusetts, who has been through the region and knows its incomparable scenic quality. There is at least a chance that the House may act quickly, as did the Senate, in passing the Roosevelt Park Bill, regarding it as the greatest possible monument to a great outdoor man who once was President of the United States.

There seems to be no opposition to this bill in the House, except that, as against the original Greater Sequoia Park Bill, the Forestry Service filed a demurrer, saying that it could not report favorably on it until it had had time to investigate, and could not investigate before next August.

Late in the evening of January twentieth the House passed the Grand Cañon Park Bill, to which reference was made in these columns some time ago. A few days previous to that time the House also had passed the Mondell Bill, known as the Greater Yellowstone Bill. As both these measures had previously passed the Senate they await the executive signature to become laws.

It has been a great year for the National Parks, the greatest in all the history of these wilderness reserves. Supposing that the Roosevelt National Park Bill shall pass the House, it will be, without doubt, the last of the great National Parks ever decreed in this republic.

The House Committee had it under advisement on January twenty-first; and before that committee Secretary Franklin K. Lane, of the Department of the Interior, appeared and made a very lucid statement. He pointed out that the time to establish these great public reserves was before private holdings had gotten into them to complicate the titles. The time for Roosevelt National Park is now, and there never has been such psychology back of any park movement in all the history of the parks. Personally I should not wish to be on record as voting against that measure to-day if I were in public life in any capacity whatever.

### *The Influenza and Sport*

During war, pestilence and death go hand in hand. Is there some vast intent of Nature to cut down a too-abundant species or to relieve a too-crowded environment? Was the Spanish influenza a handmaiden of this war? Is it possible that the noxious poison gases used in France somehow passed out into the upper air, as one wild story had it? Why does the influenza take the young and the strong and let the old go free? Is it because the old soon will die in any case? And why and how has this influenza gone over the world?

Governor Riggs, of Alaska, says that all the Eskimos round Nome City are dead of the "flu." Why? And is it to be true that even the wild game is to suffer? A dispatch of January sixth, from Big River, Saskatchewan, says:

"Hunters returning from the wild regions in Northern Saskatchewan report that influenza is decimating big game, and that for some time smaller animals in the district have shown marked symptoms of the disease. Investigation has disclosed diseased lungs among moose that became exhausted quickly when pursued. After investigating conditions round Pelican Lake and Witchikan Lake, in the big-game country, Doctor Nichols, of Dedben, reported that heavy losses among the animals would not be surprising."

One little tragedy of the influenza started in Alaska last summer. Sourdough Iverson, an old-time Alaskan, and as fit a man for mountain work as could be found, was picked out by an official as a good ranger for the Yellowstone Park Service. The old man was willing to go to the States to round out his career; and the upshot of it was that he hired out as a ranger and started for his work late last summer. He was known to have taken a certain boat for Seattle and was due to arrive on schedule at the Yellowstone Park not long thereafter. But he did not arrive. A month passed—two—and still he did not arrive; nor did any word come from him.

Search was put on foot for Sourdough Iverson. It was not discoverable that he had any friends or relatives. The detectives combed the city of Seattle in search of him, and at last they found him. Sourdough Iverson had died in a little-known hospital of Seattle on October 26, 1918. He died quite alone, as a good old mountain man should. It was two months before the only persons on earth interested in him learned what had become of him. The influenza had caught him.

I read, with interest, that the Ordnance Department, now that the war is over, is turning out every month or so enough cartridges to reach from here to Berlin, placed end to end. This is comforting at least, though some other sorts of ammunition did not seem to reach Berlin when placed side by side. But what is of greater


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interest to sportsmen—it gives a sneaking satisfaction to many who, for censorship reasons, had to profess love for the United States rifle of 1917—is the fact that, after all, the beloved Springfield is going to be restored to its place as "the standard small arm of the United States Army." Glory be for that! The United States soldier always has loved the Springfield.

One day last year I was talking with a bunch of fine-looking young men in the Union Station, in Washington, who wore the uniform of the Marines—as splendid a lot of young humanity as I ever saw. Their fifty-pound packs sat high and light as they lounged round waiting for their train. They were armed with the Springfield, and I ventured to say to some of them I fancied that piece. A young Southerner was carrying his Springfield in a canvas case—which is not regulation, but which showed how he loved the piece.

"You bet your life!" he said, slapping the stock. "She's the sweetest little rifle in the whole world! That's why the Marines have got her. And," he added, as an apparent afterthought, "we're the finest men in the world too!" It was said with such innocence and confidence that no one could have smiled, and the young man himself did not smile. That canvas case, to me, looked like the indication of a natural-born rifleman. I wonder whether he went to Belleau Wood and the Argonne, and whether he came through!

I have perhaps mentioned at an earlier time the fact that Great Britain has excellent and well-enforced game laws in Eastern Africa. It has always been known that the Canadian game laws were better, and better enforced, than those in the United States. And now comes a dispatch from Peking, China: "Chinese game is to be protected, following the formation of an association by sportsmen of Northern China. Since railroad facilities have been improved by the building of the Trans-Siberian Railroad, shipping of game has been done on such a scale that its extermination is threatened."

The Austin Corbin buffalo herd is being broken up and a great opportunity is offered to purchase wild buffaloes on the hoof. The indefatigable Doctor Hornaday, of the Bronx wilderness, where the cocktails come from, has written to a gentleman in Chicago suggesting that the city buy certain buffaloes and turn them loose in the Chicago forest reserves. Just at present I don't recall any sufficiently large forest reserves round Chicago for the introduction of healthy bison and Sabbath-school picnics synchronously; but the park commissions are now taking it under advisement. The buffaloes are priced dirt cheap.

### *The Law and Sport*

At least one United States Supreme Court decision mentioned in the annual report of Attorney-General Gregory for 1918 is of interest to out-of-doors men. The title is Lee Wilson and Company versus the United States—245 U. S., 24. It has to do with the famous sunk lands of Arkansas, one of the best wild-fowl regions in the United States and a much-debated land as between sportsman and native. The right of the United States to quiet title to some hundreds of acres of land was sustained by the Supreme Court.

The land was erroneously meandered at the time when certain lands were selected by the state, under the swamp-land act of 1850, as a body of water or lake where, in fact, no such body of water existed. The court held that the effect of erroneous meander left the title in the United States. This means that the land will be left open to homestead entry. The decision carries disposition of thousands of acres of land similarly situated. Five additional suits were filed during 1918, involving an aggregate of eighty thousand acres. In the Lee Wright case title was quieted in the United States to eleven thousand five hundred and thirty-eight acres.

In the past year there were no new cases under the migratory-bird law, but there were twenty-five Federal cases still hanging over, and one in the Supreme Court. Fines amounting to forty-five dollars were imposed for trespassing on the bird refuges. Tut, tut! How severe we are with our game laws!

But somehow things always come out right in America, as the Irishman remarked when he fell downstairs and only broke his leg. A friend has a colored cook who was much exercised because President Wilson went to France.

"Who's going to take keer of us now?" she demanded. "With him gone, who's going to take keer of us now? I want to know that!" But after some time she added: "It looks like the Lord'll have to take keer of us now!"

The late William F. Cody, known as Buffalo Bill, who never took himself as seriously as the Eastern world did, may or may not have been a great scout; but, on the whole, he was a good scout. One recalls the time when he shocked the select diners in the Astoria, New York, by remarking aloud to Johnny Baker, one of his show people, who was dining with him, his opinion of some mutton chops that were brought on with the little paper frills round the grilled bones:

"My God, Johnny, if they ain't putting langeuerry on a plate of sheep these days!"

Bill went to church one day out in North Platte, Nebraska, in a condition that bordered on generosity if not reverence. The soprano of the choir was a trifle agitated when she began the hymn, Ten Thousand Souls Arise. She pitched it a little high and, trying twice from a fair start, never got beyond "Ten thousand," her voice breaking at the flag. She tried "Ten thousand souls" a time or so more; whereupon Bill rose gravely in his place and remarked, in the presence of the congregation:

"Madam, start her at five thousand, and maybe I can do something to help you out."

### *Salmon Weights and Salmon Flies*

Do you go salmon fishing? That is the grandest angling and the sport of merchant kings, because it comes the highest. Salmon clubs are exclusive, so we shall not mention names herein; but here are the average weights of the fish killed on a New Brunswick river during a term of nineteen years; also, the comparisons of efficience of the different flies used.

This is not one of the heavy-weight streams, the average for no one year going as high as fourteen pounds. It is a curious fact, also, that on that river the smaller flies are used—as small as Number Six and Number Eight—the larger flies being found quite useless there; though flies as large as 4-0 and 6-0 are used on the Grand Cascapedia and the Restigouche. The tables follow:

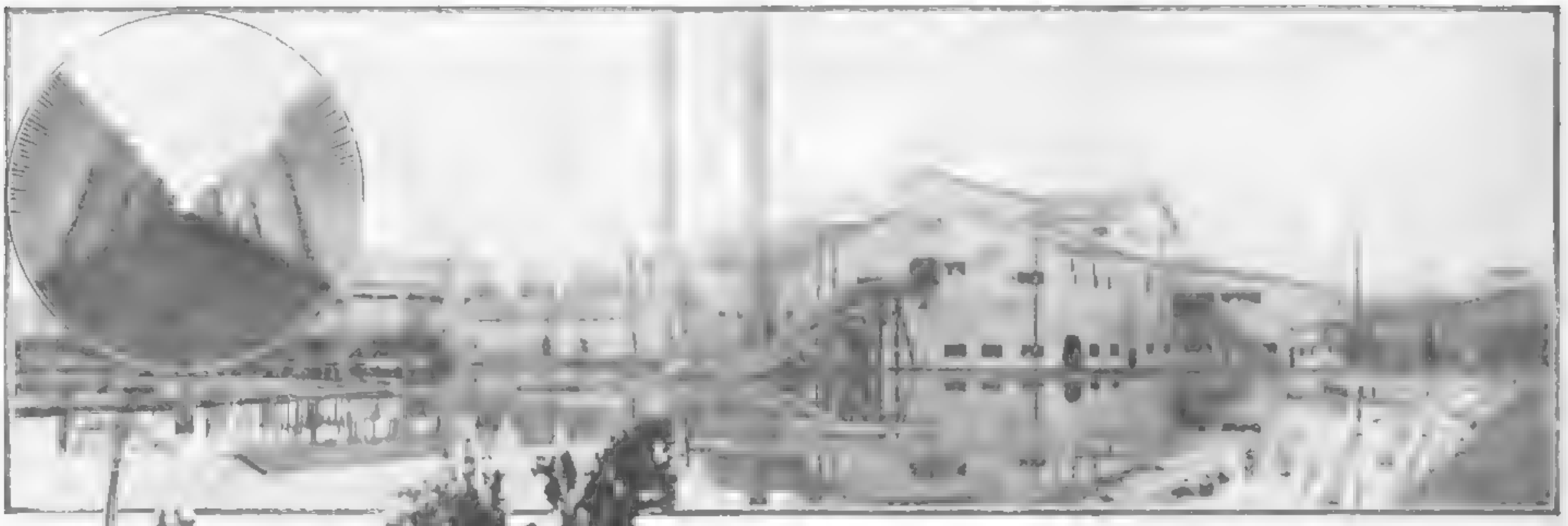
CLUB RECORD

1899–1918, INCLUSIVE

| YEAR | SALMON ONLY | TOTAL WEIGHT IN LBS. | SALMON AVERAGE POUNDS |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1899 | 55 | 639 | 11.61 |
| 1900 | 86 | 852 | 9.90 |
| 1901 | 176 | 1,928 | 10.89 |
| 1902 | 101 | 1,376 | 13.12 |
| 1903 | 299 | 3,891 | 13.01 |
| 1904 | 309 | 3,771 | 12.20 |
| 1905 | 329 | 3,790 | 11.52 |
| 1906 | 116 | 1,380 | 11.70 |
| 1907 | 142 | 1,622 | 11.42 |
| 1908 | 140 | 1,691 | 12.07 |
| 1909 | 152 | 1,939 | 12.76 |
| 1910 | 440 | 5,425 | 12.38 |
| 1911 | 318 | 3,792 | 11.85 |
| 1912 | 197 | 2,702 | 13.71 |
| 1913 | 272 | 3,078 | 11.60 |
| 1914 | 133 | 1,470 | 11.35 |
| 1917 | 184 | 2,082 | 11.02 |
| 1916 | 244 | 2,615 | 10.71 |
| 1917 | 143 | 1,179 | 11.44 |
| 1918 | 244 | 2,899 | 11.88 |
| Total | 3906 | 47,281 | Average, 11.92 |

The percentage of efficience of various salmon flies was:

| | PERCENTAGE |
|---|---|
| Dusty Miller | 19.196 |
| Jock Scott | 17.894 |
| Silver Doctor | 16.058 |
| Black Dose | 14.422 |
| Brown Fairy | 7.478 |
| Silver Grey | 5.742 |
| Durham Ranger | 5.308 |
| Nigger | 3.572 |
| Curlew | 3.572 |
| Black Fairy | 1.402 |
| Butcher | .868 |
| Mare Lodge | .868 |
| Royal Scott | .434 |
| Nectau | .434 |
| Secretary | .434 |
| Kennedy | .434 |
| Silver Green | .434 |
| Brown Turkey | .434 |
| Donkey | .434 |
| Night Hawk | .434 |
| Recorded uses | 100 |



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# CHILDREN OF MY TRAIL SCHOOL—By Enos A. Mills

ONE summer day nearly twenty years ago a number of boys and girls appeared at my Rocky Mountain cabin. They wanted me to go with them to the old beaver colony. A boy and a girl started making the request, but before they could finish every child was asking me to go. "It is more than two miles," I told them, "and we must walk." This but added to their desire to go.

Stepping softly and without saying a word, we slipped through the woods and peeped from behind the last trees into a grassy opening by the beaver pond, hoping for a glimpse of a coyote or a deer. Then we examined the stumps of aspens recently cut by the beavers. We looked at the dam. We made a little raft of logs and went out to the house island in the pond. Then we built tiny beaver houses and also dugouts in the bank. We played we were beavers.

On the way home we turned aside from the trail and entered a delightful bit of forested wilderness between two brooks. We were explorers in a new country. The grove was dense and full of underbrush. It was voted to send out a likely boy and girl to discover how many hundred miles it was through the forest. While waiting we decided to examine one of the brooks, which someone called the Amazon River. We found a delta and one boy insisted that this was the delta at the mouth of the Mississippi. No one objected and we had discussions concerning deltas, large and small. But the vast wilderness between our two brooks—which contained really about one acre—was reported by our two scouts as altogether too large for us ever to explore.

Someone then proposed we should cross the brook on a fallen log to see who the strange people were in the wilderness on the other side. The last boy of the party made a long jump from the end of the log and declared he had jumped across a nation—that one boundary line was the end of the log and the other was where he alighted. Just where the remaining two lines should be provoked a profound discussion, as boundary lines of nations often do. It was finally agreed that the other lines should be determined by one of the girls taking a hop, skip and jump.

### The Animal Census

We decided to take a census of this nation. At once everyone began to count the inhabitants. We found a number of bugs, spiders and beetles; then other beetles and a few grasshoppers; and finally everyone surrounded a swarming ant hill, trying to determine how to make an accurate count of this warlike and numerous tribe. This was never settled, for suddenly a big grasshopper with black and yellow wings invaded the nation from the outside. He alighted for only a moment and then flew away again. The opinion was about equally divided as to whether he should be counted as one of the inhabitants or an invader.

At this stage someone broke the news that we were already late for lunch. So intense had been the interest that we had forgotten even to keep track of mealtime. Two likely boys were sent out to forage for rations, with suggestions that they go to the kitchen and procure supplies enough to prevent starvation among the explorers until night, and return by the shortest route.

While we were eating merrily round a camp fire by the brook a wasp and a fly engaged in a struggle on a mountain side. The top of the mountain was not higher than the knee of the boy who stood by it. When this life-and-death struggle ended by the contestants falling over a precipice thousands of feet below everyone concluded it was time to go home.

That evening these excited and enthusiastic boys and girls related the day's experience to anyone who would listen. They had been explorers in a wilderness, had camped by mighty rivers, had seen wild animals and strange nations. There imaginations were on fire. This world had become an inexhaustible wonderland.

These children were dealing with real things, and their imaginations blazed with more keenness than it was possible for the powers of legends and fairy tales to incite. They had been to school, had studied, had worked and learned without realizing it Their reports amounted to enthusiastic recitations of new big lessons well learned. Best of all, they were happy and were eager to go on with this schooling—this developing. We have continued these excursions somewhat irregularly through the years to the present time and handled them with increasing effectiveness.

Nature's storybook is everywhere and always open. And I wish millions of children might have what the children have had here in enjoyment, educational foundation and incentive. What we are doing here may be done elsewhere with even greater results.

The Robinson Crusoe School was the name someone early applied to us; but later the name Trail School was taken. This school—the great outdoors—is in session whenever children wander over the trail, free from academic chaperonage. The trail supplies materials and equipment, and Mother Nature provides endless mental stimulus.

We are in a high mountain valley, in one corner of the Rocky Mountain National Park, at an altitude of nine thousand feet. The locality is rich in natural history. Within three miles of us there are hundreds of varieties of flowers; dozens of kinds of birds; a number of wild animals, including beavers and bears; forests of pine, fir, spruce and aspen; steep mountains; likely streams and a number of kinds of rocks.

### Information Linked With Life

The Trail School is but little more than a name, plus results. There is no organization, no staff; no opening, no closing. It has no courses of study, no set times for study, no set tasks, no grade cards. The children follow any interest that appeals, and when it appeals. They are never asked to pursue anything distasteful; in fact, nothing in particular or for any given period. There are no recitations and no examinations. Competition as ordinarily known does not exist. There are no prizes for excellence, no honors for advances.

Each child is too busy acquiring additional facts to concern himself about having more or less than his companions. He is not studying for a preparatory school or for college. We do strive to see to it that these children continually use their faculties, honoring facts rather than authority. Books we highly prize, but their place is made wholly secondary and incidental.

Information given the children is tied up with life, connected with neighbors and given a place or a part in things going on. The following will show our usual way of answering a question:

Walking along the summit of a rocky ridge, we rounded a cliff and came upon an aged and picturesque tree. One child asked what all wanted to know—the name and what kind of tree it was. We speculated concerning the age of this old tree; we wondered concerning storms that had struck it. We noticed that its arms were long—so long that the tree was wider than high; we measured its height and its diameter; noted the color and character of its bark. An old cone beneath it looked as though varnished; the unripe ones on the tree were grass-green. Then we examined the needles; they were fastened on the branches in little bundles of five. At last we concluded it must be a limber pine.

"I remember reading about it in John Muir's book, The Mountains of California," said one child. "He often found it growing on dry, rocky, wind-swept ridges."

When a new boy or girl arrives he or she is full of movie talk or train experience, or eager to find out concerning riding, fishing, or other long-treasured plans. These outing children talk. Presto! Change! The new arrival edges toward mother and begs to join the young explorers next day.

We asked the children not to discuss either personalities or the movies. One evening a number of boys were about to leave, with sleeping bags, to camp for the night in a beaver colony, when a new boy, fresh from the city and the movies, came along. He joined them. He talked incessantly concerning the movies. As soon as sleeping bags were piled and before wood was gathered for a camp fire two of the boys

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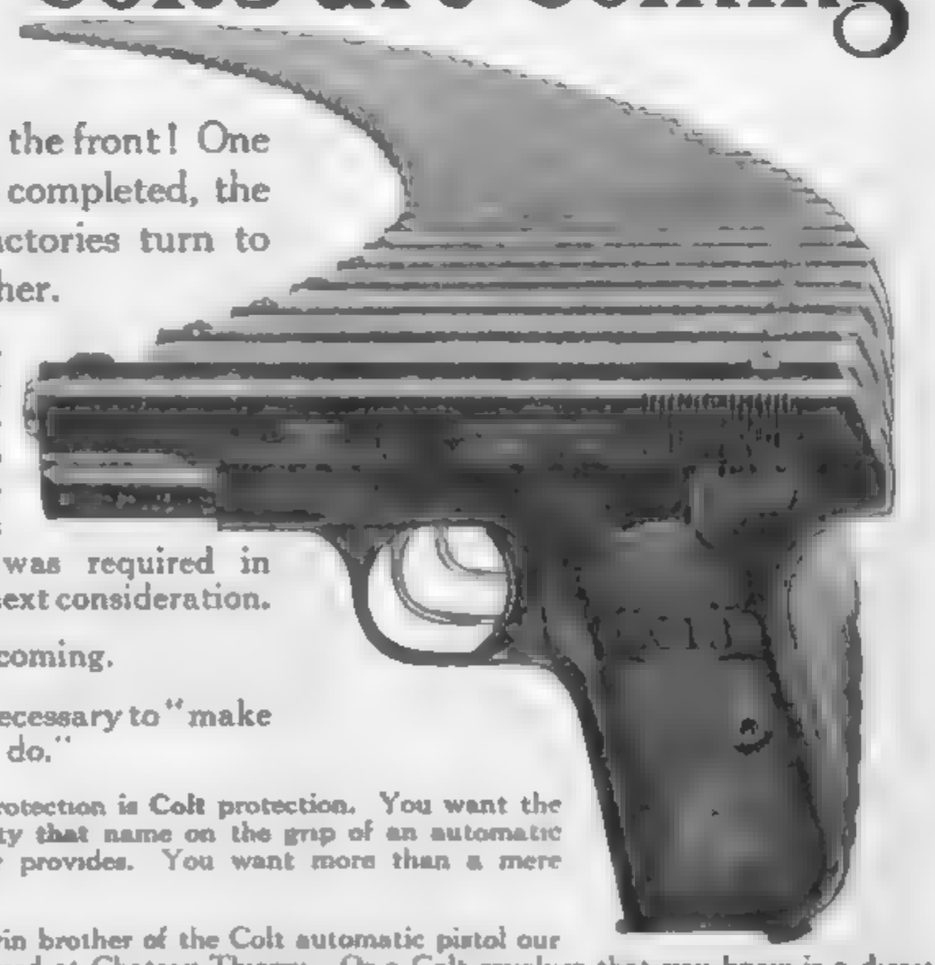

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"The Proven Best By Government Test!"

led the movie one off behind a clump of fir trees and demanded from him whether he would stop movie talk or would make it necessary for them to beat him up. It squelched him. Nevertheless, during this trip he picked up new interest.

We have yet to find a lazy child. Minds and muscles move willingly. Again and again we have been assured that this or that child could not or would not learn. But under Trail School environment his former habits changed. Under the zest and spell of interest he joyfully and tellingly applied himself. These children are one hundred per cent concentrated. They have the burning morale of interested youth. They are doing things. They want to do still other things. They want to learn. Many of their activities would be classed as work—except by themselves.

To help complete a flower exhibition two girls and two boys voluntarily climbed nearly twenty-five hundred feet up the mountain side. When they had gathered the plants wanted they made a side trip for another rare flower. Two of them were considered dull and lazy; yet how energetic and concentrated they were—an excellent illustration of how interest and development create and administer discipline!

The mountain trail is a part of the earth's most influential environment. It is an avenue of interest. It mingles life, motive, opportunity and desire. Whoever travels the trail is enjoying living and learning; is going somewhere. In trail environment Mother Nature mingles facts and fun, and the traveler readjusts himself to its conditions and develops along the way.

With a party of more than twenty we one day cooked our lunch over a camp fire. We used small sticks for the fire and kept it as small as possible. As Indians were supposed to be after us we burned every scrap of refuse and carried a flat rock to cover the ashes. Being clean is the most concealing camouflage for a camp.

When we left it did not look as though anyone had ever camped there.

Trailing appears to be the supreme outdoor experience. Sometimes we follow the track of a deer or a horse; at other times one of the party travels for ten minutes from a given point and is allowed to conceal his trail in every way he can think of. At the word we set off eagerly to follow this concealed trail. There is concentration, enthusiasm and application. In following a trail of any kind the girls frequently excel the boys.

### *Blindfold Tests*

One of our excursions was an exciting two-day search for the source of a stream. We found it in a little pool at the foot of a cliff upon a plateau above the limits of tree growth. There were mountain sheep tracks by it. On the tiny stream each boy and girl launched a boat—the tiny leaf of an Alpine plant—which was to report promptly, with its message, to some boy or girl in New Orleans.

We tried out our noses. Polemonium, with blossoms of peculiar and pungent odor, is called skunkweed. The children were blindfolded and asked to find an interesting flower, blooming about twenty-five feet from them, which was sending wireless signals for the nose. Merry times they had seeking for it. In all succeeding trips we made there was increased and enjoyable use of the sense of smell.

We tasted and smelled of the bark and needles of the balsam fir tree as an important preliminary to searching for it that night with our noses. Anyone who desired was allowed to supplement taste and touch also. A little girl who was the first to find it was not certain until she had touched the tree to which her nose led her.

One windy day we were exploring a dense primeval forest when the sound of a cascading brook reached our ears. We stopped to listen and to separate the flowing tones of the water from similar sounds the wind made in the pines. Then we tried to determine the direction to the brook, and also the distance, by the sounds of the water.

In a comparatively open level place we walked round and noted the bowlders and the trees. One at a time was then blindfolded and asked to find a particular tree or bowlder.

One of the incidents I sometimes tell to heighten the interest when we are training our ears is of several blind men who walked more than a mile to hear me lecture one winter night in Wheeling, West Virginia. Another is of a blind Indian in British Columbia who took me several miles up and then down a swift mountain stream, guided by touch, sound and the sixth sense—imagination.

Many a time with sticks we drew maps and pictures in the sand. Sometimes we set down a part of the multiplication table. On a big map in the sand we located beaver colonies, big trees, little trees, places where we had camped, places where we had seen mountain sheep, places we had explored. One of the places the children best remembered was the top of the Twin Peaks, where we had lain down and with magnifying glasses carefully looked at the tiny dwarf flowers. Another was that strange timber line of dwarfed and twisted trees on the side of Long's Peak. Still another was Chasm Lake, an utterly wild place, where there were ice piles, snowdrifts, flowers and

colored rocks; and where a big fat woodchuck came out to eat scraps of lunch from our fingers. On the sand map we also marked places unexplored—spots we hoped soon to visit and make discoveries.

We tried to develop and to give to the child mind the spirit of exploration, so he might enjoy the search for facts, both in books and in the outdoors. The results have been immeasurable and inspiring. With nose and ear and eye the children gathered rare materials—materials that roused reflection, imagination, reasoning; the brain was growing. Before long each child eagerly hunts through books or appeals to individuals to satisfy some interest roused on the trail.

One day while bound homeward after two hours with strange trees at the timber line we purposely came close to a large and nearly round bowlder. All ran to examine it. We called it the Ice King's Marble. Ice probably had taken it from the top of Long's Peak and carried it across a cañon. While the interest was on it the whole glacial story was opened. From that hour these children had an eye for glacial topography and a mind for books concerning glaciers.

Generally in the study of zoölogy or botany the student begins with the far-away primitive and least interesting forms of life, and memorizes. We use the bird, animal or flower at hand. We learn something of its life history, of its evolution, of its relation to surrounding plants and animals; of its enemies, its travels, its food; and sometimes how it has been changed by environment. We learn something of the year-round life of mountain sheep, of beavers and other animals and of birds. Their names we use as a label or mark of identification; but we learn all we can before becoming serious concerning the name. In due time—and this is by the time names and classifications mean something—the children find both interesting.

Our method was efficient, whether the prescribed one or not. By it they laid the foundation for an education and, what is important, learned that the outdoors is friendly; also learned many of the facts and principles of Nature.

A well-known educator has recently emphasized the fact that in order for one to have a sane and healthful view of life it is fundamentally necessary to have correct elementary information concerning Nature; and that this knowledge can be acquired only by intimate contact with Nature.

While a guide on Long's Peak I somehow developed what may be called the poetic interpretation of the facts of Nature. Scientific names in a dead language, together with classifications that dulled interest, were ever received, as they should have been, so indifferently by those who did not know that I began to state information about most things in the form of its manners and customs, its neighbors and its biography.

For two or three hours in a primeval forest we played we were primitive people. The children had a glimpse of the childhood of our race, learned something of the diet of primitive people and the way we came to have so many domesticated plants. All this started over seeing mushrooms and wondering whether they were poisonous.

When out with Nature the unexpected often happens. If we come upon something well worth while—like a mother bird leading her young from the nest, beavers at play, or a near view of mountain sheep—we remain and make the most of this opportunity.

Every new interest is opportunity. The interest is sometimes heightened by the children abruptly determining what is next to be seen. In the course of a month we used telescope, microscope, botanies, bird and animal books, and frequently called in the use of multiplication and percentage.

The children had many irons in the fire. Only one was hot at a time; but how it was then hammered!

Anyone who goes with them is considered by them a useful outsider or a privileged guest, honored and consulted, but ever under their orders. However, that they should not come to depend on an older person accompanying them, I sometimes left them as we started homeward. Sometimes they choose one of the children as leader and vote to return home under his orders. But they often go off by twos—sometimes several together—or even one alone.

### *A Study of Landslides*

Each child is encouraged to report anything of interest; if a discovery is made—a crippled animal or a rare flower—he is to return at once and report. Sometimes scouts are sent out to look for young beavers, bear signs, or to see whether the first blue-fringed gentians have bloomed.

There is a bulletin board in the museum on which appear notices of future excursions, discoveries, special meetings and exhibitions, and articles wanted for these exhibitions or for the museum. When the children are not in the field a conference may be called at any time.

It was a stay-at-home day the morning a boy came rushing in to report that a side of a cañon had fallen in. Children hurried right and left to tell others, and in a few minutes all were off to see the landslide. They forgot to take lunch along. Eagerly they discussed the probable causes of this slide and also the results from it. It dammed the gulch and was already forming a pond. How long, we wondered, before water-loving plants and animals would come to live here.

This gave an excellent opportunity to discuss the supreme productive resource—soil. Other resources had their innings; and so, too, did erosion, topography and streams. I had to tell of landslides I had seen and where the best accounts of big landslides might be read.

We were returning from a day's outing when we came upon an unextinguished camp fire. "Here is a mighty forest fire!" I said. "How many will volunteer to fight it to a finish?" Instantly everyone volunteered. A boy was sent for help; a girl was sent for a pail of water. We fought and won. That night we read up on fire fighting.

Several times we walked home through the rain; during a few downpours we deliberately went out into the storm. On a few gray days we climbed up the mountain side through a solid sky of clouds until we were above them in the sunshine. We also made little journeys after dark, visiting pine woods, beaver colonies, streams; calling on hundreds of sleepy flowers; watching shadowy coyotes and owls and listening to their playful cries and calls.

The unfortunate attitude of the parents was an obstacle to every outing. Many were thrown almost into a panic when such a trip for their children was proposed, and too often came out of the panic to condemn such excursions with all the vehemence of old error. Each new parent on the scene exhibited mostly a misunderstanding of the outdoors.

Most people think that the wilderness is a supremely dangerous place for human beings and carry through life a handicap of fear of the outdoors. These children learned

(Concluded on Page 53)

# Pennsylvania VACUUM CUP TIRES

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The gauge to this service is the mileage total recorded when the casing finally is discarded.

The notable achievement of nine *stock* tires which, put to *official* finish test by the Automobile Club of America, *averaged 6,760 miles*, definitely established the unusual quality of Vacuum Cup Tires.

The rainy day *certified* test of the Pittsburgh Taxicab Company—in which a heavy car equipped with Vacuum Cup Tires was driven around a wet corner at 25 miles an hour without skidding—conclusively proved the *guaranteed* ability of the Vacuum Cup tread to resist skidding on wet, slippery pavements.

In addition to this proved driving safety and the mileage *guarantee*—per warranty tag—of *6,000 miles*, Vacuum Cup Tires are reasonably priced. They cost approximately the same as ordinary 3,500 mile tires and much less than other makes carrying equal mileage surety.

*Makers of Auto Tubes "Ton Tested"*

PENNSYLVANIA RUBBER COMPANY

Jeannette, Pa.

*Direct Factory Branches and Service Agencies Throughout the United States and Canada*

W.S.S. WAR SAVINGS STAMPS ISSUED BY THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

# The AEOLIAN-VOCALION

*The Phonograph Made By Musical Experts*
*~ For Musical People ~*

*The* Aeolian Company are the world's masters in the art of musical instrument building. The magnificent *Pipe-organs* built by this firm—the most pretentious and costliest instruments everconstructed—are installed in hundreds of the palaces of *Europe* and residences of wealth in this country.

The *Steinway* and the *Weber* Duo-Art Pianos and *Grand Pianolas*, are unapproached in the realm of the pianoforte. All the productions of this great house are distinctive, distinguished and supreme, each in its field.

The *Aeolian-Vocalion* is far more than has hitherto been conveyed by the word "phonograph." It is a true musical instrument, designed for, and appealing to, people of cultured taste and discernment.

Its tone has the richness, depth, purity and beauty that people with such taste demand and appreciate. Its cases exhibit the simplicity of true art, the appropriateness to their surroundings, that only knowledge and experience in fine instrument designing can produce.

Its many important and exclusive features, such as the *Graduola*, giving personal control of tone effects; the *Universal Tone-Arm*, giving access to all the different standard makes of records, and the *Automatic Stop*, providing a simple and precise means for starting the music and stopping it at desired points; all add their value to the sum of its completeness.

Today, the *Aeolian-Vocalion* with its extraordinary qualities emphasized and enhanced by the production of the new and revolutionary *Vocalion* Record, occupies a position in the phonograph field that is a true reflection of the standing and character of the distinguished *Music House* that builds it.

The three instruments illustrated above exemplify the tastefulness and distinction of Vocalion cases. That in the center is *Period* Model No. 1497 in *William & Mary* design. Its price is $340. The instrument on the left is Conventional Model No. 600, Price $225. The one on the right is No. 800, Price $350.

Conventional Models of the Vocalion cost, with the *Graduola*, from $115 upwards; without *Graduola* from $50. There are many beautiful *Period* Models from $240 upwards. All prices subject to change.

The AEOLIAN COMPANY, *Aeolian Hall*, NEW YORK CITY

*Branches or representatives in all principal cities of the world*

*Canadian Distributors,*
*The Nordheimer Piano and Music Company, Ltd., Toronto*

(Concluded from Page 50)

that the wilds are not only friendly but hospitable; they found ferocious animals only in storybooks and ere long being out after dark or in the rain was fun.

We never had a serious accident; were never attacked by bears or any other wild animal; and never did a child even catch cold. These facts, together with the enthusiasm of the children for such outings and their obvious development, won out.

We discouraged the collecting of specimens; but we encouraged the bringing in of a mental record—an account of the day's experience. From now on we shall provide a book for each child and encourage the writing down of the most important experience of the day as a part of the outing round. I should have done this long ago. I have lost many happy accounts.

A few specimens collected by the children have been for their natural history association and a museum room. In this room they hold meetings. If a child comes upon something deemed rare, something that will be of general interest, he is encouraged to bring it in for the museum. One afternoon the association unanimously decided to bring in a tree with an unusual history. All the children went along and its getting filled half a day for them full of thought and action.

A young pine, when twenty-one years of age, was knocked down by a fire-killed tree falling upon it. It straightened its top and made almost a loop round the dead tree that rested upon and distorted it. We learned the young pine's age from the annual-growth rings in the stump, how long it had grown before being injured and how long since.

Occasionally the children give an exhibition and invite the older people to see it. They plan these exhibitions and gather and arrange materials for them. While a rock exhibition was on we discussed geology, rock formations and transformations, volcanoes, earthquakes, erosion, rock strata and color. During a flower exhibition we discussed the evolution of plants, pollination, interdependence with insects, and seed distribution.

### Making Study Disagreeable

Often I am too busy, or there are too many boys and girls, or it seems best to have someone else accompany a party afield. But to find individuals who will do this without becoming teachy or preachy and deadly to the children is most difficult. Most teachers, some parents and many others want us to ignore interest and desire and force the children to memorize something the older people consider worth while.

One day a well-known school superintendent offered to help us. He unfolded his plans in the presence of a number of the children. I wish you could have seen the effect of his words upon them! When he proposed classes and study, system and grading and examinations, each child heard the suggestions just as he would hear the threat of a probable whipping.

The academic mind—and in many respects the old puritanical mind—holds that things pleasurable and interesting are to be shunned; that they are akin to vice; that it is virtuous to do the disagreeable things, and all-important to force yourself to do what you do not like.

But in human psychology it is ever important to get results while working under morale, using all the power that interest adds and thus finally accomplishing the most difficult and greatest results through the supreme sustained efforts desire and interest make possible. Natural phenomena interest and stimulate the mind in a thousand ways.

We had a variety of excellent kinds of discipline. I sometimes think that discipline as it is applied in the school world actually dwarfs the senses and robs life of its interest. Mathematics, dead languages when not liked, drudgery and disagreeable tasks usually dull those upon whom they are inflicted and develop half-hearted habits.

The psychology of youth calls for discipline of a different character. This is pleasurable discipline. These children frequently and cheerfully labor under severe self-imposed discipline, and under this all their faculties are at their best. Fortunate is the child whose discipline is determined by its own inspiration. Interest makes play of the hardest work.

We sat for more than two hours upon a log by a beaver pond. When we had at last satisfied ourselves that muskrats—the little brothers of the beaver—were living in an abandoned beaver house, and had started on, questions and comments came thick and fast.

Sometimes we would count all the flowers that grew in a circle the diameter of which corresponded to the height of the shortest child in the party. Sometimes we counted all the trees in a given square.

Every normal child is as avaricious for information as a miser is for gold. This childish desire to know, to learn, will assure mental development if information be given in a way that appeals. Children can learn but little from cold, unrelated, segregated facts; from academic system and memorized rules. Hence, before the young are assigned to learn the definite cut-and-dried facts their elders deem essential, they need the development that roused interest gives.

### Doctor Eliot's Comments

We try to use to the utmost the interest of the child. Interest a child and he thinks. While a child is thinking he is learning. One interest invariably leads to a larger, and then to other interests.

Of an evening I listen willingly to their ideas and comments, and to their experiences. I endeavor to make comments that will cause the child to desire to go back and look again at the wonder things he has seen and at others which he apparently missed. I do all I can to stimulate his creative faculty. I ever try to answer his questions in a way that will add to his interest and, if possible, multiply or extend this interest.

If a child's lesser questions are answered he will presently come back with greater ones. Surely, the opportunity of one's life is to listen helpfully when the child is talking about something or to answer happily his eager questions!

The experiences these children have and their reflections concerning their telling of them give them the ability to reason and develop their observation and imagination. With these powers working, there is nothing that can obstruct a child's way to an education. He will want to learn and will find a way.

Sometimes in talking they let themselves go and use their imagination freely. This is excellent. It is a healthy imagination; they simply expand, extend or create the probable continuation of facts they have seen. There is nothing magical or illogical; no monstrosities—just poetical interpretation of facts. But when asked for the facts they give things as they are—the color, size; and also the neighboring objects. They have really seen.

The average person does well to see with fifty per cent efficiency. I have talked separately with three or four children concerning the same experience, and their accounts agreed; they must have run above ninety per cent in accurate observation and experience.

President Charles W. Eliot came out with the following sweeping statement in a recent publication by the United States Bureau of Education called Certain Defects in American Education and the Remedies for Them:

"It is the men who have learned—probably out of school—to see and hear correctly and to reason cautiously from facts observed, who carry on the great industries of the country and make possible great transportation systems and international commerce."

Doctor Eliot goes on to say:

"Since the United States went to war with Germany there has been an extraordinary exhibition of the incapacity of the American people, as a whole, to judge evidence, to determine facts and even to discriminate between facts and fancies. This incapacity appears in the public press; in the prophecies of prominent administrative officials, both state and national; in the exhortations of the numerous commissions which are undertaking to guide American business and philanthropy; and in the almost universal acceptance by the people at large, day by day, of statements which have no foundation and of arguments the premises of which are not facts or events, but only hopes and guesses.

"In most American schools there has been a lack of systematic training of the senses . . . to record, remember and describe accurately observations made by his own senses. Little systematic training has been given day by day in the processes of determining facts and weighing evidence . . . Worst of all, most American schools have neglected to enlist and cultivate assiduously the interest of each pupil in his daily work, in spite of the obvious fact that no human being—child, adolescent or adult—can do his best work unless he is taking an interest in that work.

"Remedies are the substitution of teaching by observation and experiment for much of the book work now almost exclusively relied on; the cultivation in the pupils of activity of body and mind during all school-time—an activity which finds delight in the exercise of the senses and of the powers of expression in speech and writing; the insistence on the acquisition of personal skill of some sort; the stimulation in every pupil of interest in his work by making the object of it intelligible to him."

The Trail School methods appear to have developed the constant habit of accurate observation; of learning to see; looking with eager, interested eyes and seeing things as they are. Of an evening when the children are merrily recounting the experiences of the day we are impressed with the fact that they see accurately and recount truthfully, and judge by the evidence.

These children are in love with their activities. Burroughs has said that knowledge acquired without love will not stick. The most amazing things brought out by the Trail School are the accuracy with which the children see and acquire facts and the correctness with which they describe what they have seen.

### Stimulating the Imagination

It might be thought that our ways of doing things would make the children unsystematic; but when reached by that magnificent incentive called interest it goes after anything—difficult, easy, pleasant or otherwise. It is a joy to do it. We found that the children quickly developed the mental habit of being systematic, just through interest. It was not long before a child systematically and persistently followed an interest by specializing upon it, thus forming the acquaintance of its neighbors.

A few weeks of this meant one hundred per cent health. The child learned to use his senses; learned to see and to hear; to accumulate facts, materials, which compelled thought and developed the imagination. He became a reasoner. The mind grew like a wild garden. When it was all over most of the children had developed interests in world subjects that had not been even mentioned. They had sympathies—universal feelings. They were developing democratic actions and habits.

Above all, we try to develop the imagination, which has been called "the supreme intellectual faculty"—an imagination based on realities. This kind of imagination deals ever with cause and effect; it touches cold facts with fancy; gives the poetic interpretation—that is to say, with cause, effect and vision, it shows possibilities of development.

A tree seed touched with imagination becomes a forest full of forest life in a natural manner, without enchantment or magic. A prospector dreams of gold and glory. He seeks it with a pick; never does he look for it at the foot of the rainbow, or expect it as a reward from a king, or wait for a fairy to bring it.

Most legends and fairy stories mislead the mind and betray the imagination. Its magic ever dreams of castles in Spain. Mental mirages waste many a life.

The normal imagination hitches its wagon to a star or a mule, and the team travels merrily, whether it arrives or not. This imagination is based on realities; it is one that sees the logical and natural results or developments in advance and pictures glorious changes through natural growth or evolution, and never by magic or enchantment. This normal imagination is a combination of information and inspiration; it is creative, rouses effort and accomplishes things.

### Work Made Play

In brief, then, all we are trying to do may be stated as follows: We found that every child wanted to learn. He asked questions. He was interested. Our opportunity lay in the rightful answering of questions. These answers must appeal to the imagination. We tried in our answer to continue and multiply this interest by showing him something new, and more than he was expecting.

Often our answer was part of a story. But we answered with words, stories, demonstrations, excursions and even books. He was led into larger interests. Nature most interested him. Nothing discouraged him so long as he was interested. We never asked him to study. Interest made play out of work. We have never found a lazy child.

These answers gave impressions; gave a variety of mental experiences and resources. They pleasantly compelled reasoning and creating—started the unquenchable imagination. In a short time a child was telling of his interests, talking about his experiences. He was learning; he had begun to create and to express. He was interested in life.

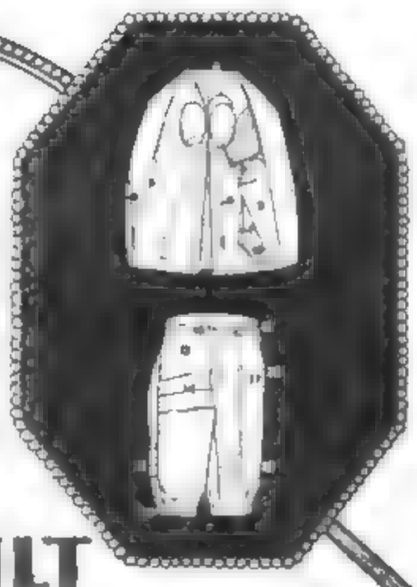
Doctor Arnold said that if he could teach his boys but one thing, "that thing would be poetry." Poetry, of course, sustains and develops that strange but almost all-masterly faculty called imagination. And it is doubtful that any influence so helps the imagination as the influence of Nature on the child's mind. When Captain Scott was dying in the antarctic ice fields he wrote to Mrs. Scott: "Make our boy interested in natural history if you can."

Long ago Tyndall emphasized the fact that first-hand facts and materials are infinitely more valuable than those brought to us. Burbank has repeatedly said that intimate contact with Nature is necessary for children. A witty woman once said that the way to interest children in good books is simply to expose children to them.

A Trail School may be had anywhere. In any nook where Nature reigns she tells her story to all children brought to her; and they hear her enthusiastically. But a leader or teacher for each school is the rub. Nature will appeal to children and actively interest them unless blocked by the leader.

The chief means of interesting children in Nature is to expose them—to bring them into contact with outdoor things. Every child has an inherent interest in those things, which with a little tact may be tied up with any other interest desired—books, a specialty, or with any and every phase of life.

These 20 Points of Strength and Service Have Made



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SUITS FOR BOYS

Famous from Coast to Coast

The Coat

1 "Correnette" finished—resist water.
2 Specially shrunk canvas—retains shape.
3 Special hair cloth—non-breakable front.
4 Double interlocking seams—prevent ripping.
5 Reinforced elbows—protect against wear.
6 Hand-felled collar—hugs the neck.
7 Specially secured pockets—rip proof
8 Mechanically sewn buttons—can't come off.
9 "Waistab" special fabrics—assure wear.
10 Double sewn pockets—double strength.

The Knickers

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12 "Correnette" finished—resists water.
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15 Reinforced double knee—proof against wear.
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17 Double sewn pockets—proof against holes.
18 Specially riveted buttons—can't come off
19 "Governor" Fasteners—assure fit at knee.
20 Double bar-tacked pockets—rip-proof.

THESE 20 "thrift stamps" of worth and wear make DUBBELBILT the ideal Boys' Suit for the times. The DUBBELBILT Guarantee to repair, free, any rip, hole or tear that shows within six months, means genuine saving as well as satisfaction.

And DUBBELBILT Suits for Spring are as stylish as they're sturdy. A look at the bright new fabrics—an examination of the careful tailoring—and the fit of the suit on the boy himself—will tell you DUBBELBILT'S story.

Priced $15.75 and $19.75. Also the special Economy Grade at $12.75

*In sizes 8 to 18 years. Ask your local clothier for DUBBELBILT—mention particularly No. 7180—our famous all wool blue serge. Price $15.75.*

*If he hasn't it, send us money order and tell us size needed. We'll forward suit to you direct or through your local clothier. Write for beautiful Folder, with styles, patterns and full explanation of DUBBELBILT'S points of supremacy.*

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Look for the trademarked DUBBELBILT label in every suit

Merchants: *We have prepaid a few sample shipments of Spring DUBBELBILT Suits. Perhaps we can send you a test assortment on approval. Write us at once.*



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Why can't *you* do as well? Scores of men have accepted our offer and have made good. It will pay *you* to learn now all about your money-making opportunity as a subscription salesman of *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*.

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Let us explain our cash proposition. No obligation, no investment and no expense to you except 2c. to mail us a postcard. The returns may be $40 a week for *you*. Send the post card *today* addressed

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
881 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania


# THE LION HUNTER AS A BIRD LOVER

(Concluded from Page 15)

The President turned to me and dropped Nature faking for an instant to say, "How grateful I am that I have natural children!"

The Nature-faker story was printed, and it raised a row which men and women, not yet elders of their generation, perhaps may remember. The President, I always have believed, enjoyed the row, because a reform came in its wake.

The interview on the Nature fakers was written from memory. The copy was taken to Colonel Roosevelt for revision. He made no corrections in it, but taking a short blunt lead pencil he interlined additions. The manuscript I have to-day. At the bottom of the last page of it appears "Read and approved by Theodore Roosevelt."

Perhaps as humorous and as familiar an interchange might take place between some other chief magistrate or king of a great nation and one of his cabinet-officer advisers, but I doubt if anything in any administrative chamber of the world could approach remotely a happening in the White House a day or two after Theodore Roosevelt had thrown off the burden of the Nature fakers.

He wanted to ask a question about some point in the article. He sent for me and I found him in a little room off Loeb's office, where he was being lathered for a shave. He talked between strokes, and my nerves went to a keener edge than the razor's, for he would duck away from the barber's hand with every tenth word, and a jugular accident seemed closer than any shave.

The door opened to admit Secretary of War William Howard Taft.

"Mister President," he said, "I am going over to a committee meeting in the House to urge a favorable report on the bill to increase the pay of officers of the United States Army."

"Will," said the President, "that is a mighty good bill. Do the best you can for it, but"—and here a grin—"I am talking about something that is as interesting to me as legislation—natural history."

Whereat Taft: "Mister President, if you think you are going to make a Nature lover out of me by sending me books with orders to read them you are dead wrong in your reckoning. I sat up Friday night until two o'clock reading Bailey's pamphlet on wolves, just because you ordered me to, but I want to serve notice on you now that I don't care a whoop whether the dog wolves help the she wolves look after the young or not."

He left, and the door closed hard behind him. It took the Colonel ten minutes to get the angle of repose for the completion of his shave.

When Theodore Roosevelt returned from his African expedition the United States wanted to know how he felt about the Taft administration. Every newspaper man asked him. I asked him. This was his reply: "Have you seen my answer to Abbott H. Thayer's Theories of Protective Coloration of Mammals and Birds?"

Luckily I had read it, and it may be it was in gratitude for the interest I took in the thing that a little later he told me what he thought about the Taft administration. I wished at the time that he had not told me, for he tied me up, and sometime later I was scooped by the other correspondents on a story that I had held in hot storage for six months.

Frank H. Hitchcock, former Postmaster-General, is one of the foremost ornithologists in this land. Most people do not know this, for Hitchcock never has obtruded his knowledge of bird life on the public. One day in late June, 1907, I met the then Assistant Postmaster-General on the lawn at Oyster Bay. He said: "I have just heard a black-throated green warbler sing."

"Nothing doing," I said. "At this season there is not a black-throated green warbler south of Maine."

Then appeared Theodore Roosevelt coming down from the porch. "I suppose you fellows are talking birds," he said. "What do you think! I have a pair of black-throated green warblers as neighbors this year, and they are good company."

The black-throat appeared in red letters in the Colonel's calendar of the bird year.

He loved all of them, and they knew it. He sleeps on the hillside under the trees where in the awakening spring the golden oriole will whistle its reveille, and I know his spirit will hear the call.

# GERMAN BILLETS

(Continued from Page 14)

"That makes nothing," he said with an impatience that was close to insolence. "You were not here when you said you would be. How was I to know that you would keep your word? There is no more food."

We saw various contented privates eating our dinner at little bare tables in the smoky café. We preferred them to have it rather than ourselves, but still the proprietor had to be disciplined. The head of the party told him in no uncertain terms what Americans expected when they ordered a dinner beforehand in the United States, and that they expected the same in Germany. He talked until the women of the household became frightened and begged the proprietor to offer us soup and sandwiches, which was all that was left. But we refused and went out, leaving them, I believe, with uncomfortable feelings. They had no means of telling whether or not we would register a complaint against them with our A. P. M.

Owing to the movement of the troops a casual meal was something that had to be arranged ahead of time. We all went foraging now, spreading ourselves thin, as it were, so as not to impose more than the traffic could bear. Having a standing invitation to dine with the colonel of the signal corps and his officers I set off for his mess down the muddy cobbled main street. Here and there flared out of the darkness a lighted German shop window or perhaps the shaded gleam from some army office. A few of our soldiers were walking down the middle of the road. I met a buck private who was walking along slowly, staring fixedly into this and that private house.

"Say," he said, after greetings, "they tell me that there's a house near here where all you have to do is go in and say you want to buy a meal and they turn themselves inside out getting it ready for you. It's kind of nice when you are sick and tired of a dark billet and of a whole gang of fellows for four or five to sneak off and get a meal served on real plates in a room with a fire, and sit round the fire, chinning, afterward. They are awful pleasant as they wait on us, and they never overcharge—they haven't yet, anyhow. Why, in the town we were in back of this there were five of us, and we had a grand meal of chicken and potatoes and six eggs apiece, and bread and jam and butter and coffee. They charged us only three marks each—just what the eggs cost; we couldn't make them take more.

"I don't call it fraternizing, just to go in and buy a meal, do you? But if they try and talk, a fellow doesn't feel like being rude to them. Some of the fellows say they do it all for policy and they hate us like poison and would kill us if they dared. But I don't think so. The girls are as nice as you'd want your own sisters to be; nothing flip about the ones I've seen, anyhow. Gee, a fire and lamps are nice when it's dark, and food cooked different from what your own darned old K. P 's slap it to you. Well, so long, lady."

We parted, and as I hurried on I noticed just in front of me my unconscious host, the colonel. He turned into the little hotel where his mess was and tried the house door. Apparently it was locked. To my amazement—for he is a man of genial temper—he shook it violently and hammered on it. Almost immediately it flew open, and a German woman stood bowing and cringing in the doorway. The colonel passed her with a brief word of thanks;

(Continued on Page 57)

New Mitchell Sixes

*Announcing a New Victory Model*

# To Fix New Standards

## *For Endurance, for Economy, for Strength*

The new Mitchell Six announced today is more than a new model, though new in a hundred ways. It marks a new conception of motor car requirements. It sets a new criterion in this class.

These are no ordinary advances. They mean a revolution in engineering principles. A conservative estimate by this car's creators is that they have added 50 per cent to strength, 75 per cent to endurance, 25 per cent to economy and 20 per cent to comfort and to beauty.

### It Had to Come

Two years ago—after 14 years of car building—we adopted a new policy. We felt that standards in the Light Six class had not been high enough.

This is not to criticize makers. Conditions themselves have changed. Men nowadays expect more in their cars. And time and experience have revealed to all of us many natural mistakes.

Too much was sacrificed to lightness, too much to rivalry in price. Tests and inspections were not radical enough. What seemed over-strength proved under-strength too often. Makers who face facts squarely saw that before the war. And we, for our part, decided to correct it.

### We Called Specialists

Our first step was to call in new specialists—men who had made their mark in high-grade car construction. We paid their price and brought them to this plant. We told them to disregard all existing standards, and to build their ideal of a strong, enduring car.

Then came the war, and this great factory turned all its efforts to truck building. That gave our engineers and specialists a unique opportunity. They had many months of lull in this line to devote to this new car. What they did in those months would have taken years in the ordinary rush.

### More Than 100 Changes

They made a study of every Mitchell part. They reviewed the records of Light Sixes—tens of thousands of them. They located every shortcoming.

Then they fixed new standards on scores of vital parts. They spent $250,000 on new machinery and equipment for accurate workmanship and more exacting tests.

They adopted the extreme inspection methods which the Government installed here for trucks. Now 135 trained inspectors watch and test every detail of these cars.

They created a new car—new in body, new in chassis, new in strength and endurance, new in fineness and finish. It is based on new standards, new principles. This new Six embodies more than 100 important improvements—more than any new car has brought out in years.

### Some of the Greatest

Rear axle strength is increased 50 per cent. Brake efficiency is increased 75 per cent. Frame strength is increased 50 per cent by adding 1½-inch depth.

The gears are made 25 per cent stronger, and a new hardening process insures uniformity. Our new crank shafts show 35 per cent more tensile strength and 25 per cent greater hardness. They are twice balanced on new-type balancing machines.

Our steering gear is 10 per cent stronger and fitted with ball bearings. Jerks and jars which tire the driver are avoided in it. All these increases are verified by actual comparative tests.

A perfect disc clutch is adopted. New machines are installed for testing axles, motors and transmissions, then the chassis complete. And 135 trained inspectors do nothing but watch parts, make tests and analyses.

### Operating Cost Cut 25%

Much waste of power is saved by new and costly methods of cylinder construction. A thermostat controls the temperature of air, liquids and gases. The carburetor intake is so heated that low-grade gasoline is completely vaporized. These changes have cut gasoline and oil cost 25 per cent.

Our wheelbase is 120 inches, to give a roomy car. Our body frame material costs twice the usual, to make the bodies staunch. We use interlaced hair in the upholstery, because it stays in place. We use four coats of varnish, instead of the usual two, to double the endurance of the finish.

Weight is increased. Chrome-Vanadium and Chrome-Nickel steels are used in abundance. There are 123 drop forgings.

But we have not changed our long cantilever springs, which have made the Mitchell the most comfortable car, and which have never broken—not one spring—on 40,000 cars.

### A Surprising Price

Remember that the Mitchell, before these improvements, was leader in its class. It had won enormous success for us, and world-wide reputation. And now we have added over 100 betterments, 75 per cent more endurance, 50 per cent more strength. Yet the price is $1,475—below any car of like size, power and class.

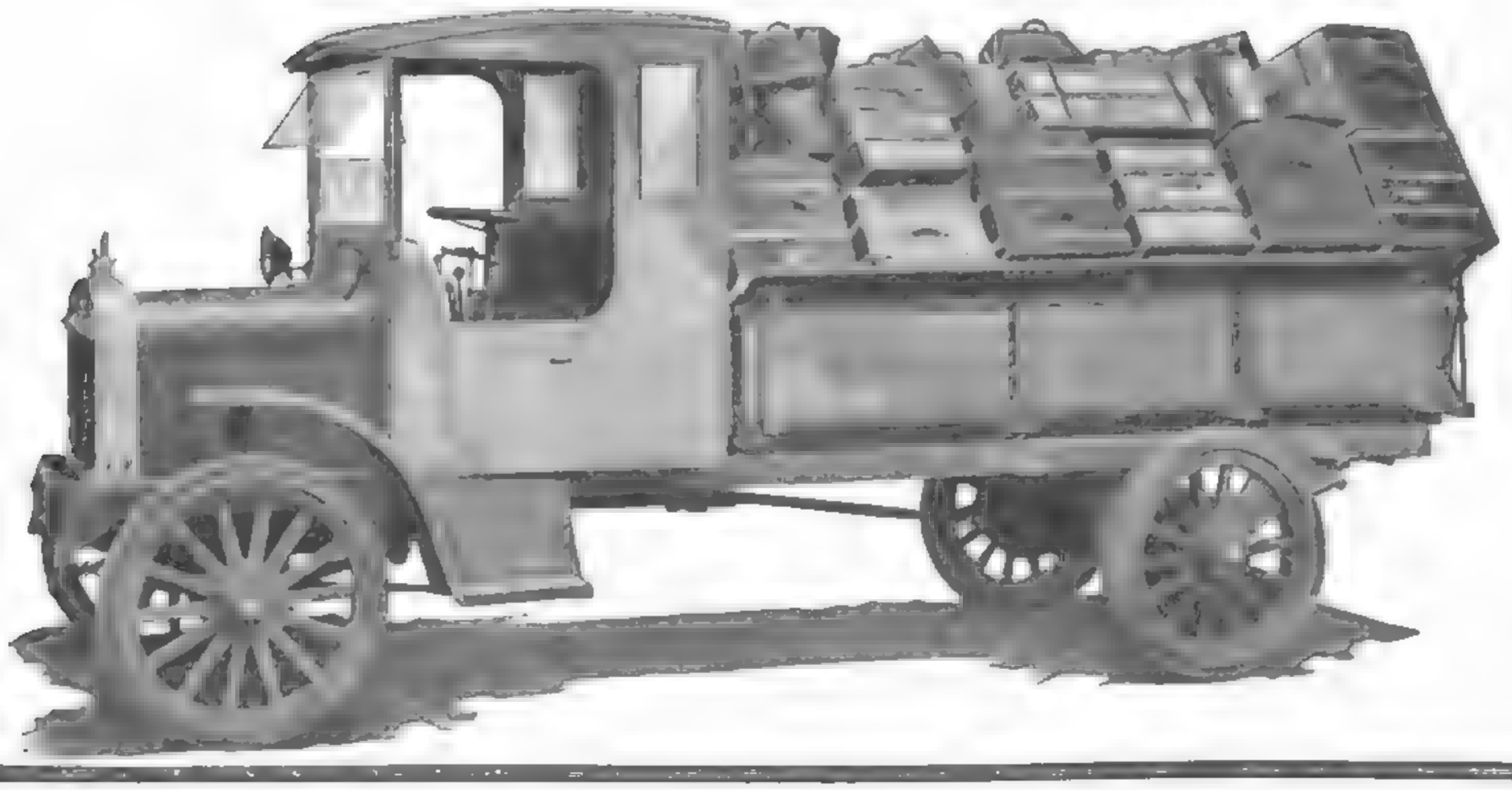
This car at this price forms the supreme example of Mitchell factory efficiency. We build the complete car—motor, chassis and body—under scientific methods which have made this factory famous. This matchless car at this underprice shows what those methods mean.

Go see this new model and make your comparisons. If you seek a lifetime Six in this class, this is bound to be your choice.

### $1475 f. o. b. Racine

For Touring Model. Wheelbase 120 Inches.
Six-Cylinder Motor, Long Stroke, Cylinders 3¼x5. Tires 34x4.
3-Passenger Roadster at Same Price.
Also Made as a New-Style Touring Sedan.
$2175 f. o. b. Racine, Wis.

MITCHELL MOTORS COMPANY, Inc., RACINE, WISCONSIN



# The New 1½ Ton Gramm-Bernstein

This 1½ ton truck combines *all* the elements which make a successful truck.

On it has been concentrated the longest truck manufacturing experience in the business.

It meets, as we believe no truck has ever met before, the demand for a thoroughly reliable, long-lived, low-cost truck of this capacity at an attractive price.

In every way it is worthy of the good name of Gramm-Bernstein.

The Gramm-Bernstein line of trucks is complete, embracing all required capacities from 1½ tons to five tons.

The Gramm-Bernstein transmission is of special design, with gears continuously engaged and completely safeguarded from damage through careless or inexperienced gear-shifting.

## Why Gramm-Bernstein Trucks Have Such a Good Name

B. A. Gramm

Any business man who investigates trucks, soon finds out that Gramm-Bernstein have what Americans call "a very good name." A good name, in American business, is about the best thing a man or a manufactured product or a manufacturer can acquire.

It can't be bought—it has got to be earned.

There's always a reason for it, and the reason is never hard to find.

In the case of Gramm-Bernstein, the reason is eighteen years old.

### Began With an Idea Eighteen Years Ago

Gramm-Bernstein trucks have a remarkably good, clean reputation because of an idea that took hold of B. A. Gramm eighteen years ago.

It was such a big idea—to B. A. Gramm—and got such a grip on his imagination—that it pulled him out of a bank into a machine-shop, and a suit of overalls.

The idea was one of those insistent, persistent convictions, that take hold of an American and make him do things his friends think foolish.

Gramm gave up a nice, comfortable, two-by-four job in a country bank, because he saw good roads before there were any good roads—and trucks before there were any trucks.

### Trucks His Main and Only Thought

While other "visionaries" were dreaming motor cars—he dreamed trucks.

He was a business man with a mechanical sense—or a mechanic with a business bent.

He thought of mechanics in business terms, and therefore began building a business vehicle even before business was ready to buy it. Mr. Gramm had his troubles. But men of the far-seeing, ground-breaking type are stubborn.

So he hung on, and let the troubles roll off—and just kept on building good trucks as well as he knew how.

### A Good Name Richly Deserved

Gramm-Bernstein have a right to the good name that is now given them.

They earned it in struggle, and sweat, and hard, practical experience before most trucks were born. The business reward came long ago, but the best reward of all arrived when America went into the world war.

B. A. Gramm has never wasted any time hunting for the spotlight.

But the governmental spotlight reached out with its long, white fingers, and located him as soon as the War Department began building trucks.

### Builders of First Liberty Trucks

The good name of Gramm-Bernstein counted for something when the Government sought practical truck experience.

Gramm-Bernstein built thousands of Government trucks at their big Lima plant. Theirs was the first fleet started on its way. Two Gramm-Bernstein features were adopted bodily for Liberty Trucks.

Gramm-Bernstein asks American business men, now, to look into their line when the truck question confronts them.

THE GRAMM-BERNSTEIN MOTOR TRUCK COMPANY

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MANUFACTURERS OF HIGH GRADE CHAINLESS MOTOR TRUCKS—1½-2-2½-3½-5 TONS

Lima Ohio, U. S. A.

*Builders of the first standardized Liberty (U. S. A.) Truck*

(Continued from Page 54)

she did not turn, but stared straight into the street with an expression of mingled fear and hate. I waited till she was about to close the door, and then I went into the huddled little German parlor that had been turned into the mess dining room. The colonel was gazing with satisfaction upon the table.

"We did get the clean cloth," he said.

After welcoming me he asked: "Were you near enough behind me to see my German-officer entrance? Let me explain. When I came here I found the billet assigned me to be a room on the third floor, with no bath, no sitting room and no heat. My mistake was in accepting it, but I did, assuming that there was no better available in the house. Whenever the door was locked I knocked and waited patiently until it pleased someone of the household to come and open it for me; and they took their time in coming. Meantime I had passed in the town several good-sized, well-lighted houses where apparently no one was billeted. I realized that the people had been holding back their best from us; I suspect that there are good rooms in this very house that are empty. So now when I come back if the door is locked I pound on it like a madman, and I never have to wait a minute before it is opened—and with bows and scrapes too. There was some doubt in the mind of my cook as to whether our landlady would give us a clean tablecloth for this evening; she had seemed uncertain. There was no doubt in my mind. I'd have had that tablecloth if the whole family had had to sit down and weave it. We seem in this billet to have fallen upon people who will neglect us and bully us if they can. Any sign of good nature means unsatisfactory relations with them. The best results are had by a military bearing and the issuing of orders rather than of requests."

We sat down to an excellent dinner served by the colonel's good-looking orderly, who used to be a painter's model. But we still discussed the Germans.

"Some of them are honest and some aren't," put in a visiting lieutenant; "and sometimes in trying to do us they only do each other. I was out yesterday after forage. I went to a farmer in a little village to see if I could requisition some of his hay. He showed me what he had and he said: 'If you take this I wish you'd take the cow, too, for it's only enough to feed her for this winter.' Well, I found he was telling the truth, so I left his hay. The next place we went to they told the same sort of story; they had three cows, and only enough forage to carry them through till spring. I didn't examine their place at the moment, but went on and was able to get a little here and there without working hardship to the civilians. Still I didn't have enough. I had a hunch and I went back to the man with the three cows and searched his place, and found that he had a whole loft full that he hadn't reported. I reported the matter to the burgomaster, who said: 'Take all you want from him; he should not have lied.' For all I know the burgomaster may have meant 'He should not have been caught.'"

### *German Effrontery*

"Anyhow I unloaded that loft and part of another. The loft was fully lighted with electricity. The farmer turned the lights off while we were working, but the burgomaster made him turn them on again. The farmer's wife stood in the doorway wringing her hands and sobbing. Of course I hated it, but if they'd given us a square deal they'd have had enough hay. As it is they'll either have to sell two of their cows or find forage elsewhere. At that, we weren't robbing and burning and murdering."

"Have you heard," someone said, "what happened in the village of Schleid? I believe that the division that preceded us had been a little indiscriminate in getting wood and forage; anyhow that is what the inhabitants say. When our ammunition train reached the village a group of fifteen or twenty discharged soldiers held a meeting and then sent a spokesman to the C. O. to inform him that our soldiers could not requisition wood and forage. How's that for crust? They'd probably seen a lot of easy good nature on the part of our soldiers and thought we were soft enough to stand for anything. Of course Major F—— dismissed the spokesman, called for the burgomaster, told him what wood and forage would be needed, stated where it was to be delivered and made arrangements to receipt for it. He likewise added that no German could come to him and state what the American troops could or could not have, that no civilian could speak with him directly and that all dealing must be through the burgomaster. He also ordered that no meetings should be held and that if more than ten civilians congregated they should be dispersed by armed guards. But can you beat that for an exhibition of German nerve? Wouldn't you think they'd have remembered what they'd done by way of requisition in Belgium and France? What would have happened to a group of French and Belgians who ventured to tell a German major what he might or might not requisition?"

"At that," cut in another officer, "I shouldn't say they'd forgotten what happened in Belgium and France. When Captain G—— took possession of his billet he found himself quartered upon a woman who spoke a little English. So, though he speaks German, he addressed her in English. On the table in his sitting room was a pile of German books. He told her to take them away and she pretended that she did not understand him. Two ex-soldiers, Germans, were standing by. One of them said to the woman: 'That officer looks as if he meant business. You'd better take out the books. When we were in France if books were in our way we didn't ask to have them removed. We threw them out of the window and set fire to them.'"

### *A Scornful Beauty*

Just then the daughter of the house entered the room on an errand, a radiant-faced girl whose body expressed a world of vitality. As she passed the colonel's chair she said something in German; not understanding, he asked her in French what she had said.

"I don't understand French," she said, and dropped her glowing eyes, but not before we had seen in them a look of detestation. Presently she prepared to depart by another door. The lieutenant who sat nearest it opened it for her. Upon him as his head turned away she cast a look of wondering scorn.

"There you are!" someone said.

Hereupon followed a renewed discussion of the German attitude, typical enough to have been duplicated at a dozen dinner tables that night or any night. For this subject enthralls us all more than any other subject except one—the date of our return home.

"Not all Germans are like this," said the war correspondent, whose grandparents were German; "I grant you that the people in this house are no more obliging than they think they must be. All I have by way of washing facilities is a bowl, though I've repeatedly made requests. I stood by my window for five minutes this morning waiting for my host to come along so I could dump the water on his head. But on the other hand look at the way the people in my last billet treated me—served me coffee every afternoon, fussed over me if I was sick, found out what I needed before I knew it myself. Once when I managed to find some eggs for Frau P—— and brought them to her unmistakably as a gift she used them all to make a cake for me. She had three sons in the war and I've met them all. I believe with these people it's a case of feeling that the war is over and let's have a new deal all round."

"I want to testify," said a visiting colonel, "that I have had nothing but courtesy from the people upon whom I am billeted. They have given me the best rooms in the house, invited me to dine, offered me wine, left plates of fruit and nuts on my tables. Nothing could be more friendly and less servile than their attitude."

"Yes, and it's not only officers," put in the war correspondent. "I know two orderlies who have a suite of three rooms—bath, bedroom and sitting room. They just went out and found them and asked for them and got them. They have fruit and nuts pressed on them too. You can't deny that a lot of these people are doing their best to be friendly."

His eye fell on me. I could remember enough offered kindness from little Frau Schmidt. That very day when I had been trying to buy something in a shop and had been unable to think of the German noun I needed and had missed fire with gestures, someone had run to fetch an old German woman who spoke French. Finding that the shop lacked what I wanted she

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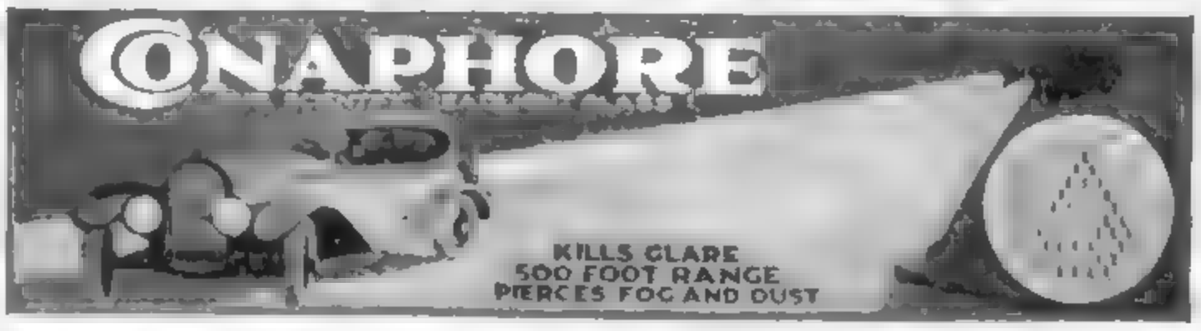


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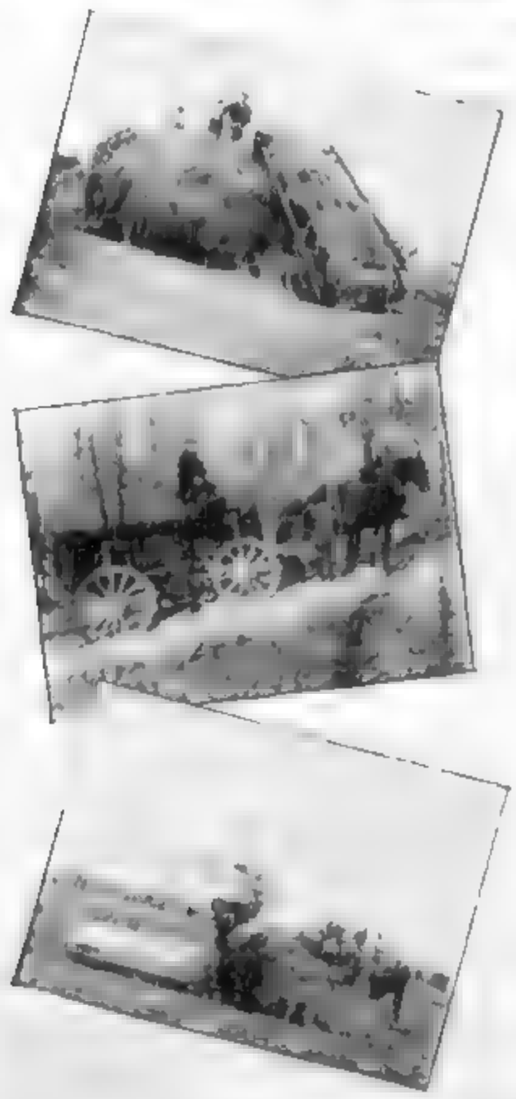

IT WAS in far-off 1849, the time of the prairie schooner and the reaping-cradle, that John Lucas began the manufacture of paint in an old grist-mill.

The years since have been packed with the romance of American progress—the advent of the railroads, the wonderful pageantry of farm machinery, and the peopling of the prairies.

One of the great unsung heroes of this progress has been good paint—*Lucas Paint*. It has clothed farm machinery—aggregating millions of dollars in value—against the enemies of weather, mildew and rust. It has been the great life insurance for a mighty army of reapers, mowers, tractors and wagons.

As a result of seventy years' experience and thousands of practical tests—in the laboratory, in the paint factory, and out in the field, *John Lucas & Company* have perfected and have long been furnishing farm implement manufacturers with a line of quality products *purposely made for every paint purpose*.

The rapidly growing demand for all kinds of farm machinery, the need for increased volume, have urged the employment of more efficient and economical methods of applying paint. There is a *Lucas Paint* product *purposely made for every purpose*—for the manufacturer who turns out a hundred thousand implements, or for the farmer who paints a tractor or a plow.

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## *Purposely Made For Every Purpose*


offered to escort me to another shop. She insisted on walking behind me, that elderly gentlewoman, so that I should not seem to be fraternizing with her. I am sure there couldn't have been much to choose between us as to distress of mind. As the correspondent kept his eyes fixed on mine I remembered the Germans I had known and loved in the United States, fine-natured people, good citizens—up to 1914. I recalled the ideals I had imbibed of the German people from reading of them as they were eighty years or so ago, in the writings of Goethe and Schiller. I could think of all this without forgetting my five cousins dead on the field of honor, and my many friends, and the wounded soldiers I have cared for in the hospitals at Château-Thierry and in the aid stations during the Argonne drive. I have seen men I knew and cared for die in agony of body or of mind; I have walked over battlefields and seen our soldiers who had paid the supreme price only a few hours before. But we must begin over.

I lost a little of the table discussion just then because of a series of pictures in the cathedral square beneath my window; they poured into my vision. I heard the cathedral bell at six o'clock; I listened to the clatter of the wooden-soled shoes of the people going to early mass—for this is a Catholic country, this Rhineland; I saw them coming out of the cathedral at a little before seven in the gray of the morning, men and women in cloaks and capes, the women bareheaded, a darkling twilit picture; I saw the mothers and children going to the seven-o'clock mass; I looked down on the little children at eight o'clock, playing in the square, waiting for the school bell to ring. And then at intervals all day long the German civilians going about their business, singly or in couples or groups, giving the American soldiers plenty of elbow-room, not speaking to them unless spoken to. Sad faces, bitter faces, hateful faces, lowering or defiant faces—but never a happy face unless it was that of a child. Now and then a cascade of childish laughter rippled across the square—some little one that would bear forever a burden of taxes on its shoulders. War, whatever one's deserts, is a bitter, bitter thing. When I came to, the correspondent was again speaking:

"Don't you suppose that when the Germans are wounded they suffer as much as we do? That their women feel as bad as our own do when their men are killed? These people are like any other except for their military system. It's the system."

### *From Bullying to Bootlicking*

"Just so," said the extremist among us; "you can't impose a military system based on the doctrine of force on a people for forty years without its having its effect on their character. It's firm in the blood and bones of these people that might makes right and that to use a base means for what they consider a worthy end is absolutely justifiable. Those who can think will tell you that it is a fundamental governmental fact that everything is founded upon force. Those who can't think feel that way anyhow. For all this talk about a new democratic government they'll never get away from that notion of force being a determining factor. I grant you that they love their fatherland and their families—these large families of children; but they're German children. They can go and dash out the brains of Belgian and French children; they can violate every sacred national feeling of the French and the Belgians.

"Deep down in their hearts they despise us because we are merciful to them. At the best they look upon the American troops as tourists with a large purchasing power which if properly exploited can yield a substantial income. At the worst they look upon us as enemies whom they are somehow going to best. Have any of you read what that unregenerate, unreconstructed Prussian official said in an interview with an intelligence officer? We found his frankness refreshing. He said that Germany looked upon the United States as a means to soften the peace terms, but did not think that the German people would in their hearts feel anything but contempt for the Americans for so being.

"But we're in their country and we have cut their claws. They can't beat us by force of arms, and now they are trying to beat us in another way. If any individuals among us allow them to bully us they will; and they'd prefer that, because, as I say, this force business is in their blood. They'll just translate this military system that makes for unscrupulous power into something else that will make for unscrupulous power. Most of them will try the bootlicking method. They want to get everything they can out of us, now and later, in personal gain and in trade for their country. They'd like to have our particular friendship, to lure us away from our Allies if they could. Already skillful propaganda is teaching them how to do that. They're a shrewd people, and as they know they're in a bad way they don't intend to waste any time in retrieving disaster."

"If that's true," someone said, "it's up to us to take them in this fluid state and impose the right ideals upon them if we can; and if we cannot—why, then they'll have to sit out in the cold."

So much for a handful of typical experiences and opinions. With the usual exceptions the Germans have risen rather well to this trying occasion. We must allow a certain amount of indulgence to harassed nerves, grief, disappointment, shattered pride, a sense of national betrayal; and we must take into account the crying national faults. Picture these people among whom we have come told suddenly that the war had gone against them. Rushing through the lovely country came troops frantic with fear that they would be interned, leaving their horses and material as they went, taking food and forage from the inhabitants, sometimes without paying for it, particularly the S. O. S. troops, who retreated in most disorderly fashion. As a result of this retreat the combat troops that followed had insufficient supplies, and were also forced to live on the country.

"You can imagine," said a Rhineland farmer whose forage and food they had taken, "what we feared from the American troops since some of our own had acted like invaders, treated us like conquered aliens. We stayed in our houses at first; we knew what was possible. Besides, our soldiers as they passed had said that the American soldiers were lion fighters and devils."

### *A Docile Population*

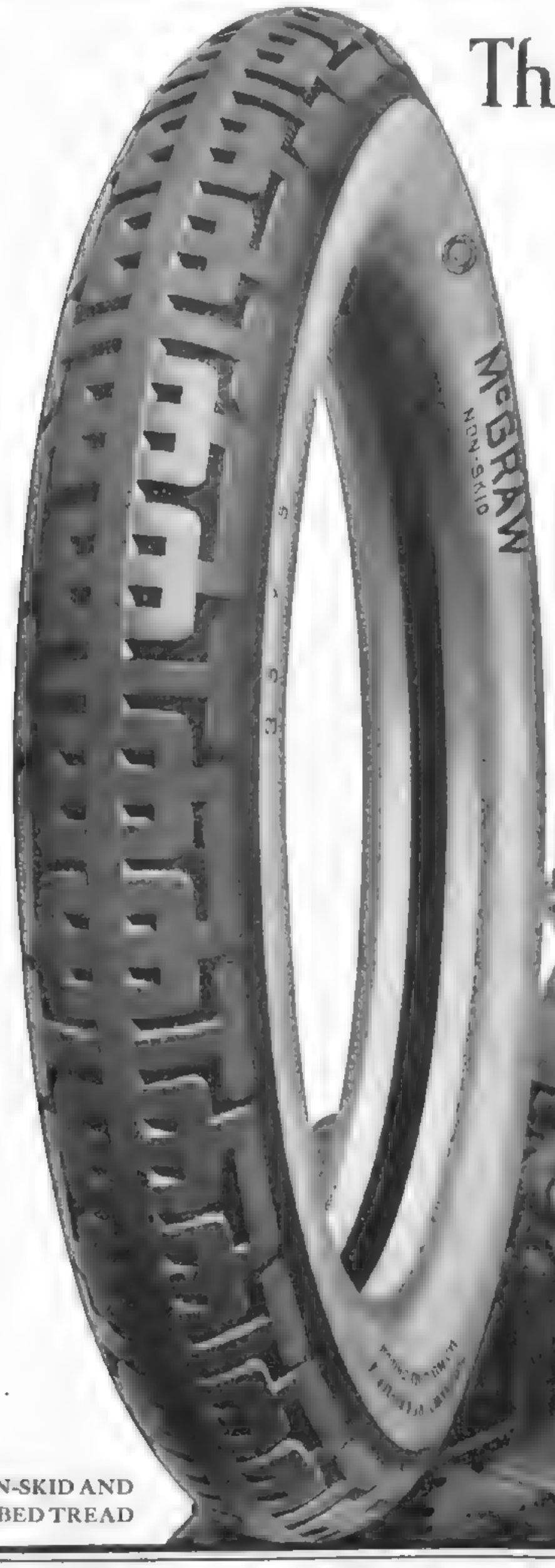
The Germans have come out of their houses now and are testing us, are seeing what they can do through us. They intend to keep the terms of the armistice. The lieutenant of the Rhine and other ruling officers who enforce our government, when they meet our military governors in conference, say in effect:

"Tell us what you want done and it shall be absolutely carried out."

The main national concern of these civil governors seems to be that the banks shall run normally and that the food situation shall be taken care of. But rising above that is the determination to enforce our laws. The civilians in general show the same docility. They may have been given orders as to the particular type of friendliness a majority of them show—though there is much uncertainty in Germany now as to who has the right to give orders. They may be influenced by indirect subtle propaganda. If any axiom is obvious it is that it is impossible to generalize very far about a whole nation if that nation is in the moral making. It is as futile as it is to generalize successfully about women. Allowing for the fact that most of the Prussians and the Junkers of every province and the military caste either hate or despise us, or both, among the other Germans there are about as many differences in attitudes as we might expect to find in a people who have been accustomed to look upon the United States almost as a colony, and who for prudential reasons prefer the people of the United States to the French or English. The people in the region where we are express their thankfulness that it is we and not their other enemies who are here. I might add that a day or two ago when I was in Bonn, which is held by the Canadian troops, various officers and men told me that the Germans had said to them that they were glad it was the Canadians who were occupying their city and not the English or Americans or French!

Toward the English especially they show great bitterness of spirit. If they can discern any sign of friction between the Americans and English or the French and English, or any sign of conflict of interests, they seize upon this and try to make it appear as a token that by nature the Americans were really intended to be more friendly to them than to other nations.

*(Concluded on Page 60)*

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NON-SKID AND RIBBED TREAD

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# McGRAW TIRES

That We May Ride In Comfort

(Concluded from Page 58)

After they have begun more or less freely to discuss the war with us the sort of comment they make can be put roughly into three classes.

One type of German will say: "We never wanted the war. If the people of Belgium and France were ill used we did not know it. We thought we were undertaking a war of defense; that was what we were taught. We, the German people, have never held a brief for unnecessary cruelty."

Another will say—and this usually an officer, Prussian or non-Prussian: "The German people fully understand how civilians were treated in Belgium and France, and they will not afford you the excuse or opportunity to treat them in the same way here. . . . You need not expect any trouble whatever from the German population here because they realize that might is against them and they can do nothing."

Still another: "I can't understand why the Germans in the United States could come into this war or why they did not do more to keep that country from entering it. Nearly every family in Germany has friends or relatives in the United States."

### The Classes of Opinion

At the dinner table of which I spoke we divided the Germans of the hour into three classes, the first of which was the Prussians, which may be used as a loose term for the ruling class, for people who have been shrewd enough to see that the highest profit for themselves would come from the autocratic system of government. Another class was what one of the captains dubbed the squareheads—the sort of Germans we had seen dead on the battlefields or marching through France as prisoners. They have a shape of head that one scarcely ever sees among the Germans in the United States. They are people who think almost not at all; the dull obedient people who believe what they are told, do as they are told, die bravely when so ordered; the human automatons on whom the autocratic party has built its power. The third class is a new up-springing group drawn from both these others. They are akin to the people who came to the United States with Carl Schurz because they wanted a more liberal government than was possible in their Fatherland. They are like the people Goethe and Schiller wrote about—people with aspirations and ideals that are really ethical. Those of this group who belonged to the autocratic classes are giving expression now to the democratic ideals that their hearts and consciences have perhaps long dictated. Those who belonged to the squareheads, the shackled class, have thrown off the shackles, have begun to think for themselves, are groping for the ideals by which they and their nation can truly live. And of this third democratic group are the ones who will look to the United States in the right way for the right kind of help.

Individuals of the first dominating class when interviewed sometimes show a disconcerting moral obtuseness. They justify submarine warfare on the score that it was the only method Germany had of combating England's blockade, which was causing suffering among the civilians. As to the sinking of unarmed and unescorted passenger ships, such as the Lusitania, they assert that these were armed. They say that gas was as legitimate a weapon as cannon, since the end in view was to eliminate enemies. They make the old excuse for the conduct of their armies in France and Belgium. Even when they admit that the treatment of these hapless civilians was too severe they say—as if that ended the matter—that orders came from the highest authority and had to be obeyed. In fact, they consider all that was done as justifiable, and they do not see why anyone should dislike them or despise them or expect from them any change of heart. All they did that was wrong, they think, was failing to win; they consider that they have a moral advantage of England in not being hypocritical, for England, they say, if she had got to Belgium first under the same circumstances, would have walked across it precisely as the Germans did.

Accompanying this attitude is usually a rooted conviction that Germany is unbeaten. Many of the people who put up the banners reading "Welcome to our undefeated soldiers" actually believed what they said.

"The German Armies are not conquered," a Prussian officer said to me. "Simply, we are suffering from a diplomatic blunder—the blunder of having allowed the United States to enter the war. But we are undefeated."

Said a woman to me to-day: "Will your President visit Germany?"

That recalls a rumor current here a few days ago that Herr Ebert and Herr Kuftner intended to ask our President to visit Germany. The Echo de Paris on the tenth or eleventh of December published a statement purporting to come by wireless from President Wilson, then on shipboard, in which he said that long years of penitence would be necessary for Germany if she were to redeem her crimes and give proof of her sincerity, and that no American who was a true American would think of going to Germany at present if not obliged to by purely official considerations, and that in consequence he would decline all such suggestions.

For all the docile conduct of the Germans we can take it for granted that we Americans are pretty thoroughly hated by the higher military authorities. The two criticisms that they make most frequently against us are that we entered the war to make money and that our soldiers are undisciplined—from the German standpoint. The other day two or three of us passed on a country road a twelve-year-old boy who yelled after us that we were dollar-loving Americans who had entered the war for the sake of money. We did not bayonet him, but we did retain him by his fat young arm while the man of the party said, in effect: "Where do you get that stuff?" The boy said that he had been taught it in school.

A day or two later a hot-headed young lady from Prussia, the daughter of an officer of high rank, accused us of having entered the war from purely mercenary reasons and said that if we were paid enough we'd let Germany alone. German industry, she prophesied, would soon recover and provide enough money to satisfy even us, and then Germany in a few years would be free to fight the French again. Her views were doubtless reflected from her father's.

### How Little They Understand

Finally, a schoolmaster, thoroughly educated from the German standpoint, in saying various propitiatory things about Americans, such as that they were practically the only friends Germany had to-day, slipped in this remark:

"The fact that America came into the war to protect the money she invested in it causes a feeling among the German people that President Wilson will soften the peace terms and prevent this country from being entirely ruined."

The third class of Germans—the new group that is learning to think—is more inclined to judge us generously on the money question. But on the military side many even of them are scarcely inclined to look upon our men as a real army—at least, not in the German sense of the word. They know how well our men can fight, and yet they are inclined to regard them as civilians in uniform. Possibly this is because our soldiers cannot be brutal or even harsh without cause. One Prussian official—a good example of the thoroughly trained, technically efficient administrative staff of Germany—relieved his feelings by telling us his exact impression of our Army:

"The American Army seems to me as fine a collection of individual physical specimens as I have ever seen, but from the standpoint of military discipline it is a mob, pure and simple. The men appear slovenly; the officers do not stand out from the men in appearance as they do in any European army. All seem to allow themselves to be victimized in prices. They seem to have no conception of the fact that we are their enemies and deep down in our hearts we hate each and every one of them."

Cruel and unusual treatment, this opinion, especially in view of our many inspections. This Herr could never understand us; he could never appreciate the spirit of camaraderie that can exist under certain conditions between officers and men without any overthrow of discipline. He could never have savored the value of a story a certain genial major told us the other day of his orderly, a boy of his own social class, whom he has known from babyhood.

"The other evening I felt chilly," the major narrated, "and so I called Osborne and said: 'Osborne, do you think you could find a brick somewhere and heat it and put it in my bed to-night?'

"Well, maybe Osborne saw a long procession of winter nights and himself engaged in hunting and heating bricks, for what he said was: 'Major, I wouldn't advise you to have that hot brick at your feet. It's a damn bad habit to get into.'"

In public this orderly shows his major the most meticulous respect. He would die for him, and certainly the major would risk his life for the boy. Such an incident, if rightly read, shows a tendency on the part of the man of higher rank to let his subordinate's individuality develop unhampered. But no Prussian and few Germans could possibly understand such relations.

But if even some of the most enlightened Germans, those of the new third class, have their reservations toward our soldiers from the military standpoint, toward the system that has given rise to this standpoint they show the most vigorous reaction. Many an ex-soldier who four years ago was of the unthinking squarehead type, obedient to Prussianism and to the government, has become educated, through his suffering at the Front, into knowledge, into reflectiveness. Such men not only say that peace is preferable, whatever it costs Germany, to any further war, but many of them also assert that a victory for Germany would have been worse than her present defeat.

### A Typical Statement

The following is a typical statement of how the truth about the war came to the average soldier:

"When we soldiers first began to fight we understood that the future of Germany was at stake and that we were undertaking a war of defense. We were told that the enemies of Germany were jealous of our success in the commercial world both at home and abroad; that these enemies were endeavoring to oppress the Fatherland; and as proof of this Russia had mobilized for months prior to the declaration of war. After almost two years our opinions began to waver and change. We began to wonder if we had not been deceived and betrayed; to doubt if the causes of war enumerated by Germany really existed. The civilians felt the pinch of war in regard to food and clothing and were impatient because the victory which they had been assured of did not materialize. Toward the end of 1916 and early in 1917 the people wanted a peace that would save Alsace-Lorraine for them, but Ludendorff, who was then in power, would have no such peace. He spread propaganda to the effect that the Allies were weakening and would soon sue for peace; that they were so weak that they were doing their utmost to get America into the war, but that Germany would never allow her to get in.

"When America became an ally the people and soldiers lost heart. The morale began to weaken. Men refused to fight.

"Toward June and July, 1918, the soldiers grew more courageous and began to threaten the lives of their officers. In some instances fatalities resulted. In September the men refused to fight at all, and in October, when Turkey and Bulgaria collapsed, the men realized the end was near and began to desert and do everything in their power to hasten the end. When the armistice was signed thousands of men threw away their arms and left in great disorder. In many instances officers were forced out by the men's electing one from their own ranks to lead them. Now that the fighting is over, the people and soldiers realize that if peace had been made two years ago—before Ludendorff came into power—the Germans would have retained Alsace-Lorraine, and this would have meant the employment of more than two million men on account of the many industries and factories there."

The strong, fastened hatred of Prussia will naturally have a vital effect on future German politics. To Americans, used to the lively discussion of local and national politics, it has been astonishing to discover how little interest the people of the Rhineland took in politics before the war.

"No, we didn't talk much about politics and government," one farmer said to me; "and we see our mistake now. We were comfortable; our sick and old and poor were well taken care of; everything was arranged for us. We paid the obedience exacted and we did not try to think for ourselves. As a result Prussia dominated us and made the war and brought us to this pass. It is our punishment for plodding along the road with our eyes blindfolded."

Now the people of the third new party are beginning to think about politics. They are deeply concerned over the public debt, and they speculate quite as much about the amount of taxes they will have to pay as they do about the kind of government they will ultimately have. Here in the Rhineland many of the men and women—for women can vote now—have had to conduct their thinking almost uninfluenced by the press, because newspapers are so hard to come by. But they follow with eagerness whatever news they can get of the proceedings of the Soldiers' and Workmen's Council, of the Independent Socialist Party and of the Majority Socialist Party, and even of the Spartacus group. They are inclined toward a democratic rather than a socialistic state. Radicalism has not spread very much in the smaller towns and can have little or no influence in Southern Germany. Of Bolshevism there appears to be little fear—unless Germany should fall short of food. There are alarmists who fear that the food will give out before spring, and that if such be the case, and if more fats are not somehow supplied, the Bolshevists may sweep all before them. Truly, the future of this country is on the knees of the gods.

The Simon-pure Prussian believes that Germany will finally emerge with a government almost as strongly centralized as the one with which it entered the war. The liberals hope to have a president. Many clamor for a pan-German republic. A general opinion is that Germany is likely to separate into a number of independent states with central representation, but without any strong central government. Everywhere is heard the demand for states rights. The new government would not be too expensive, for the military burden would undoubtedly be cut down and the German people would also be relieved of the support of an emperor, several kings, and a great number of princes and other nobility, all of whom in the past have received large amounts from the public funds.

### Germany's Lesson

One fear frequently expressed is that if Germany continues as one strongly centralized country the military power will again win full control and that conditions will be no better than they were before the war. Some would like the republic to be composed of the German states exclusive of Prussia. Others would make a division between the Southern German states and the Northern German states. But outside the leaders of the parties and their cliques public opinion is as yet hardly formed in any definite channel. The present feeling seems more agreed against certain ideas, such as Prussianism and socialism, than in favor of any particular course except republicanism.

The Rhineland people are more interested in their own situation than in the politics of the country at large. Some have gone so far as to say that they would rather be under French or even under English rule than under Prussian. They would like to become an independent state, but do not know to whom to apply for protection, being sure that if their territory were put under the French Government this would only lead to another war with Germany. Some like the idea of a protectorate under a German confederation. Some propose a separation from the Rhinebund. Their idea is to establish a Zollverein to include Alsace-Lorraine, Luxemburg and possibly Belgium. Others would like to see a union between the Rhineland and Westphalia, believing that the two states thus united would be the strongest in Germany, especially as Westphalia is the richest manufacturing district in the whole country.

Whatever the future brings, if any country is now in the making that country is Germany. If ever a country had the opportunity to rise to the best sort of ideals it is Germany. From her own viewpoint Germany is down at the bottom of a deep abyss, and, looking far up, she can see that sunshine she longs to reach. Not yet has she given up her ideal of a place in the sun; she will never give it up. But before she takes a step upward she must understand the nature and force of our national character, and she must accept the Allies' interpretation of her place in the sun. That granted, we and Germany may proceed to make what spiritual capital we can of our losses, may build toward that Utopia—a world in which war is not possible.

*A photograph made in 1840, of Miss Dorothy Catherine Draper, by her brother, Professor John William Draper, M. D., LL. D Now in the collection of Sir William John Herschel*

# *The First Portrait Photograph*

In 1827, J. N. Niépce exhibited to the Royal Society photographs of still objects, which he had succeeded, after years of effort, in making with six-hour exposures. Twelve years later Daguerre had reduced the timing of landscape pictures to half an hour. But in 1840 an American, Professor John William Draper, made the first camera portrait in the remarkable time of six minutes. To insure the best possible lighting, Professor Draper's sister chalked her face and in the glaring sunshine posed for him on the roof of the old University of the City of New York in Washington Square.

No one "poses" six minutes today, or six seconds. Speed of mechanism and sensitiveness of plate and film have freed photography from its old-time handicaps. The newer portraiture depicts true personality, because the camera's action is swifter than the subtle changes of facial expression, and the photographer catches, in the flick of a silent shutter, even the play of a passing mood which pleases or disturbs.

Thus photography, through nearly a century of tireless research, has traveled far along the road to perfection, in portraiture as well as in other fields of achievement. And during the last thirty years, the Eastman Kodak Company, with an increasing sense of service, has brought to light in its great laboratories many of the inventions and processes most vital to photography's usefulness.

# THE ELECTRIC STORAGE BATTERY CO.

## "There is a difference in Starting Batteries-

and that difference is the big difference between true dependability and the 'maybe' sort of service.

"To give real satisfaction your battery must first of all afford a 100% combination of adequate power and durability. To build an automobile battery that is simply *powerful* is not difficult—no more so than to create one with the sole object of *durability* in view. But to combine both these features in compact, practical form is a real feat of storage battery engineering. In the

## "Exide" Starting & Lighting Battery

power and durability are perfectly balanced. The makers of the "Exide" *know*. For thirty years, in the largest battery works in the country, sir, they have been making batteries for all purposes; for thirty years they have been gathering practical experience—and this experience which is built into every "Exide" Battery is the real foundation of "Exide" quality.

"Long years of road work under all sorts of conditions have demonstrated "Exide" reliability.

"And backing up the quality built into the "Exide" Battery is nation-wide "Exide" Service. All over the country you will find "Exide" Distributors, like myself, whose business it is to see that every "Exide" owner is getting the absolute best from his battery. There is an "Exide" made for *every* model of car.

"If every motorist would submit his battery problem to the "Exide" Distributor near him, as you have done, sir, he would find, like you, that "Exide" quality backed by "Exide" Service is the answer.

"I sell the "Exide" because I *know* what the "Exide" will do. I offer "Exide" Service to my customers because I know how much a *real* service will do toward eliminating their battery worries.

"As convincing evidence of the inherent quality of all batteries built by the maker of the "Exide", I would like to show you a letter and give you one of the booklets, both relating to war work done by The E. S. B. Co., sent me a few days ago from the Home Office. It is a *fact*, sir, that during the big struggle the U. S. Government, for its battery requirements, both on sea and land, used in vast quantities, the "Exide", as well as other batteries made by The Electric Storage Battery Company."

*ANY "Exide" Distributor will show YOU a copy of this letter. He will also give you one of the booklets. It cannot fail to interest you.*

## THE ELECTRIC STORAGE BATTERY CO.

The oldest and largest makers of storage batteries in the world

1888 PHILADELPHIA, PA. 1919

New York Boston Chicago Pittsburgh Washington Minneapolis Denver Kansas City San Francisco Detroit St. Louis Rochester Cleveland Toronto Atlanta

"Exide", "Hycap-Exide", "Ironclad-Exide", "Thin-Exide", "Chloride Accumulator", "Tudor Accumulator"

*Batteries are made by this Company for every storage battery purpose*

LOOK FOR THIS SIGN

THE ELECTRIC STORAGE BATTERY CO

# QUI VIVE? FRANCE!

(Continued from Page 9)

the city a fine. The Apaches had returned from the Front and set up as chauffeurs. Their favorite pastime was squashing careless citizens under their machines. If you didn't desire to be squashed you stayed at home and went to bed.

But one night over in the Tuileries Garden through the leafless trees appeared a strange lurid light. Belated citizens hurrying home about ten o'clock beheld that unwonted illumination and stopped and stared. The Gothas and Big Berthas had long since ceased their incidental massacres, but nevertheless all the streets were as dark as a well. What could such a breach of discipline mean?

"What is it?" demanded one curious pedestrian of another, peering through the high barred gate of the gardens. "They're hauling something."

"Maybe," suggested the other, "it's to celebrate the capture of Lille."

"Lille? Have we taken Lille? My God - and I've not seen my wife and my child for four years!" He was off like a flash to a newsstand to see if the news was true.

The next night the flare extended and lit up the spaces of the Place de la Concorde. And now all the world went out to see. They found companies of soldiers tugging heavy guns here and there. The Place of Peace bristled with terrible engines of discord. There were guns of all calibers and models—big guns, little guns, new guns, ancient guns; formidable cannon, gigantic, menacing, their heavy snouts upturned to the sky. Beside these big monsters, looking like opera glasses, were the trim slim Hun 77's. To complete the impression that these machines of destruction were simply optical instruments, sightseers were squinting down the long smooth bores, fingering levers and nodding their heads importantly as they explained the functioning to their wives. These, of course, were civilians who had never been farther than the city fortifications; but from the familiarity with which they ran their hands over the metal or worked the winches one would have thought that they had spent all their lives in command of a battery.

### *Violets for Lille*

"*Maman,*" piped up a shrill baby voice from the crowd. "I want one of those nice big *joujous* of iron to take home with me." It was a tot about the height of a 155 shell, her head atumble with shining gold curls, her eyes alight with joy. She was leaning far out of her soldier father's arms to caress with dainty fingers the monster cannon. "It's a nice *joujou*. Can I take it home to play with, *maman?*"

"No, my little *cocotte,*" said the mother gravely. "It's a bad *joujou*. It's a *joujou* of death." She sighed and her eyes sought the fresh mourning band on her husband's blue sleeve.

Meantime the square was fast filling with rank on rank of cannon, mitrailleuses, trench mortars and Austrian 88's. High up on the parapet of the Tuileries overlooking the square they had perched a row of enemy avions, which with their shrapnel-torn wings, their smashed propellers and broken noses resembled huge tattered moths in a display case. A little farther off a giant mottled tank was being trundled into place. Behind it tangled in mooring ropes lay a great observation balloon, looking, with its thick brown leathery hide, like some monstrous undersea mollusk.

The arc lights, from the globes of which only a part of the protective coat of blue paint had been removed, cast a fantastic green-blue glare over the scene. Viewed thus at night the collection was weird, grotesque, stupendous. The spotted trench mortars, like huge squatting toads, and those vast tattered moths perched up on high seemed like nothing real but rather inmates of some ghastly menagerie in a nightmare of horror. But if it was a nightmare it was a nightmare that was soon to end, for all these trophies had been shipped down to Paris to show civilians behind the lines that victory was indeed at hand, close as those very cannon. So the crowds laughed and chatted; the soldiers growled and cursed, for it was late and the people got in their way; and the *agents de police* stalked to and fro and remonstrated with the crowds: "Come now—go home. These cannon are not going to run away!"

But who wants to go home with victory just round the corner? So the cheerful populace rambled about, and more and more cannon appeared. They overflowed the square and lined the Champs Elysées as far up as the Bridge Alexander III.

About the statue of Lille the crowds were densest. The noble stone lady was decked with flags and smothered in flowers. A magnificent floral offering from the British Ambassador lay across her knees. Her arms held royal wreaths from Italy, America, France. And all about the pedestal were heaped scores of humble private gifts.

I bent down to look at the card attached to one of these. It was a bunch of withered violets such as one buys for a few sous. And the card pinned to it was nothing but a soiled leaf torn from a cheap notebook. Scribbled roughly across it in pencil were the words: "From a man and a woman of Lille." The *agent de police* standing by obligingly recounted the little episode behind the gift, which he himself had witnessed in the square: It was early morning. A worker in his white smock was hurrying along under the arcades of the Rue de Rivoli facing the square when his eye caught the heavy black headlines of the morning paper displayed on a newsvender's chest: "Lille Delivered!" The worker started as if he had been shot. He himself was a Lillois.

He bought a paper and walked on, absorbed, his eyes glued to the page. Presently, still reading, he stumbled off the curb and bumped into a flower cart heaped high with violets, carnations and yellow mimosa—a dewy, fragrant lot. Mister Citizen of Lille eyed the cart, eyed his paper, and then glanced out into the square. He was exactly opposite the statue of his native city. The lady was still in crape. As yet no royal offerings from Allied nations lay across her knees. Messieurs the ambassadors were not yet out of bed. Mister Lillois had the entire field of initiative to himself. He stuck a hand into his pocket and brought forth a handful of sous.

"*Bonjour, ma brave femme.* How much are these violets here?" He indicated a gorgeous bunch of Parma violets, glittering with diamond points of dew.

"One hundred little sous, *mon rieux,*" replied tranquilly the bright-eyed little old Mother Bunch who kept the stand.

Now one hundred little sous is the peasant's nom de plume for five francs; and at mention of that stiff sum the worker dropped his jaw.

"Do you think, then," he ejaculated, "I'm stuffed with gold like these *Américains?*"

"Life is hard and violets are dear. Here!" She gathered up a modest bunch of single violets, shook off the dew and held them under his nose. "There you are, old boy."

"How much?"

"Twenty sous."

The worker looked dubiously at the coins in his hand. "You see, mother," he explained, "my wife gives me just so much for my *déjeuner* and a beer; and if I buy these I don't know what I shall eat."

"That's easy. Don't buy."

"But I wanted to put a little gift on the statue of Lille. You see, I come from Lille."

"What! You are a Lillois? Me too. I am a Lilloise. Look! I have an idea. We shall make the little gift together—ten sous for you and ten sous for me. *Voilà, mon rieux!* That leaves you money enough for your dinner, but you'll have to get along without your beer."

### *Lonesome Strasburg*

And so it was arranged. The workman tore a leaf out of his *carnet;* the old flower woman contributed a pin; and then the two sallied over and deposited their modest gift.

Later that same morning in luxurious limousines bedecked with flags came ambassadors bearing magnificent floral tributes purchased at de-luxe shops; came diplomats and high potentates bearing wreaths and flags to do honor to this proud queen of cities who had once more come into her own. Soon the stately monument was buried under the fragrant flood. But of all the gifts on that triumphant day I can guess which one that queen of cities loved the best!

That evening two doughboys making the rounds paused before the statue of Lille, draped in banners, brilliant with lights, then they glanced over to the sister statue, desolate, unadorned, garlanded in crape.

"That old girl looks kind of lonesome," said one. "Let's see who she is." They crossed to her side. "It's Strasburg, by gosh! That's why she's still in mourning—do you see? Well, old girl, you'll take off that crape pretty soon." His eye caught the inscription underneath. "Wait a second," he said to his companion. "Hold a match. I'd like to see what they've written here." By the tiny flickering blaze he laboriously spelled it out: "'*Qui vive?*' That's dead easy. . . . 'France!' . . . Well, I get that *toot sweet.* . . . '*Quand même!*' . . . That stumps me; and still I kind of sense it: 'Who's a live wire? France! You bet!'"

The days that followed, nonofficial holidays full of parades, Victory Loan campaigns, and constant talk of the probabilities of peace, found the Place de la Concorde always the center of interest. Tens of thousands came and went. To see grave middle-aged men wandering among the guns or children riding astride them: to see the massive sculptured beauty of the square at night lit up by innumerable yellow globes while all the rest of the city lay in Cimmerian darkness, to see the big round harvest moon sailing

(Continued on Page 65)

Crowds Collected in the Place de la Concorde to Witness the Wilson Parade

How Can I Earn Some Money?
In These Days of Readjustment
How can I, a woman absolutely without previous experience, earn the money necessary to the welfare and happiness
tunity to thousands of women. They are now engaged in a pleasant, dignified and profitable business, as our representatives, selling
World's Star
Hosiery and Gloves Knit
Underwear
to their friends and neighbors. As we have
More Than 17,000 Women Helped
how easy it
Star Money Maker
WORLD'S STAR KNITTING CO.
DEPT. 321
Over 34 Years in Business

# Tires for Mileage with Minimum of Trouble

*In these days of industrial activity, automobilists using their cars for travel and business purposes, cannot afford to lose valuable time by tire troubles.*

*QUAKER Tires, by reason of their construction, reduce to a minimum the possibility of such vexatious delays. That QUAKER Tires give Mileage is also due to their construction. Because of these facts, QUAKERS have long been popularly known as the* ***"Miles Cheaper"*** *Tires.*

## Adjustment Guarantee 5000 Miles

Whether you are a business man or a tourist, you owe it to yourself to give these tires a thorough trial. The simplest and only convincing way is to place QUAKERS upon your car and permit your speedometer and yourself to be the judges as to service.

***Dealers in all cities and important towns***

*Applications for representation will be considered from territories where there are no QUAKER Dealers.*

# QUAKER CITY RUBBER COMPANY

***More than 30 years in the Mechanical Rubber Goods Business.***

| PHILADELPHIA | CHICAGO | PITTSBURGH | NEW YORK |
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| 629 Market Street | 182 West Lake Street | 211 Wood Street | 53 Murray Street |

(Continued from Page 63)

overhead along toward midnight with no hideous sirens to shriek out their warnings and no antiaircraft to set up their infernal din—to see all this was to experience a thrill, half joyful, half afraid. For if those guns spelled anything at all they spelled that beautiful and terrible word—victory. And so you could see, morning, noon and night, during that month before the armistice, oldsters, youngsters, *civiles, militaires, mutilés,* comfortable papas and mammas, and romantic young lovers out in the square spelling into their heads the tremendous inner meaning of those guns.

That was the joyful part. The uneasy, unreal part of it resulted from the fact that it was all so unaccustomed, so strange. Paris was used to war. She was inured to sirens and the ghastly massacre of her citizens by night and by day. She was used to horrors and darkness, to horrible mutilations and pain. Accordingly when the illumination was first turned on in the square the city shrank a little, as a sick child shrinks before a strong light. And I heard numerous good solid citizens grumble that they did not like those big glaring lamps at all. They greatly preferred the dark!

So passed the weeks before the armistice. It was a period of unreality fraught with strain, with sadness at the thought of the bitter price our troops were paying up there north of Verdun. In Paris there was no definite belief or hope that the war would end soon. The armistice, therefore, came as a tremendous jolt. It is never so easy for those up close to the smoke and reek of battle, subject to all the depressions, the rumors, the half-truths which circulate free as air, to see so straight or so big as those removed from the game. Accordingly it is possible that America, distant, undistracted, visualized the early conclusion of the war much more clearly than did those who were jammed up hard and tight against it.

### *Stay-at-Home Oratory*

In addition, there was a certain element of those who wanted the war to go on; they wanted the war to go on until we invaded Germany and gave that nation a taste of the bitter medicine France had drunk so deeply for four years. These thirsters after vengeance, it was interesting to note, were nearly always elderly people, or politicians or enthusiasts in the rear who for one cause or another had never handled a gun. Never did I hear a mother or a wife or a soldier at the Front give utterance to these bloodthirsty sentiments. Among these latter, on the contrary—the burden bearers—one heard over and over again, expressed with a painful intensity that gripped the heart, the hope that hostilities would cease the first moment that was compatible with honor. Not one day, one hour, for vain aggression simply to make the enemy feel the scourge across his back. The French, never bloodthirsty by nature, were weary, soul-sick over the still copious outpouring of their best blood. They could scarcely look upon a poilu without a dimming of the eye.

This division of opinion—those on the inside, the sufferers, praying for it to cease, and those on the outside, the spectators, the enthusiasts wanting it to continue until exact scientific justice had been meted out—was apparent everywhere. One heard the arguments in the restaurants, in the cars, in the streets. Perhaps you sat opposite one of these outsiders at dinner, expounding, gesticulating, laying down the law. You listened attentively. You looked him over with care to discern which camp he was in. Where were his wounds, his service stripes or any revealing signs that he had offered his body on the firing line? Lacking, significantly lacking, any and all such signs. He was one of those temperamentally easy talkers who when it came to making words good leaned back and said graciously "Let George do it." He was, in short, the hero of the rear. He fought the battle of Paris.

But what burning after-dinner speeches he made! He could wring tears from the heart of a turnip—from anybody who had not actually been "up there." And perhaps at the end of his glowing words you glanced across and saw one of the opposite type—a soldier with an empty sleeve, a scarred face or a cane hooked to his chair, not moody but quiet, withdrawn into himself, his eyes leagues away.

### *What Ailed Our Army*

And if under cover of the applause which Mister Stay-at-Home's oratory always roused you addressed the soldier: "Well, what do you think about all that?" he ceased crumbling his bread, glanced up and said quietly, almost as if talking to himself: "France is—tired." Just that, and then he would drop off into silence, vague, unemphatic, and nobody paid him any attention because they were all listening eagerly to the orator, who with sobs in his voice was shouting what France would do to Germany when she got across the Rhine.

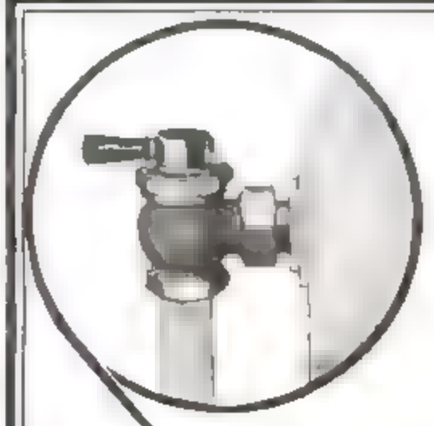
But neither of these two groups—nor any of us, in fact—believed that peace was near at hand. However much one might long for it, knowing the terrific struggle going on in those sodden forests to the north, there was nothing to do save shut that particular probability out of the mind and to combat the flying rumors of disaster, of military incompetence, which people loved to spread. In those final war days Paris was a vast whispering gallery. Everybody knew everything—and nobody knew anything at all. But how they loved to recount, embroider and exaggerate those tales of gloom! For my own amusement during those last weeks of war I kept a memorandum of all the things which according to the croakers ailed our American Army.

"Do you know we've absolutely no transportation up there in the Argonne?" an alarmist friend would burst in on me to say. "Good God, when I think of our boys up there!" Followed a hysterical indictment of the army chiefs.

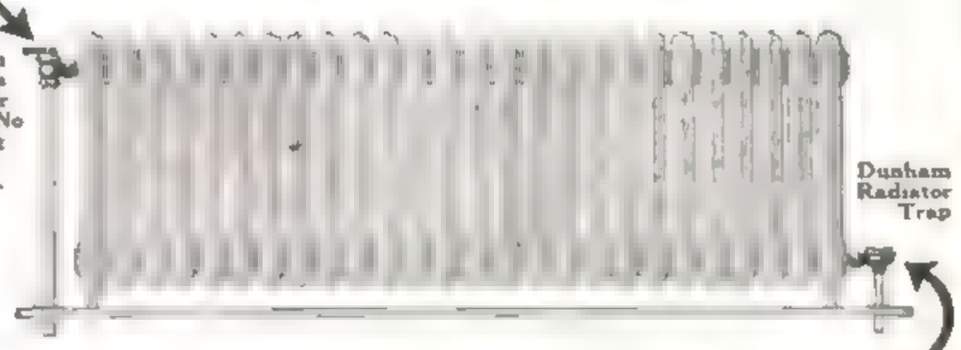
"Oh, I guess there's some transportation," I would protest.

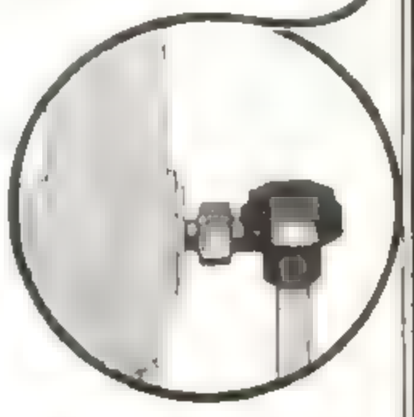
And I would soberly endeavor to describe the topography of the Argonne sector, which rendered transportation so

*Leaving the Hotel de Ville, Chaumont, G. H. Q., France*

# How does your heating system behave at these two points?



*There is no excuse for noisy, leaky, half-hot radiators. On existing steam heating systems they can be remedied, and in new systems prevented, by Dunham Heating Service—a many-sided service of equal value to home owners, steam heating contractors and managers of factories and office buildings.*

Water forms in a radiator as steam condenses and gives up its heat. This water must be removed as it forms—so must the air that collects. Otherwise the steam cannot circulate freely and give up its useful heat.

This fact was fully recognized in 1903 when Dunham Heating Service was perfected. This Service accomplishes what you may have thought impossible—it gives you a heating system in which every radiator heats up quickly without noise and without leaking water over everything. The steam enters through a Dunham Packless (therefore leakless) Radiator Valve, placed at the *top* of each radiator, and flows without interruption to the Dunham Radiator Trap which automatically removes the water (condensed steam) and air. There is no leakage of steam, consequently no waste of valuable heat.

New installations designed by Dunham Heating Service are complete in every respect. If you desire any particular make of boiler or radiator, we shall be glad to include them in the design, so that they will work in harmony. Inspection of the completed installation, supervision during the initial operating period, and inspection as requested thereafter, are other important features of Dunham Heating Service.

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*Noisy, half-hot radiators waste heat. They should be* DUNHAMIZED

Put your feet in these expert hands

# "Wizards" made *my* feet happy!

You, too, can get immediate relief from foot aches and pains—by wearing soft, featherlight, all-leather Wizards in your shoes. In each of your feet there are 26 delicately adjusted little bones.

**Callouses, fallen arches, run-over heels**

bunions, etc., all result from one or more of these little bones being in a strained position. The Wizard method relieves the strain by gently restoring the natural alignment of the bones. This is accomplished by patented over-lapping pockets, holding soft inserts, which can be adjusted to the exact requirements of your feet and your trouble. The immediate relief which Wizards bring, and the perfect comfort with which they can be worn from the first, is due to this patented principle. No metal is used. The principle is entirely unlike anything of this kind you may have ever seen or heard of.

There is a special type of Wizard for each kind of foot trouble, for every size foot, and for men, women and children. At shoe stores everywhere there are Wizard-trained experts who can fit you with the proper Wizard to give you immediate relief and can also give you expert service in fitting shoes. It will pay you to buy your shoes where you can get Wizard service.

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***Adjustable Foot Appliances***

Write for free illustrated book on the Wizard method of foot relief—also ask for names of Wizard dealers near you. Do this today. Make your feet happy.

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difficult and thus gave rise to the rumor. But nobody wanted cold facts. Morbid rumors were so much more luscious! That was Defect Number One—no transportation.

Defect Number Two: We had no air service; our aviators were a joke. Now American aviation in France has been rather a sore point. It has been the fashion for civilians to scoff at American planes: to mock at our aviators as snobbish young toffs in fur coats who deem themselves superior to other branches of the service; to deride the air organization and to demand ironically: "Where was Moses when the light went out? Where was the air service during such and such an attack?" As a matter of sober fact there has been no other branch of the Army in France which has had such tremendous obstacles to overcome—and has overcome them with such intelligence. Emerging from the breakdown in America, the department in the summer of 1918 was beginning to make good with a capital G. And this, despite all manner of handicaps, complications, scarcity of materials and army red tape.

This I knew. I knew the phase of chaos was past; that the phase of efficiency had begun. But to present this sober picture of prosaic actuality was to be met with an impatient: "Pooh! Statistics. Paper talk. Swivel-chair dope. I'll tell you one thing—there are no planes over the lines where the big fighting's going on. Our boys are being shot to pieces."

No use to tell them of our squadrons with their resolute young commanders, veterans who had aged ten years in a month, or their airmen who flew at all hours of the day and night, putting in two or three times as many hours a day as either the British or the French.

Then they took a whack at the artillery. Everybody knew, they said, that we had neither guns nor ammunition. And what we had was always stalled somewhere back on the road. After that came the question of clothes and food. Our men, they declared, were badly fed. They had no blankets up there in the woods, no overcoats, no sweaters. The Red Cross was no good. Who ever saw it up on the lines where it was really needed? The hospitals came in for their turn. There weren't enough. They were badly placed. The ambulance service was nil. Wounded men died on the field because there was nobody to carry them away.

Summing it all up we had, it seemed, neither artillery, air service, transportation, food, clothes nor hospital attention for our troops!

### *Sinister Distortions*

These and a thousand other rumors ran like wildfire about Paris in those somber days of sullen downpour before the armistice. And the worst of it was that, exaggerated as they were, these stories held a drop of bitter truth at their core. During that final grim tug of war I had occasion to travel extensively both in the advance zones and at the rear. I was in Tours, the center of that vast system of supplies and transportation; I was at Ramorantin, where all the American Liberty planes were assembled; I was in Colombey-les-Belles, the advanced zone air headquarters; at Chaumont, general headquarters; at Château-Thierry, Verdun and in the Argonne sector.

And everywhere I met the same grim phenomenon—strain, strain, strain. From the coast ports of Brest to the advance skirmish lines north of Verdun, from negro stevedores on the quays to major generals in their cars—men were toiling sixteen, twenty-four and thirty-six hours at a stretch to stoke that mighty engine of war. I heard tales of negroes, big black six-foot giants who fainted in their tracks after forty-eight steady hours of unloading ships; of runners up in the woods enduring frightful physical privations to get a message through; of traffic officers on congested roads reeling from their saddles from sheer exhaustion; of surgeons and nurses behind the lines working seventy-two hours without relief; of engineers and transportation chiefs who toiled straight through the days and nights. From front and rear, up and down the entire length and breadth of the war area came these tales of cruel exhaustion and savage strain; of lives snapping, men dropping, dying, going to pot under the terrific pace. It was the inevitable by-product of the speed—the speed with which the entire huge engine was revolving toward success.

And the result of this speed, this intense driving power, was an emotional stress which stood out on the whole organization almost like a visible breath, a kind of sweat of power, such as envelops a monster locomotive on a frosty morning. To change the figure, so much tremendous energy was being loosed from Bordeaux to Sedan that the entire surrounding atmosphere snapped and crackled with invisible power, and one could not come near without picking up some of the currents and being disturbed thereby. Hence the stories, the gossip, the sinister distortions that went the rounds. True—and yet most false. For they were merely the sparks, the flashes from the furnace, the black plume of smoke which the huge engine flung out as it travailed under a full head of steam. The spectators got the flashes, the heat, the throb. What they could not possibly get was an idea of the resistless energy created by that vast machine, all its parts coördinated and working together; nor realize the awful force of that live stream of energy playing directly on the enemy hosts. The Germans were the only ones who knew anything accurate about the full force of that energy—and they didn't tell. But everyone in the rear felt the tension, the hard emotional strain.

And then suddenly the whole thing caved right in. It seemed incredible. Incredible to the civilians and to soldiers at the Front. Of that I have written elsewhere. As a big dramatic episode the armistice fell flat. At first one said boldly: "Don't believe it! It's just more Hun flimflam." And then as the veracity of this final report was slowly borne in upon the mind one said limply "Oh—shoot!" with a kind of vague welling disgust.

### *A Great and Solemn Hour*

For at last our war machine was going full blast. We were landing stupendous blows—and taking them too. The enemy was retiring, but his solid line was intact. It looked as if the climax would come in the spring of 1919. And then suddenly the curtain rang down on the stage, with the heroine still unrescued, the arch villains still unhung. The dénouement was—and is—unrevealed; in fact, from the point of view of classical justice that armistice came at the very worst psychological moment in the whole show. For now it was certain that Germany would never get that whaling which her soul so profoundly deserved. Thus, after the first stunned surprise, there was in the air a vague disgust and regret.

In this war all nations save the French and the Belgians are in one sense outsiders. And it was the outsiders, to say the frank truth, who on the day of the armistice made the loudest noise. The French themselves had been too hard hit to rally in an hour. The future was too uncertain, the present too clouded, the past, with its shadowy host of dead, too near. France mobilized 6,900,000 men. Her losses total 2,300,000. Of these 1,400,000 are dead and 900,000 are permanently injured. These appalling losses she bore in silence. During the war the records of killed and wounded never appeared. It was only the other day in the chamber that the exact statistics were read. But these figures, stupendous as they are, give scarcely an idea of the magnitude of the toll France has paid, for to them must be added the tens of thousands of civilian victims deported, maltreated, subjected to tortures, physical and spiritual; altogether heaping up a terrible total whose exact numbers the world can never know.

For France, therefore, it was a great, a solemn hour. Tears, kisses, handclasps, a few broken words of gratefulness, a backward glance toward that mighty fallen host of youth who had fought for this hour, a flood of tenderness for those who could at length lay down their arms—these were the chief reactions of the French upon that day of days. Thus by a kind of paradox those who had been the chief sufferers were spectators rather than actors in all the merry-making and fun. Thanksgiving was in their hearts, but it was an emotion too sacred, too tinctured with grief to permit of violent demonstration.

So it was the youth, the little midinettes and modistes and office girls, the soldiers on leave, the civilians and strangers, who chiefly comprised that rushing, turbulent flood of revelers which tore down the principal streets with the force of a mountain freshet. Of the real soul of France one

(Continued on Page 69

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If "she" sings, you know how a poorly played accompaniment handicaps her—how a well-played one helps.

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Because so few singers have the support of well-played accompaniments—such as you can play for "her" on the Gulbransen.

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The Gulbransen, of course, never strikes a wrong note, never hesitates as to the right one.

And, instead of doubtful "keeping together," there is a smooth certainty of performance.

Because both singer and player-pianist can devote themselves to sympathetic interpretation, with no thought of error, no effort.

The Gulbransen further helps the singer by transposing the music for any voice, high or low.

## A Help to Muratore

Even Muratore, leading tenor of the Chicago Grand Opera, finds need for a Gulbransen at home.

In the absence of his accompanist, a friend can play his Gulbransen for him. And Muratore frequently plays his own Gulbransen accompaniments, it is so delightfully easy.

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Years of devotion, endless experiments, carefully guarded patents, have produced in the Gulbransen an instrument of highest musical capability—therefore—

## Easy to Play

First, it is *physically* easy to play. Our baby trade mark was suggested by a certain baby who did play a Gulbransen—just as shown in the picture.

Second, you can play the Gulbransen with *satisfying expression*, because you produce the expression as naturally as you breathe, and as easily.

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In fact, you can judge any player-piano, like a singer—by the "out of breath" test.

## Try This "Breath" Test

Play a heavily scored piece on the Gulbransen, pedaling with *only one foot*. Try to pedal slowly.

With most any player-piano this is tiresome. But the Gulbransen is *easy* to manage with one pedal. It is never "out of breath."

Using both pedals, you need scarcely move them to play the Gulbransen softly. And a great crashing chord requires but an extra touch.

This easy breathing of the Gulbransen is what makes it a truly satisfying musical instrument—as flexible as a trained singer's voice—as easily controlled.

Try this one-pedal "breath" test at the Gulbransen Dealer's store. You will know the store by the baby at the pedals in the window.

On request, we will send his name and address and also our catalog showing all four models.

*(Pronounced Gul-BRAN-sen)*

## Some Good Songs

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Lonesome—That's All
A Little Birch Canoe—and You
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Baby Days
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Little Grey Home in the West
The Palms
Dreamy Nights
There's a Time in Each Day
After All
Absent
Mother Macree
Dreamy Hawaiian Moon
Love's Old Sweet Song
A Dream
That Old-Fashioned Mother of Mine
Forgotten
The Garden of Your Heart
Good-Bye
In the Gloaming
The Rosary
Macushla
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## Nationally Priced

Gulbransen Player-Pianos are sold at the same price to everybody, everywhere in the United States. The price of each instrument is burned into the back of the case before it leaves our factory. Four models:

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| White House Model | $600 | Town House Model | $485 |
| Country Seat Model | 535 | Suburban Model | 450 |

**Gulbransen-Dickinson Company**
**3232 West Chicago Ave., Chicago**

Gulbransen Trade Mark

# GULBRANSEN Player-Piano

(Continued from Page 66)

caught but fleeting glimpses. One saw staid elderly men with the ribbon of the Legion of Honor in their buttonholes wandering soberly among the guns, casual, remote from all the joyous hullaballoo. Or one saw them standing on the curb of the grand boulevards looking on at the manifestants rollicking by. They smiled when a wild band of roystering youngsters jazzed by roaring out the popular song which had sprung into existence overnight:

*"They say the Crown Prince is assassinated.*
*Well, he shouldn't have been there!*
*He shouldn't have gone there!*
*'Tis a good thing!"*

They smiled, but always in their eyes rested a shadow. And presently they melted away, these oldsters, taking their shadows with them, and left the streets to the revelers.

### The Carnival of Kisses

The carnival began quietly. It was about eleven that all the little rivulets from the side streets began to pour into the main arteries in a big gay irresistible tide. Flags appeared as if by magic. By noon Paris was ablaze with color. Camions packed with soldiers—Americans, Australians and Canadians—began to parade. The midinettes stormed them and captured all these big soldiers alive. And now processions sprang up. They sprang up everywhere, spontaneously, by dozens and scores. They appeared like whitecaps on a roughened sea. For a moment you saw them, capering, cheering; the next moment they were lost in the flood. There were no fixed celebrations or formal band-stand reviews. Clemenceau had issued a proclamation telling the people to rejoice and amuse themselves at will. So the great populace played. Kisses that day sold cheap. They went for a look, a smile, or if a pair of ripe lips happened to be near. If a damsel objected the crowd formed a ring round the fair protestant and sang:

*"She shouldn't have been there!*
*She shouldn't have gone there!*
*'Tis a good thing!"*

After which all hands helped themselves to a salute. If you were choosy about whom you kissed or felt like a perfect lady about such things—get off the boulevards! All the world was doing it—you know how it is. It was as catching as Spanish flu.

In the Rue de la Paix the balconies of certain famous dressmakers' shops were crowded with workgirls leaning far out to pelt with flowers the crowds below. Bunched close together with their little bare golden heads and laughing eyes they were like bright dew-washed nosegays. Some were letting down ropes of curly tissue paper to the American soldiers massed below and challenging the latter to climb up these fairy ladders and claim a victory kiss.

One American took the dare. He was a handsome, clean-cut, bare-headed devil-Marine. I saw him reeling in that tissue rope, cool, nonchalant, as if it were a fishing line, and his eyes never let go for a second the siren he had hooked at the other end, who continued to shake down laughter like peals of silvery bells. And suddenly that Marine jumped for that girl! Up over the shoulders of his companions he sprang, clutched a cornice, swarmed up the wall like a lizard, still holding the rope in his teeth, gained the balcony, swung one stalwart leg over the balcony—and kissed that girl nearly to death! The crowd howled with delight. It served her right for thinking a leatherneck couldn't climb a rope.

Meantime over in the Place de la Concorde another procession had formed. It was called into being by two little bare-headed midinettes. One, gold-haired, blue-eyed, looked fragile as Parma violets. The other, short, dusky-browed, was sturdy as a Shetland pony. They had scarcely thirty years between them. Like all the world in that great spacious square they were looking at the sights. By this time the Statue Strasburg had been relieved of her mourning and sat resplendent in flags. Suddenly the dusky-browed girl spied, across the Pont de la Concorde, the stately pillars of the Chamber of Deputies. Instantly she faced the throng and flung up a hand

*"A la Chambre! A la Chambre!"* she shrilled. Little Parma violets piped up, echoing her coarser mate: *"A la Chambre!"*

The crowds took up the cry with a roar. Those in front passed it on to those in the rear.

*"A la Chambre! A la Chambre!"*

To the Chamber of Deputies they would go. A fine idea, truly. For without doubt the *vieux tigre* would be over there making a speech. They would see him as he came forth.

And so in the twinkling of an eye all those separate, scurrying units became consolidated into one body, thinking a single thought, howling with a single voice: *"A la Chambre! Clemenceau! Le vieux tigre!"*

A dusky-browed little citizeness had done it. Instinctively she took command; instinctively the mob followed. Someone struck up the Marseillaise. Instantly the girl flung round on them.

*"Non! Non!"* she screamed imperiously. She stamped her foot.

"What then, *ma brave petite fille?*" demanded a smocked workman jovially. "What shall we sing?"

"Madelon. The song of our poilus!" And so they sang Madelon. But they sang a new verse in honor of the victory. "Madelon! Madelon! Madelon!" The gay little refrain cracked like a whip. Tramp, tramp, tramp, went hundreds of feet in unison, beating out the rhythm of that lively air which in its tune had saved innumerable brave hearts from bursting with sheer despair. Madelon was a simple little serving maid in some obscure estaminet, but she never did a better day's work than when she inspired a soldier to inscribe that ode to her charms.

### The Soup or the Tiger?

And so, still singing, the huge rabble marched across the Pont de la Concorde, built from stones of the Bastille—that grim gray old prison of the Revolution, which just such another crowd as this had torn down, declaring that its very stones should be forever under the feet of the people. So they had built it into a bridge and called it the Bridge of Peace. Across that bridge the mob now hurried, congested a moment in front of the Chamber, then swirled round to the rear. The dusky-haired little leader parleyed with the old soldier standing sentry in the court.

"Clemenceau. *Le vieux tigre*—where is he? Still in grand séance inside?"

The guard shook his head. "Gone. Gone this good quarter of an hour."

"But where?"

"To the Ministry of War."

Again the little citizeness faced the crowd. *"Au Ministère de la Guerre!"* she screamed.

But now the mob registered a sudden change of mood. "Where is he then—the old tiger?" demanded a rough voice.

*"Au Ministère de la Guerre!"* she cried impatiently and turned to go. But the crowd was cold.

"But *nom d'un chien!*" cried one. "You said he was here. And when we arrive *là-bas* who knows but the old tiger will have skipped over to Berlin? *Ah, non, ma brave femme,* chase the old tiger if you desire. But as for me, my stomach tells me to go home and eat my soup."

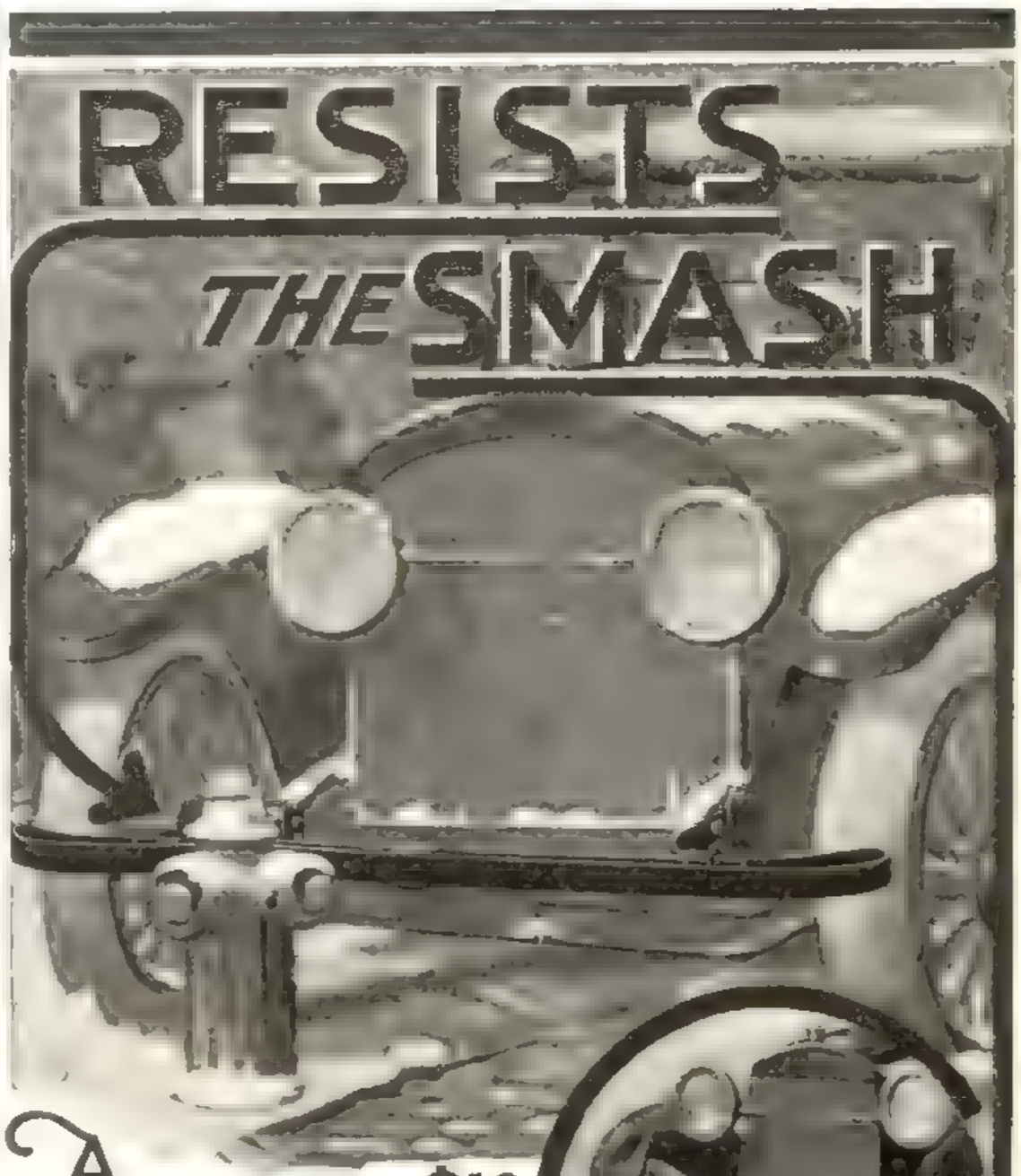
His words pleased the crowd. And in a minute, as if it had been a bubble which a cold breath had blown upon, that mob went to pieces, dispersed. In five minutes there was not a soul in the street.

Manifestations like that took place everywhere.

As the afternoon waned into night great yellow globes of light began to flame along the boulevards. After the long darkness of the war they gave one a thrill of childish excitement, like a lit-up Christmas tree. And now the carnival waxed fast and furious. For only determined revelers were out. Up in the neighborhood of Montmartre it was a very rough human sea. Early in the day the people had asked Clemenceau if they might play with the guns. And the premier had replied indulgently that he didn't care what they did with the old things. One elderly American trundled a huge mottled Austrian 88 through the streets to the American Express and shipped it back to his home town to stand in the park.

"It's all the war some of us'll ever see," he explained. "And it looks like we ought to have some souvenir to remind us of the boys we've lost over here."

But this long-headed gentleman was the exception. Most of the guns were used simply as playthings and at the end of the revel dropped anywhere in the streets. You saw them that evening—tanks, cannon, battered aëroplanes—waltzing crazily down the middle of that turbulent sea.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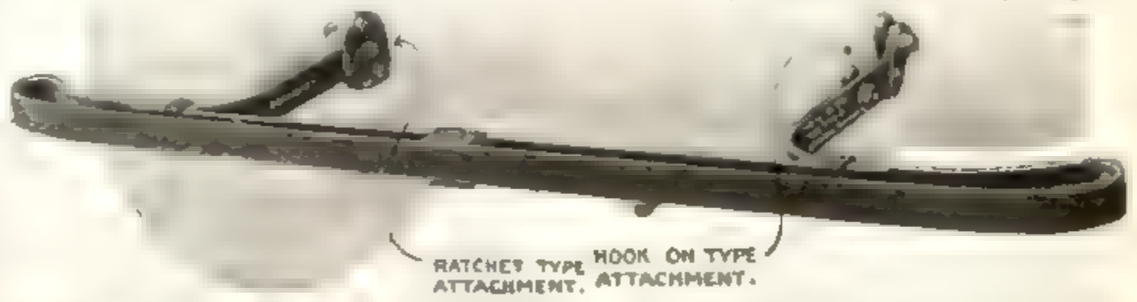


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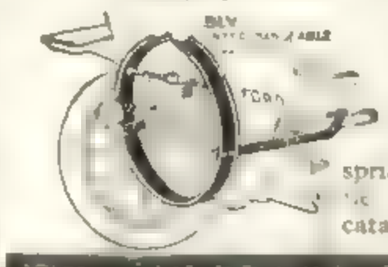

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which opened to let them pass, cheered, and closed in behind them again.

About nine the crowds in front of the opera house were packed like sardines in a tin. For Chenal was to appear on the balcony between the acts and sing the Marseillaise. As the hour drew on an impressive quiet settled down over the throng. From afar came shouts and laughter, but here the stillness was that of a great cathedral during some sacred rite. For what were they waiting, that dark hushed human sea? Certainly for more than a mere song. And when Chenal appeared, a bright finger of searchlight irradiating her slender figure, and looked down upon the immobile multitude the stillness was supreme. One could almost hear the breathing of that great grave host. And when a moment later her golden voice pealed forth in a glorious tide of victory men and women bowed their heads and wept. This then was—Peace! It was an exalted moment, the only solemn public manifestation in Paris of the inward soul of the French upon that day. And like the other expressions it was only a bubble, no sooner seen than gone. The singer vanished. The listeners dispersed. Dancing, laughter ever more gay held sway up and down the boulevard lighted by those garish yellow globes. Had you for a second during the song caught a fleeting glimpse of what a poet calls the shy and many-colored soul of man? You wondered.

The night grew decidedly cold. A chasseur passed, bareheaded, laughing, his eyes alight, his arm round a girl. "This is a lovely night!" I heard him exclaim. "There's just one thing the matter—it's devilish hot!" He dragged off his muffler. The girl drew her furs closer and broke into a trilling laugh. They kissed.

Of the whole series of fêtes in honor of great personalities which Paris celebrated in the month following the armistice, the *fête américaine* in honor of President Wilson stands easily at the head of the list. There have been kings and queens and princes galore driving down the Champs Elysées, and the French have congregated along the line of march, looked them up and down and given them a rousing welcome. The Parisians are becoming connoisseurs in personalities. They have a natural gift that way. It's like a taste for caviar. And they decided after they had tasted, and tasted with particular zest, the flavor of each of the dignitaries, that Monsieur Wilson, democrat, was the very king of the crop. Charming; adorable; simple—these were the judgments on a man whom all France delighted to honor.

### The Essence of Glory

How much politics and diplomacy were mingled in the splendid popular ovation I cannot attempt to say. The big events of the Peace Conference looming ahead; the menace of Bolshevism in Russia and Germany and even rearing its head in the Chamber of Deputies itself; the unsettled problems of the freedom of the seas and the colonies; the uncertainty as to what stand America would take—all these factors flung an illumination round America's chief and silhouetted him as intensely as lightning on a black night silhouettes a tree down to its tiniest twig. And on the whole, America's chief came off pretty well, so the crowds declared. They liked his looks. They loved his smile. *"Vive Wilson—libérateur des peuples! Vive Pair-shang! Vive l'Amérique!"* To hear those hoarse acclaims down the whole length of a line of march through patient multitudes who have stood for hours waiting to catch a glimpse of the man of the hour—if that be not the essence of glory then I do not know what glory is.

During King George's visit it rained lamentably. There was a world of umbrellas overhead, a sea of slush underfoot. A Frenchwoman remarked on the discourtesy of the weather toward such an illustrious guest.

"On the contrary, madame," retorted a Frenchman standing beside her, "you are absolutely wrong. I have been to London. I know what I'm talking about. This horrible weather is the finest compliment we could pay—for you see it makes him feel at home!"

"Well, anyhow, I don't like it. Look at this filth."

"Ah, madame, you are hard to please. As for me, I am content. My feet are in the mud, but my eyes are on a king!"

In the matter of weather the elements relented for the American fête. The sky was lowering, but no matter. That soft gray, merging in the distance to lilac, was infinitely becoming to the noble, age-stained architecture which graces the public places of Paris and makes her perspectives a delight to the eye. At the top of the avenue loomed the arch, a massive shadow wrapped in scrolls of mist. Early in the week I had arranged with friends to view the parade from a window overlooking the Champs Elysées. Accordingly a full hour before the appointed time I hailed a taxi. But I had reckoned without my host. When I gave the number to my driver he threw up his hands in despair.

"Not a chance, *ma petite dame!*" he declared.

"Why?"

"Why? Because I'd be smashed like a fly in that mob. *Regard!*"

### A Punch-and-Judy Show

I regarded. The Place de la Concorde and all the main arteries converging into it were choked with a seething mass of black-hatted humanity. In the center the flood was stirred by a sluggish stream of pedestrians who fought their way forward. In the thick of the throng, stuck like a fly in a web, was an unlucky cab, which could move neither forward nor back. Sightseers had swarmed up on its running board, its tank, its wheels. A few gamins had anchored themselves on its roof. These the fat driver, pouring forth a vitriolic stream of oaths, sought to dislodge with savage jabs of his big white umbrella, yelling meanwhile for the *agent de police*, while his fare, a painted harem houri, poked her little powdered white nose out of the window and told the driver, the mob, and the world at large exactly what she thought of them in terms scarcely less scandalous than those of the driver.

The crowd howled with glee. The driver redoubled his oaths and his jabs. It was like a Punch-and-Judy show. But certainly my chauffeur was right.

"Look here," I compromised. "Let's go round by back streets, make a grand detour, and when we arrive as close as possible I'll get down and walk."

Grumbling, he jammed down his flag. I got in. We drove and we drove and we drove. But each time we tried to traverse a main artery that hurrying human tide barred our way. Finally the driver stopped, leaned down and savagely tore open the door.

"Descend!" he growled. "I can't get across. I'd have to drive clear to Jerusalem. Damn"—but that is only a one per cent solution of what he said—"damn all these kings and fêtes! Do they put food into our mouths?" He slammed down his flag; I paid him a large fat fare; and he vanished into a wine shop to drown his noble Bolshevik rage.

In the course of time I found myself in the Champs Elysées in front of a monstrous cannon. The welcoming salutes, a hundred salvos, had just begun. And each time that thundering explosion shook the air the people smiled at each other and cried, "Oho! Big Bertha!" Never again would that vicious old female drop her fatal pills on this pleasant city; and the man they were about to greet had helped to set them free. It was the common thought in all minds. One woman passing a mottled German 77 struck its slender bore a resounding smack with the flat of her hand. "Ah, you filthy *cochon* that killed my son *là-bas*, do you hear those guns—eh?" Another salvo, another slap. "They are the guns of victory!"

A laughing chasseur who had heard the resounding whack called down from his place on the cannon: "*Dame!* I shouldn't like to be her husband!" So they laughed and joked while awaiting the man of the hour. This was all very well, but as for me I could not see the parade any more than if I were down a well. I looked about for aid.

"*Hé, là-bas!*" [Hello, down there.] I glanced up. It was the good-natured chasseur, standing atop the gun carriage like Apollo driving the chariot of the sun. "Do you want to come up?"

"Can I?"

"But certainly! Give me your hand. Now. Mount the spokes of the wheel. Now the hub. Now the top. Step across. There you are!"

There I was indeed. From my high aerie all the wondrous panorama was spread before my eyes—at one end of the broad avenue the magnificent arch, at the other the Place de la Concorde with its fountains, its flags, its statues; and between those two extremities such a dark packed mass of humanity as I had never before seen. Every inch of ground was covered; the bare trees were heavy with strange black fruit; and the houses lining the avenue were decorated with battlements of pygmy figures. Forming a cordon on either side of this stupendous throng to guard the line of march were mounted poilus, veterans with seamed faces and grizzled hair. Their faded blue storm coats, their helmets, their gleaming sabers at salute melted harmoniously into the somber tones of the picture and were one with the inky sky, the august statue-engirdled square, the surrounding palaces black with age.

At the turn of the line of march where it swung into the Rue Royale stood a regiment of infantry in red pantaloons to double-guard the curve. In the tops of their guns at the end of slender wands they bore tiny triangular pennants. And this forest of miniature flags, lacing and snapping in the breeze, gave the scene the air of a medieval pageant. It was as if some magnificent old French tapestry had stepped down bodily out of its frame into the street.

### A Frenchman's Complaint

And again, staring with all my eyes, it seemed to me that the square loomed bigger, more significant and poignant, than the ephemeral multitudes which it inclosed. They passed. It endured. But their emotions, their desire for freedom, for peace—those desires which long ago had created that very square, begotten it in bloody revolution and pain—lingered on, an invisible exhalation, growing strong only as the desire for freedom of the people who daily trod its pavement was strong.

Thus the august old square had achieved itself a soul.

Occupied with this fancy—which if it is only a fancy has Plato to back it—the chasseur spoke twice to me before I heard.

"Mademoiselle is an *Américaine?*"

"Yes."

"But you speak French like a Frenchwoman." A whopper! "I should like to ask you something—if it is not indiscreet?"

"Ask."

"I have heard that in America it is the women who count—that they rule even the men. Is that true?"

"It depends on the woman—and on the man."

"Well, this is what I would ask—if you will permit the indiscretion: In an American family with children does the wife always call her husband 'papa'? For that is what they do in France. In France a man is a man until he becomes a parent. After that—phut!—he counts just nothing at all. He loses even his name. It's 'papa' this and 'papa' that. Disgusting! Take my case. I have two children and a charming wife. When I was first married my wife called me by my name, which is Paul. She used to fetch my slippers and my newspaper, light my cigarette, warm my socks, and greet me at the door with a kiss. In effect it was delightful. Then I used to believe I was somebody—a man. Now—now it's that yah-yah-ing thing over in the corner" he pointed to an imaginary crib—"'yah! yah! yah!' that gets all the love, the care. I'm just 'papa'—and 'papa' I suppose I'll remain to the end of my days. And that's why I wished to know if in America the women are the same? For if wives over there call their husbands by their names I'm going to emigrate!"

### The Man of the Hour

Not to give my countrywomen a black eye, and to encourage emigration, I assured him that in America the women scarcely ever, almost never, call their husbands by anything but their right names.

By this time the outriders of the presidential cortège, the famous Republican Guards, were upon us. The next minute in an indescribable uproar of enthusiasm President Wilson, smiling and bowing, evidently touched by the warmth of his reception, had passed. He passed, but his simplicity, his friendly smile created a profound sensation. He looked good. He looked idealistic. He looked wise. He looked all the things, and more, which they had expected of the chief of a great democracy that had saved them from despair. Such things are nothing—and they are everything.

The enthusiasm of the people of Europe for Wilson has been one of the profoundly significant things of the aftermath of the war. They look to him, even more than to their own ruling powers, to throw the solid weight of America into the balance on the side of democracy. Out of this immense conflict have risen almost as many problems, as many points of view as there are parties and factions. There are reactionaries and devotees of dead imperialistic creeds outworn. To have these power grabbers, colony grabbers, stack the cards and decide the issues at the Peace Conference is to mortgage afresh the peace of the world. The people of Europe look to America to save them from all this. They look to Wilson as America's chief. Hence the magnificent ovation to him in the Place de la Concorde. But there was in that ovation something deeper than the mere welcome to a great man or to a great nation's chief. There was in it the people's welcome to the people's ideal conception of liberty and peace.

It is not to be conceived that underneath all this surface gayety of fêtes France is altogether glad. It is not so. The bloodshed is past. But on every side harassing problems rear their heads. Famine, sickness, disease and discontent stalk abroad in the northern devastated lands. There are questions of reorganization; food; labor; industries; transportation. What to do with all these worn-out French prisoners unable to work? What to do with all the women thrown out of the war industries? How to fight the menace of Bolshevism which fastens on a country whose morale is low?

These and a thousand other problems France is bracing herself to face. She will face them just as she faced the war. But it is bound to be a mighty tough business. The more so that there is no glory in it. It is just a plain humdrum task of reconstruction, such as the South faced after the Civil War. And so, under all this public demonstration, at heart France is sad—sad. Nobody likes to come home after a funeral and take up the cares of everyday life. This is what France is doing, individually and nationally. And she needs the sympathy and comprehension of her neighbors in this bad hour. Even so, with all her troubles, the inscription graved on the Statue Strasburg was never more true than now.

"Who lives? France! In spite of all!"

BODY TYPES
7-Passenger Touring
5-Passenger Touring
3-Passenger Roadster
(Single seat)
7-Passenger Sedan
5-Passenger Sedan

A Westcott may be driven *harder* and *farther* because of the long life that has been built into it. "Long life" of the right kind! Not brute strength bought at the price of riding comfort, and looks. Not endurance secured by sheer weight of metal, at the cost of gas, oil and tire economy. But stamina engineered into a fine mechanism as the *watchmaker*—and a *few* automobile engineers—know how to do it.

The man who admires a workmanlike piece of machinery will appreciate this description of a Westcott car—"*Wonderful Works in a Beautiful Case.*" When next you see a Westcott car (which you'll recognize by its orange hub-caps and radiator plate), judge it carefully and see what *you* think of it as a twenty-six hundred dollar* investment.

THE WESTCOTT MOTOR CAR COMPANY
SPRINGFIELD, OHIO

*Seven Passenger Touring, $2590 F. O. B. Springfield, Ohio. Price guaranteed until June first.

# WESTCOTT

*The Car with a Longer Life*

Copyright, 1919, Hart Schaffner & Marx

# When you meet "our boys"

Be stylishly dressed; look like a winner
They'll want to know what clothes to
buy; show 'em; wear the new lively styles;
full-chested, trim-waisted models; all-wool

*You know; such clothes as we make*

*Send for a Style Book; shows styles for every man*

Hart Schaffner & Marx

*Clothes that save*

Hart Schaffner & Marx Clothes

# THEY LAUGH AT CORNS

## The Millions Who Know Blue-jay

Most people nowadays laugh at a corn, knowing it is needless. They know that all the pain and bother can be ended in a jiffy.

They even smile at themselves—smile to think of the ways in which they used to coddle corns.

They smile to think of how they feared dainty shoes—

Of how they slipped shoes off to give the corn a respite—

Of how they frowned while others laughed, because an aching corn claimed all their attention.

They smile to think of how they tried to ease corns—

Of how they soaked and pared and padded

Of the hours they spent to get just brief relief—

Of how they kept corns year after year, and came to call them "pet corns."

And they smile to think of the old-time treatments which somebody said would end corns—

Of their mussiness and harshness—

Of the soreness which they caused—

Of how the toe often suffered far more than the corn.

There was never a little trouble anywhere near so defiant—

Nor nearly so persistent.

Yet there was never a trouble so easily ended, and the millions who laugh at corns know it.

A corn today is like a dirt spot which needs but a touch of soap.

It is like a small rip which needs a few stitches.

We smile at folks who neglect such things. And a corn nowadays is solely due to just such a trifling neglect.

Try treating a corn in this way once and you'll laugh at all corns thereafter. Simply apply a Blue-jay plaster. You can do it in an instant.

Then go your way—forget the corn. It will never pain again.

In about two days take the Blue-jay off, and you'll find that the corn is ended.

Sometimes an old, tough corn proves obstinate. But it can't resist this Blue-jay method. It simply needs another application.

Blue-jay has for years been ending corns in this way. It has proved itself to millions.

Any time you let it, it will prove itself to you.

### It Is Scientific

Blue-jay was invented by a famous chemist. It is made by a surgical dressing house of world-wide reputation.

It is the modern, scientific way of dealing with a corn.

### Proved in One Minute

You can prove in one minute that Blue-jay completely stops the pain.

You can prove that it places the aching toe in comfortable condition.

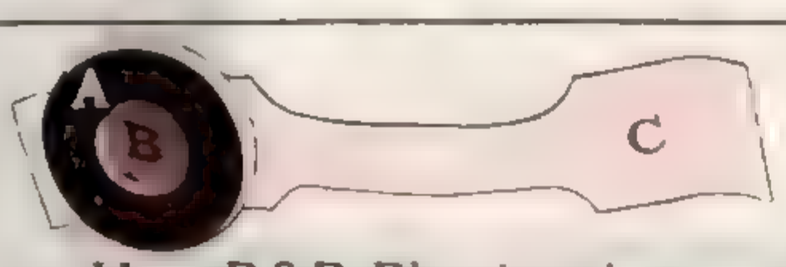
In 48 hours you will know that it ends corns—ends them completely without pain or soreness.

You will know that any future corn can be likewise ended, the moment it appears.

You will know that corns are needless. That paring is folly. And that old-time methods ought to be abandoned.

Why not prove this tonight?

Bauer & Black Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc. Chicago, New York, Toronto




### How B&B Blue-jay Acts

**A** is a felt pad which stops the corn pain by relieving the pressure.

**B** is the B&B wax which gently undermines the corn. Note how the whole effect is centered on the corn.

**C** is rubber-coated Adhesive which wraps the toe comfortably and holds everything in place.

B&B Blue-jay

*The Scientific Corn Ender*

Stops Pain Instantly—Ends Corns Completely

25 Cents—At Druggists'

# A WOMAN'S WOMAN

(Continued from Page 19)

very stupidly innocent she was and how extremely wise he must be! She thought him handsome and attractive, and said afterward it was a shame he was tied to a dowdy mouse.

The musical comedy shocked Densie; to her mind it was immodest. She recalled going to good Shaksperean plays as a girl, but this hodgepodge of legs and flirtatious eyes, claptrap comedy and suggestive humor, loud untrained voices shouting some lusty "I am surprised at you" sort of song, wearied and confused her; and she longed for the Little House, where at least she could be at peace.

After the theater came the cabaret with its singers and confetti and paper festoons to entangle one's old-style bonnet. The others had champagne and some chafing-dish dainty—not fit to eat—but Densie sat nibbling her plate of rolls and trying to keep up a conversation with Mrs. Ferguson, who looked at her in open amusement.

"I'm more tired than if I had washed," she told John when they went to their room. "How can people do this sort of thing all along?"

"This is play. You ought not be tired." The champagne had made him good-natured. "By the way, isn't Ferguson's wife a winner? Jove, she looks well in that dress. A lot of women wouldn't have carried it off."

He did not add anything else, but Densie knew his thoughts.

"How long have they been married?"

"About ten years, I guess."

"Any children?"

"No."

"So I thought." Densie brushed her hair methodically and kept her own counsel.

"People marry later than they used to," John ruminated; "and I don't know but what these early marriages are a mistake. Children shoved into a life contract—they don't know their own minds. By George, they don't!"

Densie did not answer. Tears came to hide the dark blue eyes. She wondered if she could pretend she was suddenly ill and go home. She could not stand any more of this.

But she did—after six days of routine convention meetings at which she was duly snubbed and ignored, and glimpses of Harriet in between times, Densie realized a new vital thing. It was not pleasant to realize—it never is—but with such a woman as Densie and such a man as John and such a—everything as surrounded them, it was imperative she should realize and accomplish it. She must begin to earn her own money. That alone would win her respect and self-confidence!

John had deserted her the morning after the theater party. He wanted to look up some business men who would be likely to be home on a Sunday. He had luncheon at the Fergusons' on Monday, telling Densie that they had a gem of an apartment and Mrs. Ferguson was the best hostess in the world, she knew how to make folks feel at home and yet entertain them. Lucky Ferguson! And he went with Harriet into the slums and returned to tell Densie that Harriet had a brain in ten thousand and though he would rather she would not stay away from home they might as well try to persuade the Rock of Gibraltar to toddle across to New York Harbor.

So Densie boarded the train with this new duty impressing itself upon her. If she was to catch up with the younger generation she must earn her own money and her own economic and social independence!

### XII

SALLY and Kenneth met them at the train, Kenneth jumping up and down with joy at the sight of his mother. Densie looked at Sally with relief—with all her fussy clothes and dreams Sally was Sally, who really wanted to kiss her mother a dozen times and put her arms round her father unashamedly. Harriet loathed embracing; it was a relic of barbarism, she said she had come to believe.

"And how have you kept house, Sally?" her father asked as they made for a cab.

"Very well; haven't I, Ken? We did not brush the dust behind the doors nor eat a can of lobster every day for lunch." Both of which things Sally had threatened to do when she was displeased at their going. "Doesn't Kenneth look well fed, mummy? Feel his arm; I haven't starved him."

"Sally has a new beau," Kenneth announced. "A real old man too!"

Sally gave him a little shake. "How dare you tell a fib? Don't believe him, mummy. I've met someone very wonderful, that's all."

"And he gave me a dollar." Kenneth felt it his duty to make a complete report. "And Hendersons' goldfish have all died, and Mr. Henderson was drunk Thursday night."

"Proceed," urged his father. "Let us know the rest about this new cavalier."

"Daddy—as if he was ——"

"Well, when Aunt Maude Hatton and Aunt Lucy Parks were coming for supper and Mr. Humberstone wanted to come Sally sent the aunts word not to come!"

Sally gave him a little pinch. "You mean little thing!" she said sharply. "Don't look horrified, mummy. It was just that I knew they would never be congenial—nothing else."

"Why didn't you send Mr. Humberstone word not to come?" asked Densie.

"Oh, because she likes him. M-m-m."

Kenneth kissed the air loudly several times.

"Sally!"

Sally's face crimsoned. "It isn't so at all. That isn't very nice, Ken, after all I've done for you this week!"

"Let's see the young man," suggested her father. "Gad, it's a relief to find a young woman that has a beau. Your sister Harriet flees at the sight of a male—long-haired socialists are her speed."

"What is he like, Kenneth?" Densie asked.

She had been looking closely at her daughter and marveling at the change a week could make. For some reason she took the mention of this new cavalier seriously—unpleasantly so.

Sally's eyes were more intense, there was an air of importance and sophistication about her.

"Well, there is a big black dog that lives up on the avenue," began Kenneth deliberately; "he is a very wealthy dog, I guess—and he has a jeweled collar and a sweater, but he won't let anyone pet him. He'll stand off and go 'Woof, woof!' and show his teeth, and his eyes are real mean—but he is scared to ever bite anyone or lick any other dog, even a cur—and that is like Mr. Humberstone. Oh, Sally!"

He burst into tears as Sally's hand descended across his mouth.

Fortunately, they had reached home, and Kenneth was taken upstairs to be consoled, while Sally followed in aggrieved silence and John paid off the driver. Sally had a breakfast ready for them. It touched Densie to think she would do this, after Harriet's brusque method of entertainment. After all, Sally was bound to meet strangers and strangers were bound to love Sally—so perhaps Mr. Humberstone was inevitable.

Peace restored, they sat down to eat. It was with relief that Densie returned to her flat. The New York experience had exhausted her physically and mentally. Besides, she had lost caste in her husband's eyes, and the federation of clubs was no wiser that she had come.

She noted a handsome centerpiece of roses and lilies of the valley on the table.

"How extravagant, Sally dear!" she said fondly. "But how lovely!"

"Mr. Humberstone sent them to me," Sally announced proudly.

"Those cost a good deal. What business is he in?" mused her father.

"A stock broker," Sally answered with equal pride. "His name is Rex Humberstone and he lives at the Century Club. He is a little older than I—I don't just know how much—but you'll like him."

"Oh, yes; I know who he is—Humberstone—tall, thin, copper-colored face and wears gold pince-nez. Well, well, he is a good bit older than you, young lady. We must see about this."

"How did you come to meet him?" added Densie anxiously.

"Mrs. Sullivan had a little party. I went and took Kenneth."

"Yes, and she made me go to sleep in the back bedroom, and she came home with Mr. Humberstone and left me there, and I woke up in the dark and didn't know where I was and I hollered," supplemented Kenneth conscientiously.

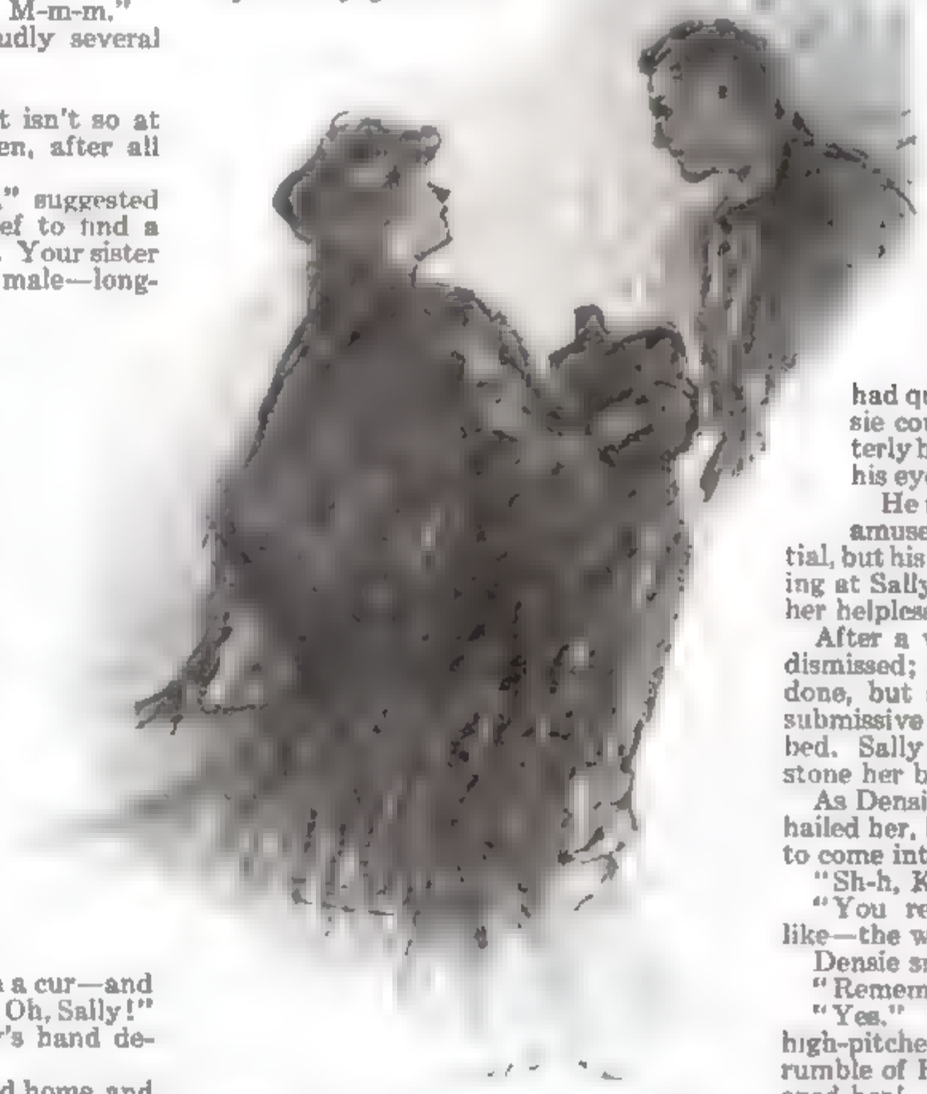
Densie shook her head.

"We met there, daddy"—Sally devoted herself to her father—"and he asked to call and I said he might. I'm not a child; and don't believe this horrid little boy. He sent me the flowers yesterday."

"Oh, he's a real, true beau." Kenneth slipped out of his chair.

"Humberstone! I've heard something about him." John drew out a cigar and clipped the end. "Can't think just now. By the way, Sally, your sister has short hair and smokes—she wants to reform the world. Poor mother, between Harriet and the traffic squad she did not know which way to turn."

"Her hair short—how silly!" Sally glanced in the mirror at herself. "What did you say to her, mummy?"



*"If He Hasn't Asked You to Marry Him Clean Cut, You Ought Not to Go Out With Him as You Do. Nice Girls Don't!"*

"Not much. She said everything to me."

"Is she coming home next year?"

"No; Harriet wants to stay in New York; the opportunities are better for her work."

"Oh," Sally paused thoughtfully. "Well, I can see her viewpoint! After all, Harriet has a right to do as she wishes."

That night Rex Humberstone was to call on Sally and meet her mother. So far so good, Densie decided, though when she asked Sally about Dean Laddbarry she was disappointed to hear Sally say they had quarreled again and that she loathed boys.

"Oh, mummy dear, Mr. Humberstone is so wonderful! I have never met anyone in the world that was quite such a prince!" All of Sally's dream people had vanished now that reality had won her heart. "I feel it is fun just to be alive—so as to see what will happen next!"

She dressed herself in a blue frock shirred in interesting places, and combed her hair high like a dowager's, awaiting Mr. Humberstone's pleasure. John was out for the evening and Kenneth was hustled to bed; he was in deep disgrace in Sally's eyes.

She went about rearranging the parlor and living room and complaining that this or that was out of place and old-fashioned.

"He's so cultured, mother, you've no idea, and has such exquisite manners! Oh, mummy, you are not going to stay in the room with us all evening, are you?"

"Don't you want me?" Densie asked simply. Dean always demanded to know where she was and insisted on her joining them.

"Well, we can't talk so well—you know how it is, mother," Sally argued.

"I'm quite tired—so I won't want to stay long anyway."

Densie made herself dismiss her fears.

"Do change your dress. Put on the gray satin one."

"Nonsense! Just because you have a caller? How are the art lessons?"

"I haven't had time to do anything this week. Do change your dress. Mr. Humberstone is used to seeing people beautifully gowned; he has lived in Paris."

So Densie, tired as she was, put on the little gray dress and let Sally curl her hair, and after a while—at a very late hour, so Densie thought—the bell rang and Mr. Humberstone appeared.

He was just as John had said, tall and thin, with inscrutable mocking eyes which showed the whites all round them, his pince-nez giving him a distinguished air. He wore striped lavender trousers and a black cutaway coat, an exquisite white-silk shirt and tie and a scarfpin—a first-water diamond. He had soft white hands, the nails highly polished, and his patent-leather boots were as good as mirrors in regard to their finish. His mouth was thin and cruel and had queer little dents at the end. Densie could not fathom him; he was utterly baffling, since no one could look at his eyes and really read their meaning.

He met Densie with a bored, slightly amused air, though painfully deferential, but his mocking, dancing eyes kept looking at Sally, who fluttered about him in all her helpless prettiness.

After a very little Densie found herself dismissed; she did not just know how it was done, but she had said good-night like a submissive child and was on her way to bed. Sally was going to show Mr. Humberstone her book of sketches.

As Densie passed down the hall Kenneth hailed her, beckoning her from the darkness to come into his room.

"Sh-h, Kenneth! What is it?"

"You remember what I said he was like—the wealthy dog?"

Densie smiled in spite of herself.

"Remember?" he persisted.

"Yes." She caught the sound of Sally's high-pitched, nervous laugh and the bass rumble of Humberstone's voice. It frightened her!

"Well—ain't he?"

### XIII

REX HUMBERSTONE knew how to charm a young girl. He had had much experience with both men and women, and he seldom made a mistake in his method. With Sally he used the never-failing advice, "If you would win the girl woo the woman in her." He saw the things that grated in her home, the rather unæsthetic surroundings. He had known her father outside somewhat, and he looked upon Densie with the contempt with which such men look upon a simple home body.

Kenneth's silver dollar was followed by as many more as he was allowed to take. Sally, whose whole heart and mind were given over to this newcomer, seemed merely to float in space and be oblivious of everyday duties or happenings.

At first Densie protested about Sally's going to a hotel dinner alone, it did not seem to her the proper thing, but Sally had turned on her in angry defiance and said that if she did not go to-night she would run away from home to-morrow; Mr. Humberstone loved her, she was sure of it, and he had the right to ask her to accompany him in public.

"But, Sally dear," her mother argued, "don't you think he had better wait until you are engaged—then it would be his right. But not now; you have only known him three months."

"My dear mummy, we cannot all make love as you and father did. Everyone goes to hotel dinners now—it is quite the thing. And oh, the way he spends his money!

(Continued on Page 79)

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GOODYEAR
AKRON

# AGAIN AVAILABLE TO YOU

THE conversion of our factories from war-work to a peace basis is rapidly nearing completion.

Goodyear Tires are again available to the public in steadily increasing numbers.

The memorable thing about their return to the open market is the nature of the welcome accorded them.

Their reception has been such as to leave no doubt that for a great proportion of motorists these are the wanted tires.

We had long felt that because of their goodness, Goodyear Tires held an uncommonly high place in popular esteem.

So it is scarcely with surprise that we see our customers who were denied our tires during the period of war, beginning their return to Goodyear.

If you are not a Goodyear user it might be well for you to analyze the basis for this unusual preference toward a manufactured article.

It is possible that such an analysis could lead you to the kind of tire service which we believe is its underlying cause.

Again, if you are not a Goodyear user, it should weigh with you that thousands of our customers have estimated their near-future requirements and have placed reservation orders with their nearby Goodyear Service Station Dealers.

Surely a great number of people would not simultaneously take such precaution for a product of only ordinary merit.

We believe we speak conservatively when we say that Goodyear Tires come well above such classification.

More people ride on them than on any other kind.

# CORD TIRES

# Only New Car at the Show

## Don't Fail to See and Ride In It

# The Essex—$1395

## Has Economy of the Light Car; Comfort, Performance and Endurance of the Costliest

The most interesting exhibit at the automobile shows this year is the one new car—the Essex.

Its coming has been looked forward to for more than a year.

The announcement awakened a new interest in motor cars. Thousands have already seen and ridden in it. Dealers have had to establish waiting lists for buyers, as deliveries can not be made as promptly as everyone wants them.

The Essex possesses the riding qualities and endurance, the elegance and refinement, that have been the exclusive attractions of large, costly cars.

It does not cost much to buy or to maintain an Essex.

### You Should not Only See It— You Should Ride in the Essex

As you view the various exhibits at the automobile show, you will see the cars you already know. A few changes in body design perhaps, but nothing of importance mechanically has been produced during the past year.

The Essex, therefore, is the distinctive car, for it is new in name, type and value.

It is light in weight. It has the qualities, economy, and low operating cost that make the light, cheap car attractive. It has the easy riding qualities and the performance and the long endurance, as well as the refinement of appointment of large and costly cars.

Rattles and squeaks which cause cars soon to grow old are not so likely to develop in the Essex. Its frame is as rigid as a bridge girder. Every wearing part is adjustable.

Every one who attends the automobile shows should arrange to ride in the Essex. It rides so easily you won't be reminded of every cobblestone.

### Its First Year's Production Is a Second Year's Car

When the Essex was put on the road last year its builders knew there need be no haste in getting into quantity production. So the engineers had months to refine and to develop it. The result is equal to that which comes to a car in its second year, after all the annoyances and discrepancies, so common to a first year production, have been completely eliminated.

Its dealers, through long association with fine quality cars, are leaders in their respective communities. You will find Essex dealers in every important automobile distributing and selling center in the world.

### Go Straight to the Essex Dealer And Say You Want a Test Ride

If you don't get an opportunity to ride in the Essex during the show, then go to the nearest Essex dealer and arrange for a ride.

Nearly every Essex dealer now has his first cars. They are all alike. Any one will make good. And you should know what the Essex can do.

This invitation is to everyone. Nothing helps the Essex so much as to have people ride in it. We know what you will say. It will be what hundreds of thousands are already saying.

ESSEX MOTORS DETROIT U.S.A.

(14)

(Continued from Page 75)

Why, he spares no pains to give me everything I want."

She was dressing herself in a silver-gauze frock she had concocted from remnants; it had the style of a Fifth Avenue garment and it became her well. A black feathered hat was on her dressing table, and long white gloves suitable for a ballroom. Densie shook her head.

"At the afternoon party at the Century Club he had a wonderful corsage waiting for me when I came in. All the women envied me; older, married women, too. No one was quite so handsome or witty, and everyone was surprised that he had singled me out for his companion. You see he is a modern man of the world—so you must not judge him by your old standards."

"He drinks, Sally. His face shows it."

"So does father," she flashed back. It was the first time the subject had ever been mentioned between them.

"Not with my consent or in my house. Besides, that does not excuse Mr. Humberstone."

"All men drink a little—and women too. It is very antiquated not to see the reason in it."

"Have you taken things to drink when you were with him?" Densie clutched her daughter's arm.

"Yes." Sally tilted her reddish-gold head in defiance. "Goodness, don't look as if I had committed murder! A glass of champagne with dinner is only the proper thing."

Densie was silent. Sally readjusted the hat a half dozen times

"Do I please you?" she demanded, whirling round.

"No, it does not please me at all. I cannot like Rex Humberstone."

Sally's face went white with sudden anger. "Then we must agree to disagree. What will you say when we are married?"

"I will wait until he comes to ask us for you!"

"Rex is romantic; he is liable to kidnap me and ask no one."

"That is not the way. There is only one way to do such things, Sally—the dignified way. Don't make a mistake that will shadow your life. I do not like this man. What do you know of his past? He may have been married before for all you know."

"Am I to send a detective about after him?"

"I would rather see you do that than marry a stranger. A good man never resents investigation—only a rogue does that. I do not like the superlative way he does things—the excessive attentions are neither normal nor sensible, nor do they augur for being permanent. You could not go on having such attentions after marriage—you would have no time for duties. These flowers, these boxes of candy, these beautiful things he has given you on so slight an acquaintance! More than that, Sally, the fact that he does not find congenial surroundings in your own home—Dean Laddbarry would rather come to see you in your own home than any other place. And so it should be!"

"That boy ——" Sally began impatiently.

"That boy—bless him!" repeated her mother.

"Don't begin praising Dean. All very well in his way, but it is not my way. Rex is my ideal why, everyone is mad about him—the way he dresses "

"And his character?"

"I'm sure I have never seen any glaring vice. I do hope you won't go about asking people as to his character—I'm old enough to take care of myself."

"He does not like me." Densie picked up some trifles after Sally. "He is never comfortable in my presence—have you noticed?"

"You are both from and in different worlds." Sally was weary of the debate. "I'm sure he is always polite."

"That is the least of it. Sally, I am afraid that Rex only loves your beautiful unlived youth—don't let him rob you of it. Think well." She peered anxiously at Sally's beautiful little face.

Sally shrugged her shoulders. "If he loves my youth I adore his wicked middle age," she said flippantly. "We are like Jack Sprat and his wife."

"You think he will marry you?"

"Of course—as soon as he thinks it time to speak!"

"He is not the marrying kind." Densie's lips closed in a firm line.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean he is the sort that plays 'pal'—long-drawn-out affairs that end nowhere for the woman! The kind that takes your youth as his shield against age, that delights in 'playing.' But marriage, a house, a family, a tired wife instead of a pretty unhampered girl always concert pitch for him—no, that is not his wish or intention. Old-fashioned as I am I have seen such men before. I warn you. He wants to be a playmate, Sally, not a husband—there is a rare satisfaction in having such an exquisite young girl as his prize, keeping her away from her own kind. Youth should be with youth, my child. You will find your friends will drop away; you will have to meet and know his friends—equally bizarre, battered men and knowing women of the world. They delight in stealing youth whenever they can."

Sally wrapped her cloak round herself carefully.

"To-morrow night Rex is going to take me to his club dance, I shall not be home until late—and we are going to the theater Friday. Is there anything you wish to say?"

Her voice was as impersonal as Harriet's had been. Densie felt stabbed. Kenneth was all that was left to her—and even Kenneth would soon be grown up.

"No," she said, making no further advance; "I wish you would take a key. I am tired and shall go to bed very early."

She stood at the window with Kenneth and watched Sally step into the machine that Humberstone had sent for her. That was another point of variance between Sally and her mother. Why did Humberstone send a cab or an auto for her? Why could he not have come personally, as Dean always did, and chatted with her mother in friendly fashion while Sally gave herself a last prink?

Densie did not approve of this any more than of the public hotel dinner, unchaperoned. She wondered what her Aunt Sally would have said—she could almost hear her stinging reproof.

*"You Remember What I Said He Was Like the Wealthy Dog? Well—Ain't He?"*

"Well, mummy, shall we have games to-night?" asked Kenneth as the machine whirred away.

"If you like." Densie stroked his flaxen head. "Kenneth, when you grow up and have someone as pretty as Sally who likes you, always go get her, son, and be nice to her mother."

"I don't want any dames," said Kenneth.

"Who told you to say dames instead of women?"

"The kids. By heck, you ought to hear the new way to swear—shall I show you?"

"No, never swear—not even in your thoughts."

"If you don't do your share of it the kids make you put your tongue on a frosted iron post—you know what that does," he protested.

"Well, let's make taffy," Densie proposed vaguely.

She was trying mentally to juggle the destinies and problems of her family and herself and remember at the same time how much sugar to how much molasses to use.

Sally was having one of her wonder times. Seated across the rosy shaded table in a discreet corner of a palm room, a stringed orchestra playing light catchy things that make one's feet tap and one's heart beat a trifle faster, she looked at Rex Humberstone with unconcealed adoration. His mocking eyes stared at her with a pleasant and rather triumphant expression, which Sally did not perceive. She was telling him some girlish experience with all the added zest of having a beloved audience, her imagination heightening some of the details and beautifying some of the setting.

"You like me a little, don't you, Sally?" Humberstone asked as she finished.

"Of course!" Sally could not pretend with Humberstone, she was too much infatuated not to throw down all armaments.

"I'm older than you," he bantered.

"I hate boys," she insisted.

"Do you know how pretty you are? I've seen the most beautiful women in Europe and I'd rather know Sally Plummer than any of them."

"Really?" She laid down her knife and fork.

"Really! You don't know your charm yet. I suppose I'll have to sit by and be a mere onlooker in a little while, won't I?"

"Not unless you want to." She smiled childishly at him.

"Does your mother mind your coming to dinner?"

"Mother's old-fashioned," was all she told him.

"You're not—you're the newest, loveliest fashion I've ever had the good fortune to meet. I never liked anyone half so much as you—let us have some champagne and pledge eternal friendship—will you, Sally?"

"I'd be happy to," she said demurely.

The champagne was very sparkling and bitter sweet, and it made her feel delightfully relaxed and willing to agree with the world at large; it made the music gayer and the food far better tasting, the dining room more attractive and Humberstone more to be adored than ever.

He knew how to entertain her, to tell her this and that incident of his life, to flatter her subtly and praise her, making her feel that all other men were boorish and uninteresting and that no one but Rex Humberstone, wisest of men, really understood her complex nature.

So they pledged their friendship with the wine and then went off to a vaudeville bill, with Humberstone tenderly folding her cloak about her and half lifting her into the cab.

Sally had thought during the dinner to ask him with childish bluntness why he had never married—to which he had glibly made reply: "Because I made myself wait for you."

And Sally thought of that as they whirled off to the vaudeville with Humberstone dangerously close beside her. She dismissed any scruples about being unchaperoned because of what he had said. She was going to marry him and have nothing but love, romance, luxury, adoration—in truth, it was fun to be alive and see what would happen next!

She came home after the vaudeville, to be left at her doorstep, because Humberstone said he must not keep her up any later. But the next morning he sent her a fascinating blue-leather engagement book with a little gold pencil, the card accompanying it saying:

"For Sally to keep her Rex engagements in line—no others will remain legible if she tries to write them down! This is a magic book."

She showed it to her mother delightedly. She had not got up until late and was having a ten-o'clock cup of coffee.

"It is lovely, dear—but he ought to wait until he has spoken," was all Densie could be prevailed upon to say. "Don't let him be a time waster—so many men like him merely want the fun of a young girl's companionship, and when they do marry it is cold-bloodedly—to gain money or position."

Sally set her coffee cup down with a little clatter. "You are impossible," she began, "and I shall not tell you anything more. I was going to tell you," she added with unconscious humor, "about the beautiful time we had—an eight-dollar dinner and champagne—yes, champagne to pledge our friendship with, and it was quite proper, I'm sure. I saw two of daddy's friends eating there and they bowed to me quite respectfully. I was as well dressed as anyone in the dining room, and Rex said I looked the prettiest of all. We had alligator-pear salad—did you ever eat it? And peach Melba for dessert, and a special sort of coffee made by a little black boy in a Turkish costume—with rum burning on top! I adore such ways of living. When I'm married I want to live at hotels and never, never have to bother about anything but clothes!" She yawned wearily.

"What lesson is it to-day?" Densie had finished crumbing the table.

"I can't take any lesson to-day—I want to think about last night. Besides, there's the dance to-night and I must lie down this afternoon. Make Ken play outside."

Densie stood in the doorway between the dining room and the kitchen.

"Your father would not like you to do this, Sally. You look tired to death this morning, and if you're ever going to do anything with your art you'll have to keep on applying yourself. Mr. Humberstone doesn't seem to think of anything but what he wishes. Though if he is a business man I should think he would have to get up early too."

"Rex has money—he's a stock broker and it isn't like having daddy's warehouse. You don't seem able to understand that there can be different—different strata of society."

With which Sally flounced out of the room leaving Densie to do the dishes and wonder, first about Rex Humberstone, then about Harriet, next John, and lastly her neglected little interests, which had been, perforce, shoved aside since she returned from New York in January.

### XIV

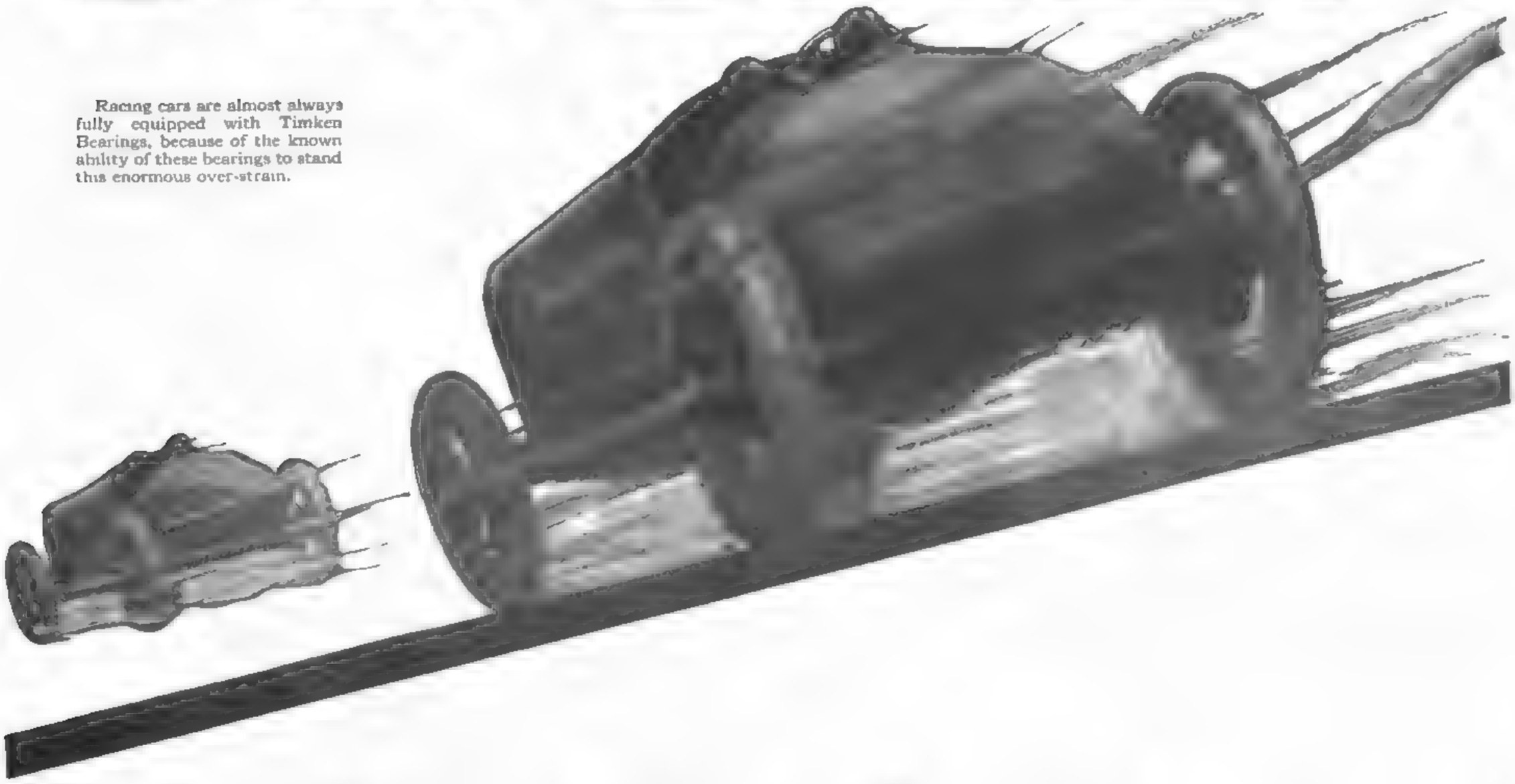
JOHN laughed at Densie's worries regarding Sally. When Rex took her to the country club, and she returned, her dress torn from a too rough cotillon and her cheeks flushed with wine, a fool's cap and a few trifles as a reward for the evening's exertion, Densie pleaded with her to stop this nonsense or at least wait until she was Rex's wife.

But John was rather pleased with her "success," as he named it. He, too, believed in the "different strata of society." Moreover, Humberstone had a certain fast rich following; they made money quickly and lost it at an equal speed. One never knew how they were progressing. They lived at a consistently fast gait, however, with sometimes the other fellow's I O U's in their pockets and sometimes theirs in the other fellow's. Humberstone was more or less of an enigma. He had come from New York a short time prior to his meeting Sally, a middle-aged man who could drink everyone under the table, who understood the gentle art of poker, who owned a good race horse, had a smart roadster, played three-cushion billiards and had trophy cups from London to prove his record, who dressed in the latest fashion with silk shirts heavily monogrammed and weird expensive suits that no one else "could have gotten away with," as Sally's father rather enviously admitted. John was tiring of the standardized tweed for business and black serge for Sunday.

Humberstone dabbled in stocks, was interested in copper mines and played cards altogether too well for a gentleman. He never pressed his business interests on anyone—they had to come to him, wherein lay the secret of his success. He knew how to attract attention without seeming to do so. He read French novels in conspicuous places so that no one could help noticing, and had autographed photographs of prominent persons. No one knew how he obtained them, but he would casually refer to the time he had visited the Prince of Monaco and had nearly broken the Monte Carlo bank, or the coaching trip the Duchess of Lansdowne gave, during which he was expected to pay attention to an extremely ugly Russian princess. It was well done—and not overdone. But if anyone looked closely at him his face had that soft, flabby look which tells of the lack of real living and doing: he was "soft all over," as

Continued on Page 83

# TIMKEN



Racing cars are almost always fully equipped with Timken Bearings, because of the known ability of these bearings to stand this enormous over-strain.

# The Banked Track and

**Why is that track banked at a sharp angle at the curve?**

You *know*—if you've ever seen De Palma or Resta at the wheel.

—if you've ever felt your heart jump into your throat when those roaring, rushing cars swept like a tornado down the track.

*No human power could keep these flying masses of steel on the speedway curve if it were level.* They would be hurled through the barriers to destruction.

That gives you an idea of the *force of momentum!*

When a car turns—against its will—the pressure toward the outside of the curve is enormous. The weight, intensified many times, bears sidewise on the wheels, striving to push out the spokes, rip the tires from the rim, jam the axles through the hubs!

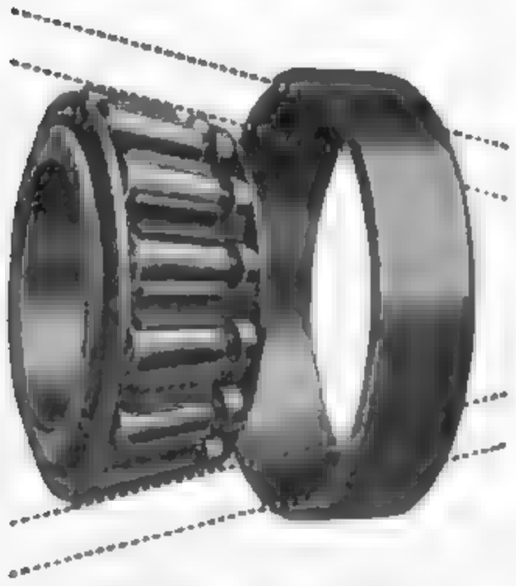
Even the banked track can not offset that pressure altogether.

And that same pressure, less only in degree, hits your wheel hubs every time you turn a street corner, every time your wheels are in a rut, every time you go over a hole or a stone.

One of the biggest engineering problems in the motor car industry would have been to find some way to keep that side pressure—end thrust, they call it—from wearing out wheel hubs, axle ends, and wheel bearings, if—

If there hadn't already been in existence exactly the right solution in the Timken *Tapered* Roller Bearing.

Timken Taper was designed expressly for the job—to meet end thrust.



Dotted lines show how the inside of the "cup" of a Timken Bearing is *tapered* to fit over the *tapered* rollers.

# TAPER

Microscopic inspection of a Timken Roller as greatly magnified as it is in this view would serve only to verify the accuracy secured by Timken methods.

# the Tapered Bearing

Shove that tapered "Cone" into the tapered "Cup" with all the combined force of heavy load and high speed, and the tapered rollers keep on turning, smoothly, easily, because *you can't push a conical object through a conical opening*.

That principle is so fundamental that it *always proves right*. It has been unaffected by the speed of the passenger car, the huge loads and jolting solid tires of the truck, the hard, stiff pulling of the tractor.

You can't escape *facts*. Timken Bearings today need no theorizing, no technical argument—the names of the motor cars, trucks and tractors equipped with Timken Bearings and the mileage records they attain tell the story.

Satisfy *yourself*, write for "The Companies Timken Keeps." Read the list of Timken Users, consider the prominence and *performance reputation* of these car builders. Consider their great number—practically every car whose name you know is on the list.

These engineers and manufacturers know what they are doing and they know *why*—

They'll tell you, if you ask them, that the one sufficient reason is "Timken Taper." Not simply "Taper," the correct principle of design, but TIMKEN Taper—Timken Steel, Timken engineering, Timken leadership and Timken dependability in service to car owners.

"The Companies Timken Keeps" will be sent free postpaid on request to

THE
TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING COMPANY
Canton, Ohio



On account of the taper, as shown by the dotted lines, the Timken Bearing resists end thrust as well as load, and can be easily adjusted to take up wear.

# I AM AN AMERICAN!

*(On December 7, 1918, the Alien Property Custodian of the United States sold the entire holdings of the Bosch Magneto Company which have been taken over by an American Manufacturing Corporation. The Personnel was submitted to the Custodian before sale)*

THE history of the development of the Internal Combustion Motor is the history of Bosch Ignition. The Bosch is now an American Institution which will necessarily maintain the same scrupulous care in the purchase of materials, the same exact precision which has marked its every manufacturing process and the same exhaustive laboratory and field experimentation which has kept Bosch Ignition in step, without interruption, stride for stride with the motor progress of the world.

There has never been any manufactured article whose reputation for satisfactory performance has been better than the Bosch.

After America entered the war, thousands of Bosch Magnetos—85% of the entire output of the great Bosch works at Springfield—went into vital war service on army trucks, tractors, airplanes, motorcycles, etc.

Bosch now is new only in ownership—it comprises the same active heads that administered the company under the Alien Property Custodian during the war. The Bosch Organization, which from the first has dominated the field of Ignition, enters upon a new era of service to American Industry. Motor triumphs of the future, as of the past, will be built on the firm foundation of Bosch Ignition.

## AMERICAN BOSCH MAGNETO CORPORATION

Main Offices and Works—SPRINGFIELD, MASS. Branches—NEW YORK, CHICAGO, DETROIT, SAN FRANCISCO Service Stations in 200 cities

AMERICA'S SUPREME IGNITION SYSTEM

MOTOR TRUCKS—TRACTORS—AIRPLANES—MOTOR CARS—MOTOR BOATS—MOTORCYCLES—GAS ENGINES—Etc.

(Continued from Page 79)

Kenneth put it—and a coward in everything except conversation.

He had always been popular with married women until he met Sally—he was a most obliging bachelor, eternally making a complete table for bridge or the needed person at an informal dinner, ready to turn the pages of music for some dizzy soprano or to have a shot at pool with cloth-cutting nuisances, yet retaining his interest to all appearance. He understood the way married women felt neglected when romance flew out the window and nothing flew in. He knew how to be a gallant escort—even umbrellas were gracefully handled in his long white hands, and he used to describe his duels when a student at Heidelberg in a nonchalant fashion that made the average blue-serge-suited American who had never done anything more thrilling than have a finger tip cut off in a mowing machine writhe in envy.

He invested a "trifle" for John Plummer and doubled it. This made John lenient toward him, and when he had told Densie and she had expressed no approval he said she was in danger of becoming narrow-minded; these clubs seemed to make man-haters out of the women. Sally was having her fling, he declared, and if she chose to marry Rex—well, the child could do a great deal worse.

"No mere boy could supply Sally's wants or her craving for excitement—she is really adapted to an older man," he insisted. "As for Humberstone's not spending his evenings here—well, I don't blame him. He is not used to a conservative home with a family Bible to stare him out of countenance."

So with John as an aid and abetter Sally went her own way—to dance and theater and dinner, motoring or driving or sailing—nothing very strenuous, such as Dean's old-time hikes or fishing trips or five sets of tennis in an afternoon—nothing of that sort. She read all the novels Rex bought for her, and allowed them to change her views and color her notions. He gave her many beautiful things—ribbons and lace handkerchiefs and boxes of beautiful gloves and a charming little necklace. Densie said an engagement ring would be more to the purpose! He also lavished money on Kenneth and insisted on buying him a bicycle; and when he met John he took him over to his club and treated him royally. But Densie remained a stranger.

She wrote Harriet she was worried about the affair and that if Sally did marry him she was bound to be unhappy. To which Harriet replied in a sincere and characteristic fashion that polarities were bound to marry and that from all her mother said she judged Sally and Mr. Humberstone were polarities, and if so the union might easily be an agreeable surprise—statistics proved that when foreigners married each other without acquaintanceship beforehand the resulting estrangements often came from the fact of the husband and wife being entirely alike as to views and tastes and therefore no contrasting current of ideas to stimulate felicity!

That was all Harriet had to say on the subject. Marriage never appealed to her personally and she was too intent on winning a five-hundred-dollar prize for an essay—half of which she was to loan Leila so Leila need not go home for her vacation, but stay on in the city for some summer courses. It did not occur to Harriet, despite her promises, to send the possible prize money home to her mother or to come home herself. Harriet was to take a summer course also, and to make her trip to the canning factories to unearth the child-labor conditions and flaunt them before an uninterested Congress.

Sally grew very slender and older looking; circles were under her eyes and she had an actual need of rouge. She spent nearly all her time on clothes—for like all jaded men Humberstone depended on novelty to sustain his interest. Had Sally appeared in calico he would not have seen her beauty so vividly. But because she lent all her ability to making new creations and because she had the skin, eyes and hair that could wear what few others could, he never found himself bored with her. He liked the facts that people turned to watch them as they passed and that men said to him in private: "Who's the bonny infant—you old rascal!"

At which he would preen himself and offer to treat to a drink.

"Has he never talked about his own home?" demanded Densie one morning when Sally was entirely too listless and headachy to allow her mother's heart to beat normally. "If he does not tell you about his family I shall ask him!"

"If you insult him I'll never let him come to the house," Sally defied her. "If daddy is satisfied—and daddy is round town and knows—what have you to say?"

"You have not answered my question."

"Yes, of course he has—but his family are all dead—years ago. He has a sister in Australia—that's all I know or care. I'm not going to marry his family."

"Has he asked you to marry him?"

"Not yet." Sally was on the verge of tears. She was beginning to wonder about her engagement herself, but she would not admit it now.

"And where was he educated?"

"I don't know nor care! I love him. When we are married I'll know all about his past, I suppose."

"A woman who marries a man without knowing about his past beforehand is a foolish virgin," her mother said solemnly. "I don't suppose you are going to art school to-day. You don't seem to ever want to go. But I shall not be home for luncheon, so please see to Kenneth, will you?"

"Club meeting?" asked Sally insolently. "The Psychology of a Daffodil, I presume!"

"What would you do if I decided to become a real club woman?" Densie asked sharply. "Would you miss the home?"

"We would all rejoice; it is a bit hard to forge ahead and have someone eternally drag you back."

Tears came into Densie's eyes. Without speaking she left the room and, presently, the house. The moment she had gone Sally telephoned to Rex.

"I'm blue to-day," she coaxed. "Can't we do something this afternoon?"

"Of course we can—say what!" Humberstone was blue, too—bored to extinction with himself, and relying on Sally's vivacious spirits.

"Let's take a long drive and dinner at the Turnback Inn."

"I'll call for you at two, lady," he ended the conversation.

Sally rushed Kenneth through his lunch and proceeded to dress herself with care. The day suddenly became rosy and worth while. She did not realize what was happening—that she was fast becoming dependent on Rex Humberstone for her joy of living, that he was a stimulus which, when wanting, made everything seem stale and unbearable. It was like living in a play to be his pal—he never seemed to consider money or time, and he was the most distinguished, unusual person in the world. No wonder the married women called her a doll and bowed coldly to her. Indeed they began to say, "If that was my daughter," and to murmur awful things about Humberstone and say that Sally was certainly older than twenty years and a designing little minx.

So goes the seesaw.

Sally put on a creamy linen dress with a soft little blue silk coat and a motor bonnet. She wore blue suède shoes and stockings to match, as well as a pair of fresh gloves. She was a pretty picture as he drew up before her door—the Hendersons all lined up to watch the procedure!

Sally had left a note for her mother. She danced into the roadster to look up adoringly at Humberstone. Automobiles were still rather scarce and Humberstone's was an attractive black-and-white affair with side curtains and limousine trappings.

It was a warm June day with the country that light tender green, and with blossoms perfuming the dusty roads. Sally and early summer were synonymous. Humberstone felt again that exhilarated thrill of youth that he had fancied was forever lost as they darted in and out the country roads, over hills, beside streams, with Sally, veritable spirit of the season, at his side.

They had dinner at the Turnback Inn, a semifashionable sort of place, where they found a private dining room and proceeded to order an elaborate meal. They took a quick trip in a motor launch on the near-by creek, while Humberstone told Sally of Italian skies and how well she would compare with the women in Paris, and Sally sat listening to him, her gold eyes like great suns in happy innocence.

Humberstone always messed his food, as Densie would have called it. She had taught her children the doctrine of the clean plate as she had been taught, and to eat whatever was set before them unless it was alcoholic! Humberstone liked half a dozen dishes and a taste of each, and he had made Sally feel it was rather like a peasant not to do likewise. So she was beginning deliberately to waste half her food and drink a glass of wine with her entrée.

"You know, Rex," she said as they came to their dessert, "I'm terribly behind with my art work—I'm afraid I don't do anything but think about you." Despite her brave protests Sally did have twinges of conscience.

"Hurrah for Rex! I didn't think I could amount to that much," he saluted her gracefully. "Don't be a grub—your sister is grub enough from what you tell me. Just be your lovely self—you were born for pleasure."

"Yes, only ——" she began.

"Only? Your father's business wobbly? Never mind. I order eight dozen menu cards at eight dollars a dozen. I'm going to send them to the Old Ladies' Home ——"

"No, that isn't fair!" Sally blushed. "I didn't mean to have you say that—only I must do my part."

"Perhaps you'll have some orders for light stuff that won't take much time."

Humberstone frowned; he was always bored when anyone began to face realities and discuss them or try to live up to them. He did not want Sally to work—merely to play for his amusement and at his bidding.

"Do you really think my work is good?" she said anxiously. "You have seen so much work that is splendid."

"How can I tell when I like Sally better than all the paintings in Europe! Of course it is good—but don't strain your eyes. A woman who wears glasses is unendurable."

Sally was silent. At rock bottom Sally had both loyalty and common sense; occasionally these asserted themselves, only to be pushed aside by this new hypnotic person who seemed to make her an abject slave wishing to do only his will. She was wondering what he would say if he knew she did wear glasses when she worked—her mother had wisely seen to that—and that she felt it was only fair she must earn her way, particularly when she was of so little help to her mother, and her father looked more worried each evening.

"Don't have black butterflies," Humberstone urged. "Tell me something funny."

Inspired by the request Sally obeyed.

Humberstone would not come in when he brought her back; he never came into the flat except for a scant moment when he waited for Sally to take her away, but more often he sent a cab.

They made an agreement about to-morrow's engagement, and then Sally went wearily up the stairs. She felt a strange sense of fatigue after she had been in his company; he seemed unconsciously to draw on her reserve supply of energy.

She found her mother and Dean Laddbarry and Kenneth playing a game for the latter's benefit. Her mother merely glanced at her, but Sally read her disapproval.

Dean jumped up and held out his hand. "You can't say I'm not to see your mother and Ken," he laughed good-naturedly. "Besides, I've some news—I'm expecting to really go West soon. Isn't that good?"

"Very," she answered coolly. "I had a wonderful drive with Mr. Humberstone—oh, don't stop the game, please—we went fifty miles and had dinner at an inn. Did you get my note, mother?"

"Yes." Densie did not look at her again. "Come, Ken, it's bedtime. Before you go, Dean, I'll give you those clippings."

There was a sympathy and comradeship between the two which even Sally in her present state of distraction admired. She wondered with a sudden little fury if they had dared to talk about her; Dean seemed uncouth and idiotic with his rough clothes and everlastingly goody-goody chatter.

When she was alone with him she said, "I don't want you to come to see me any more. I am—practically—engaged."

"To that cad?" asked the boy roughly. "Well, I'm mighty sorry."

"Why, how dare you!" Sally stamped her little foot. "How dare you!"

"Because I love you and always will. Because he's not the sort for you. Your mother thinks so too."

"You've talked about me—two intruders!" Her anger was almost amusing. "Dean, take your hat and go out of this house and never speak to me again!"

"Don't send me off like that," he begged. "Listen, Sally; you're on the wrong track. If he was the right sort I'd never say anything, no matter how hard it was to give you up. But he's not. You'll see it some day. Sally darling, he's an old man and he's flattered you into believing him a half-god."

"I told you to go." She pointed to the door.

"I'll ask you this—are you really engaged?" he insisted.

"I said 'almost'."

"At his time of life there's no reason for him to lose another twenty-four hours. He's old enough to know his mind. If he hasn't asked you to marry him clean cut, you ought not to go out with him as you do. Nice girls don't!"

"So—I'm not a nice girl?"

"You are, Sally, but you won't stay so—you'll be like all those painted-up dolls at the hotels—just tagging along. I'm not altogether an idiot."

"Because of our very old friendship, I do forgive you," she said presently; "and if you love me so much I suppose it hurts to know I shall belong to someone else," she finally conceded; "but I'd rather you never talked to me again."

He looked at her for a long hard moment. Then he said: "Is there no use waiting, Sally—sure you won't change?"

"Positive—and I am quite sure Mr. Humberstone is not what you and mother would like to imply. Daddy doesn't think so."

Dean started to reply, then he thought better of it. "If you ever do change, Sally—I'm about as usual," was all he told her.

The next morning Sally informed her mother that she had dismissed Dean, and refused to hear anything in his defense. The same day she received an order for three dozen menu cards for a Mrs. Hester Smith—alias Rex Humberstone—which perked up her spirits considerably. On the strength of this she bought a new hat. Humberstone had felt it was the way to prevent Sally's becoming serious. He loathed anything serious. Growing old was serious—his forty-five years seemed goblins that came and sat all about his bed nights and haunted him. Some of the goblins were wicked and undesirable; others, far back in the calendar, the mediocre sort; and the present goblins, the last five years, faded neurotic sort of things, hinting of future desolateness unless he wooed and won youth. Sally was youth!

But as to marrying Sally—that would be too grave an undertaking. He did not fancy Densie as a mother-in-law. Marriage was for the young and palship for the old. Things were quite comfortable as they were. Sally was beautiful and had plenty of leisure time. Her friendship with him would teach her how to pick a rich husband at thirty. By the time Sally was thirty Humberstone felt with a gruesome shiver that he could no longer keep up the pace; he would turn to sanitariums and breakfast gruels as his final setting.

But for the present he must have Sally—and keep sending orders for menu cards from this rich and ever-entertaining Hester Smith and her friends, because that would keep Sally under the belief that the world clamored for her work—and she, too, would be contented as she was!

### XV

ONE fall night John came home with disturbing news. The house of Plummer & Plummer was sold—or rather absorbed by a grocery syndicate that operated from coast to coast and north to south, on very different lines. John had been negotiating for the deal for some time, he admitted. It was the only way he could save himself. This new syndicate, The Golden Rule Tea Store, operated on the prize-coupons plan.

Plummer & Plummer had long been a goal in their minds—the syndicate foresaw its ruin in the present-day system of commerce, and after John had delayed several weeks, due to Sam Hippler's urging, he surrendered unconditionally.

John received a lump sum for his stock and goodwill; this went to pay debts. They bought the warehouse and were to remodel it rapidly into a shiny red-and-gold-fronted place with a few bushels of dried apricots in the window and a sign: "Win ten dollars! Count these and guess the number!" John was to manage the store at a fair salary.

"At least I'll know where I'm at," he declared.

Densie felt stunned. "And Sam Hippler?"

"Sorry, but he's out of it—a tottering old chap, not available for even a clerk.

(Continued on Page 87)

MO

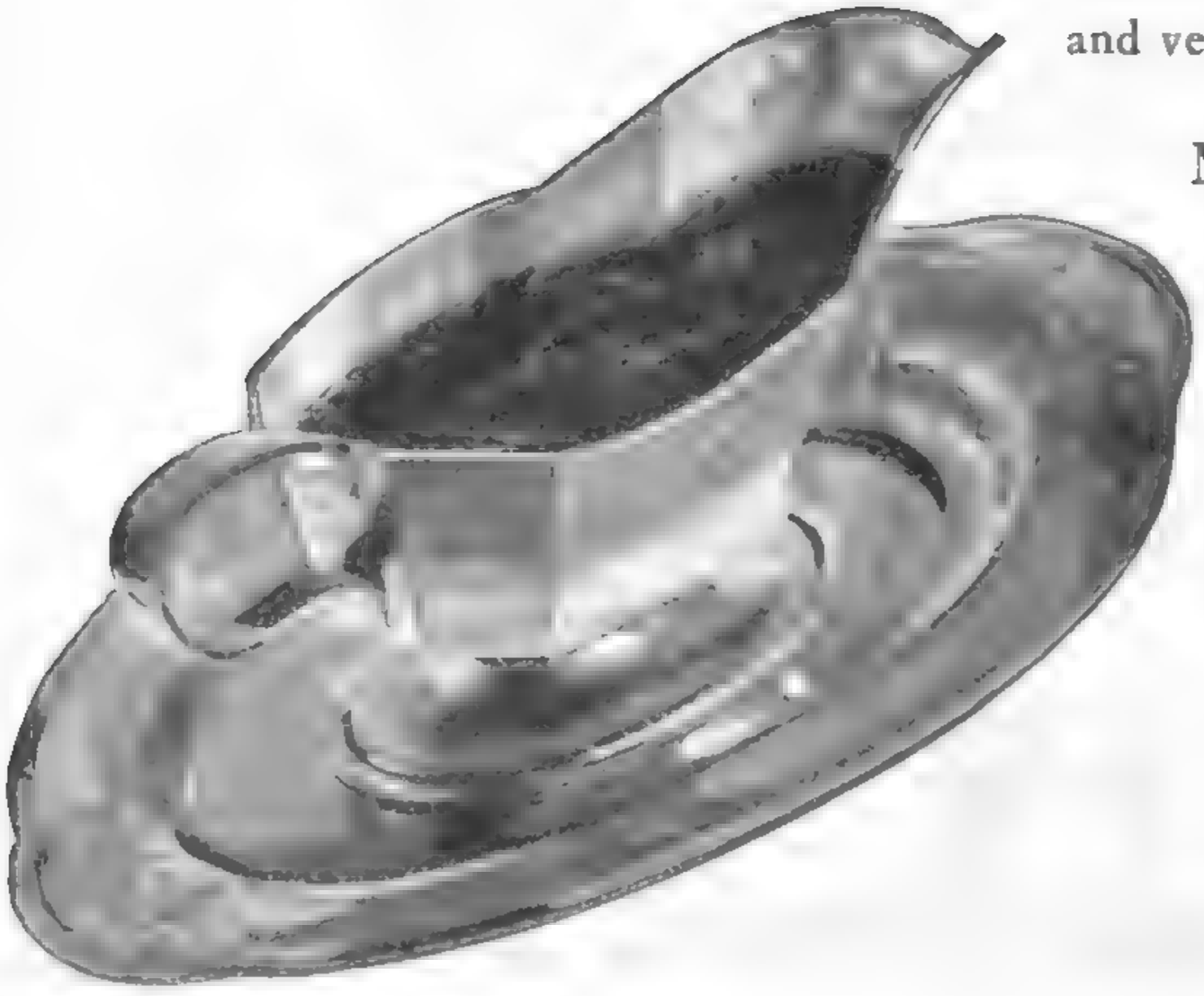
# R R I S

*It's the flavor* that counts in food, isn't it?

Baked ham, for instance, may be fragrant, juicy and as tender under your knife as young fowl. But if it doesn't *taste* right you forget everything else.

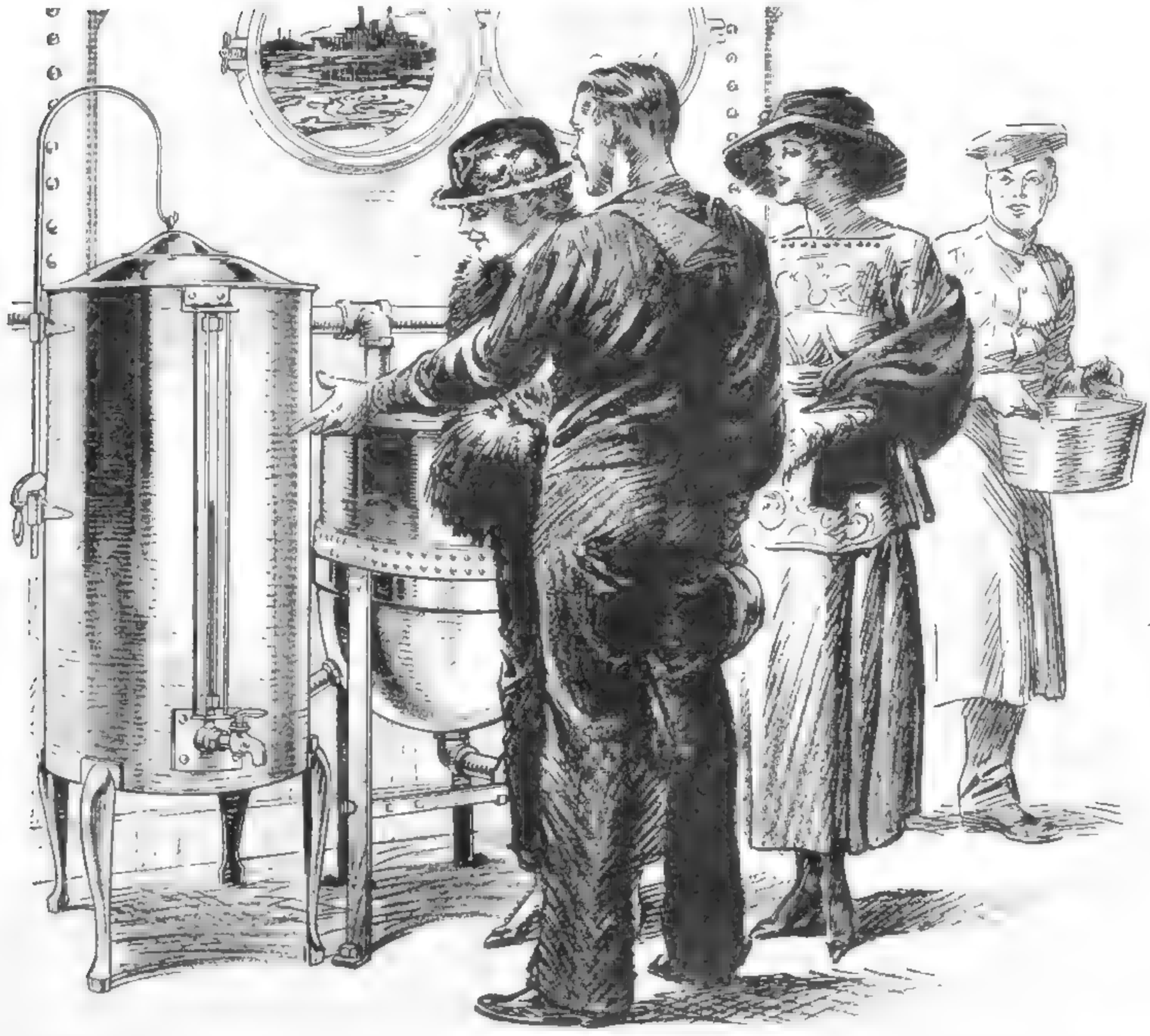
So the most important thing about a Morris *Supreme* ham is the cure it gets. That's what gives the delicious, mild flavor. And we've found only *one* cure out of hundreds that will turn a good ham into a Morris *Supreme* ham. Only this one cure passes our *Supreme* Test.

There are a great many other Morris foods that bear this same mark of *Supreme* goodness. We're just as particular about all of them. And you'll like them all: bacon, sausage, lard; meats, fruits and vegetables in cans.



MORRIS & COMPANY
U. S. A.

SUPREME



BECAUSE thousands of tons of aluminum were used in making giant steam jacketed kettles, coffee urns and other utensils for battleships, transports, cantonments, field kitchens and hospitals, some styles and sizes of

# "Wear-Ever"

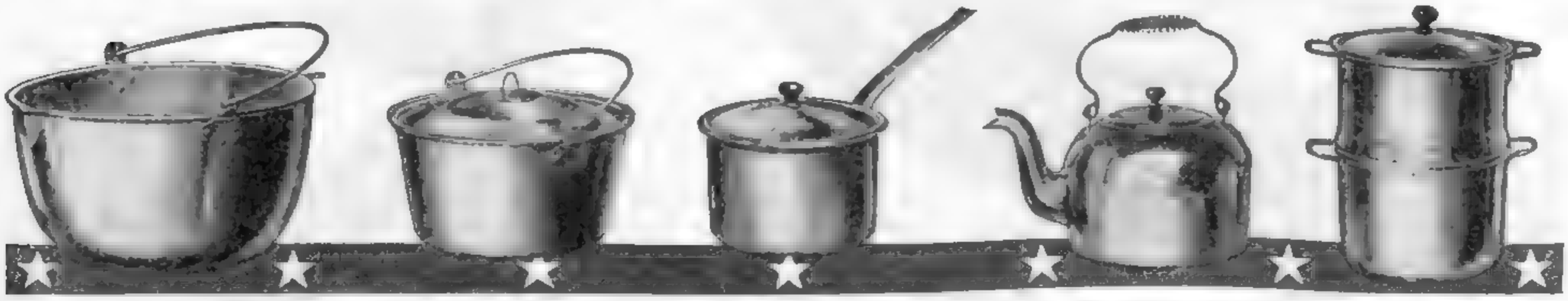
## Aluminum Cooking Utensils

were unobtainable, for home use, during the war. However, it now is possible to resume manufacturing a complete line of **"Wear-Ever"** in quantities sufficient, we hope, to meet the ever-growing national demand for these sturdy, durable and beautiful utensils.

**Replace utensils that wear out with utensils that "Wear-Ever"**

*Look for the "Wear-Ever" trade-mark on the bottom of each utensil*

**The Aluminum Cooking Utensil Company** Dept. 18 **New Kensington, Pa.**



(Continued from Page 83)

You know, Densie, a man has his day, and that is all there is to it."

"I can't feel right about it—Plummer & Plummer failed."

"Not failed—sold—absorbed—by this Golden Rule corporation. I shall have a chance to buy stock in it and we can finally get ahead of the game."

"I suppose it had to come," she admitted.

"I'm going on the road to study the other stores and buy for them—they wanted someone with experience. I think we've hit on a big thing and I'm going to give up politics and clubs and devote myself to the syndicate."

"It seems too bad, doesn't it?"

"You sentimental goose!" John was in high spirits. He came over to kiss her. "Now, Densie, have all the clubs you like, and new clothes, and stop worrying about Sally—the child is all right. Rex isn't a half-bad sort."

"John, I can't help but worry—everyone tells me it is not right. As her father you ought to talk to him—ask him his intentions."

John frowned. "We don't do that sort of thing nowadays—and Sally seems able to forge for herself. She's so pretty no one can resist her. Besides," he added sincerely, "she is your daughter and she could not go far wrong."

Densie blushed. "Thank you, dear, but I want to see her settled. I'm resigned to Harriet—I dare say in modern fashion she will be most useful. But if Sally does not decide about marriage or a career she will be marking time."

"She is a mere infant. Girls stay girls nowadays as long as they like," John protested.

"You feel I'm too narrow." Densie was very earnest. "I want to be fair—but I should have been glad to have Sally and Dean tell us what we told our uncle and aunt."

"Dean is a good lad, but Sally was never meant for a poor man's wife!"

"Do you know anything about Humberstone?" Densie was loath to give up her first impressions.

"Everyone speaks well of him," was all John could say. "I suppose we shall know about him by and by."

He fell to talking about the business change and Sam Hippler's little tragedy of no longer being useful.

"But it's the new order," he told Densie that night. They seemed to grow close again as they talked. "The new era—you called it. Come, Densie, let us hurry and be one with it." He spoke lightly but he meant the words.

Sam Hippler came to see Densie before he went to a great-niece in New England who offered him a home. He was far from penniless. That was not his sorrow—it was the facts that he was out of the running and that Plummer & Plummer was no more.

"I'm so sorry," Densie said tenderly; "if we were in the old home you should never go away. Uncle Herbert and Aunt Sally would have wanted you to stay with us."

"Ah, but I'd be in the way." He blew his nose forcibly with the old-style red-bordered handkerchief. "John has had hard work to put up with me for years—I can't change, Densie; I'm too old to learn how to do things the new way. It was hard on John too. John knows how to do things the new way."

"Don't you approve of the new way?" said John's wife.

"Well, this eternal efficiency is deadly if you carry it too far. It destroys spontaneity," the old man said with surprising clearness of mind. "And these modern children!"

He held his gnarled old hands up in horror, an antique cameo ring almost slipping from one of his fingers he had grown so thin. "I give you my word I can't understand things."

"They don't want that sort of thing now, Uncle Sam."

"These—these dresses without waists—bah, I've no patience with the young women! And the young men—weaklings!" He dropped his gray head.

"It was not I who wanted the firm to go under," Densie said presently.

"No, you're your aunt over again. It was never you, but John; he is mad with the spirit of the age!" He glanced up at Densie between his shaggy brows. "It's no longer—'how much can we all save, but how much can we all spend!' My girl, unless you catch up with him—your heart is going to ache!"

"I know, Uncle Sam—I'm trying. But it is always household cares—cares—cares and the children. And now the children seem farther away than ever. I was trying to be modern when I left the Little House—and it has only resulted in my being old-fashioned in a new-fashioned setting, which is worse than ever. I'm going to try again." She was thinking of a way to earn some money, a drastic way that would bring the desired result.

"After you catch the spirit of the age," the old man dreamed, "you'll long for the past. . . . The day the firm was sold was the anniversary of your uncle's wedding day. I remember when he and Sally went away—a stagecoach then, and she wore a pink striped silk and a bonnet with white ties. They went to the Orient and left me in charge—I was quite modern then! The day they came home—eight months later—we planted a rosebush before the front door of The Evergreens—for good fortune. I can see Sally now as she scolded me for bending the trowel ——"

Densie rose abruptly. Something sobbed way inside of her; she wanted to take this old man into her keeping and reverence him, not for what he could do according to modern calculation, but for what he had done!

"Do you remember how you used to sit on your uncle's lap when you had the earache?" he asked with a childish veering of topics.

"And how John used to skip school and you forged his excuses?"

So they talked half the afternoon—all in the past tense, until Kenneth came in to bring them into the present.

Densie gave Sam Hippler his choice of the old books and pictures and an armchair Uncle Herbert had particularly named as his own.

"My room at Nancy's will seem like home," the old chap said cheerfully. "I'm robbing you, though."

"No, no! The family always call them eyesores. Only I could not set them out for a secondhand man. Take all you want—I will like to think of you as having them."

When the family discovered what she had done they applauded the act and said it was too bad she had not sold off everything else that was an antique.

The parting between John and Sam Hippler was a trifle strained for the former. He had been impatient with the old man's domineering persistency and high ideals for a long time, and doubly impatient with the fact that he had to take the trouble and time to deceive him—whereas he, proprietor, should have merely given orders and had them obeyed without questioning.

"Good-by, my boy. You've a good wife—that is better than a good business," was all Sam Hippler said, to his relief.

After Sam Hippler's departure John prepared for his first long trip on the road. He had a word with Sally to ease his conscience concerning Rex Humberstone, but as usual Sally ended the victor.

"Daddy, how can you say I'm flirting! When I adore Rex and he does me—he merely wants me to be sure of my own mind. Besides, look at the money I earned last month—you can't scold me—you with a brand-new business and the prospect of being dreadfully rich."

She kissed him on the forehead and rumpled up his hair, and he ended weakly by promising to bring her skates from New York!

XVI

IT WAS after Harriet graduated and decided to live with Leila in New York, Leila being a minor librarian somewhere in the Harlem district, that Densie began to earn her own money.

She had not gone to see her daughter graduate because of preparing for this new and very satisfying interest. John had run down, combining it with business as well, and reported that there had been no exercises to speak of and that Harriet was just the same, a trifle more reserved if anything. Everyone spoke of her in the highest terms and she was exceptionally advanced to have so excellent an appointment.

The chance to earn the money had come to Densie rather unexpectedly. One of the clubs of which she had been a struggling member regretted the fact that no woman's exchange was established in the city, that if there were they would be able to place the members' handiwork for sale and secure funds for a permanent library and other things.

It gave Densie the idea. Why not start a woman's exchange? Why not do some useful thing? If she was no longer essential to her family she would make herself essential to something—the maternal in her demanded such a vent.

She did not confide in anyone, but went quietly to work to select a small front-windowed shop in a fair section of the city and figure on the estimates for fitting it up correctly. She had fair ideas regarding this—a soothing gray-green effect. She put a gold-lettered sign in the window: Woman's Exchange Tea Room.

She was amazed at her own boldness. Instinctively she hesitated before she plunged any further, so she confessed to Sally, who regarded the idea as utterly impossible. It was unlike mummy to have ideas outside of her home.

"How can you run an exchange?" she demanded. "You don't know anything about business."

"Then I can learn," her mother answered, to her amazement.

"It does not look very well for father to have you with a tea room." But Sally really meant Rex Humberstone. She dreaded telling him—he was so extremely aristocratic in his views.

When John returned from his trip Densie's little exchange had made its initial bow to the world. She had a few wicker tables for the light refreshments; she had hunted out some faded women in need of pin money, but trained for nothing but their home, and engaged them to make cakes and jams and sandwiches; she accepted crochet work from the inmates of the wheel-chair guilds and old people's homes; she had beautifully knitted afghans and sweaters made by various grandmas and great-grandmas who spent most of their time in their rooms; she had slippers, shoe bags, baby-carriage sets, perfumes and sachets—all manner of dainty homemade things. She took orders for cakes and preserves, she had maple-sugar patties and an odd sort of pottery. It was really quite a little shop.

She had Sally's hand-painted favors and menu cards in the front case and told her to make Christmas and Easter greetings, and she pressed Kenneth into service as an errand boy and sweeper up.

Kenneth enjoyed the exchange, since he ate up all the left-over sandwiches and ice creams and had the rare joy of being with his mother more than ever before.

Densie secured help so she could be away some of the time; she relied on her affiliations with her clubs to help her. Densie, too, was learning how to use people in a quiet, refined way! But Densie herself remained unchanged, in a demure gray dress and frilly white apron and her hair combed back unfashionably, with no hint of powder.

Sprays of artificial wistaria and cherry blossoms decorated the shop and a gong of temple bells rang as one entered. Handmade toys sat in a row as the receiving line—dolls made from Turkish towels and dogs from stockings and funny gray kitties cut from outing flannel and fantastically cross-stitched.

At first John had nothing to say—it so astonished him that Densie would dare do such a thing, particularly without consulting him. He did not know whether to be pleased or not. It evidently meant that she would need less of his money, which was an excellent happening, because he had more wildcat schemes to make money from—mines or fly-by-night ventures. It did not look quite well, which annoyed him—and yet many modern women were beginning to earn money, and as Densie had no special talent it was only natural that she turn to the aiding and abetting of other people's talents—homekeeper to the woman's exchange, as it were.

So he said: "Well, well, I've a rival! You are quite a surprise box. How long has this been back in your head?"

"For months I've wanted to do something—it seemed to me we had nothing that took up our time together as we used to have, and a woman grows tired of going out alone. Sally is absorbed with Rex, and Kenneth a youngster. I thought it was really a needed thing and that it was a duty as well as a pleasure."

"Do you like it?"

"Ever so much. I enjoy meeting the different people and to help all the queer old dears who could not possibly earn new boots unless I managed to sell their knick-knacks. It is a great pleasure, John."

"I suppose you'll not be home very much," he ruminated. Somehow the venture in other lights was not so favorable.

"Not so much, of course—I leave early in the morning; but I plan to have the girl close the store for me. I must be here to cook dinner."

"Um—if it's too much for you let me know," he said magnanimously, nonplused by the procedure, and the motive behind it.

He wondered if anyone would speak to him about it; ask if he had had losses and say it was too bad Mrs. Plummer had opened an exchange. But no one mentioned it—what people thought was their own concern. The exchange flourished surprisingly well. Partly because it was conscientiously managed and partly because Densie unearthed things that customers said they were longing and looking for but could never find.

Women exclaimed with tears and laughs over certain old patterns in cross-stitch and crewelwork, and when Densie had fat little pots of rose-leaf jam for sale she could not supply the demand. There was an air of sincerity about the shop—everything was homemade and no pains were spared to keep it spotlessly spick-and-span, a scent of lavender and lemon verbena pervading it.

Densie disposed of everything quickly except Sally's hand-painted trifles. They seemed out of place beside the homy, almost wudgy articles. Her tea room became a rendezvous for shoppers. Even business men dropped in for an "honest-to-goodness brownbread sandwich and a cup of real coffee," and Densie found after three months that she had cleared her initial expenses and had a hundred and fifty dollars of her own money—her own money!—which she had earned.

It seemed to her on the day she counted it over and realized what she had done that she began to catch up with the younger generation. She advertised the shop and invited a mail-order business for a few novelties. A woman in Louisiana asked if she would handle paper-shelled almonds, which she did; while someone else sent praline patties, and a third, from Canada, contributed birch-bark baskets and sweet-grass work. Two California girls ventured to send her Indian dolls, canoes and abalone jewelry.

Densie was not happy except as she made herself be happy from the fact of success with its inevitable stimulus and excitement and the thought that she was essential once more. She ceased being a type and became an individual. But she used to wish for the old days when she rose to start the fire in the Little House, to find John had started it and put the kettle on, and she would make hot cakes and bring out maple sirup as a reward! And there had been more reward breakfasts than any other kind, as she recalled it. She liked the nice, solid, comfortable way in which they had lived and mingled with their neighbors; that feeling of security when the Baxters wanted to borrow anything, from the flat-irons to the baby; or the right to run into Grandma McDermott's on the corner when anything went wrong or if she wanted a new pudding recipe.

John used to know his men neighbors as well; they used to water their lawns summer evenings while the children tumbled about and the women called to each other from the verandas about the price of calico, and the men would compare lawns and gardens, confide fishing secrets and exchange opinions on the topics of the day. And it was all a restful sane sort of existence. But this was no more. Flat dwellers tried to hoist the burden of caring for lawns on each other, and the women knew their neighbors only to gossip about them and nod very formally. That other scheme of life with its irregularly planted fragrant gardens and real dogs and old-time hired girls and orthodox churchgoing and Saturday baths had vanished.

Densie had the rarest joy in the world when she came across women similarly circumstanced as she was—born at the closing of one era and trying desperately to understand and heed the dictates of the new. She used to buy their work and encourage them to join clubs and to relax in matters of orthodox religion—to do as that old article had told her, the one she had read many years ago which urged the middle-aged American woman to become acquainted with the joy of living! Densie, too, was beginning to say with her daughters, "First of all I am a human being and must live my own life."

She found it impossible to tend to the exchange and her clubs and her flat. Kenneth was with her much of the time, but to

(Continued on Page 90)

# Are You Getting the Most From Your Trucks?

## *Give "Ship by Truck" a Broader Meaning in Your Own Fleet*

*By* Harvey S. Firestone
President, Firestone Tire & Rubber Co.

THE sooner you realize that your trucks are more than substitutes for horse-drawn vehicles, the sooner you will obtain the broader, more important, more valuable returns from motor trucking.

You can and should exact duties from your trucks that are entirely beyond the capabilities of horse-and-wagon transportation.

Apply the "*Ship by Truck*" idea to your own fleet. Give your trucks new transportation duties, a wider radius, special responsibilities that no other transportation method can assume.

In every part of the country one finds the truck seeking out and alleviating obstacles to transportation brought upon us not only by War but by an accelerated national growth.

In the far West trucks are forcing their way into the forests and with the aid of trailers bearing out the logs to the mills. Timbermen have reported as high as 50% saving over any other method of logging. This is only one of a long list of truck activities in the lumber industry. Trucks have proved themselves adapted to haulage between mills and lumber piles, from their yards to their planing mills or to the woodworking plants of customers in the same or adjacent localities.

The freight embargoes of the War taught a wholesome lesson. They showed business men new, unsuspected uses for trucks.

For example, a large eastern corset manufacturer used his trucks to solve stringent labor conditions.

The town in which his factory is located was a center of munition work. When labor costs became prohibitive he opened plants in three neighboring towns at distances of 23, 30 and 40 miles. Labor was obtained in these communities at much more reasonable rates. Raw materials were transported from the factory warehouse to these new plants by truck. The return load was made up of finished or partly finished goods.

The promptness and low cost of haulage between these four plants enabled him to continue business profitably in the face of serious labor shortage.

Trucks have proved invaluable in the last year in moving labor from the towns to the fields during the rush of harvesting.

Truck haulage between plants located in different cities is rapidly coming to the fore as a means of speeding manufacture, relieving labor conditions, reducing raw-material stocks and lending needed assistance to the overburdened railroads.

Five trucks owned by a New England woolen manufacturer, by eliminating shipping delays, made it possible to reduce by $350,000 the stocks of raw material kept on hand at his branch plants. The certainty of truck delivery of raw material when needed effected this economy.

The interest on this raw-material stock is alone a considerable item. Yet this company placed almost as great a value on the speed with which this same fleet was delivering goods to customers.

The cost of this company's inter-plant shipments by truck was less than that of railroad freights.

"*Ship by Truck.*"

The power of the idea lies in the universal adaptability of this new method of transportation.

"*Ship by Truck*" plans are maturing so rapidly that the novelty of today is established practice tomorrow. But there is still room for initiative and aggressiveness in making truck transportation still more valuable to American Business.

Set your mind to the problem of extending the usefulness of your truck or truck fleet. Get the values that other truck owners have proved can be obtained. Consult your Chamber of Commerce and Return Loads Bureau as to the latest developments in trucking.

Don't let transportation difficulties reduce the high manufacturing efficiency of your plant.

"*Ship by Truck.*"

*Reproduction of photograph of truck owned by Fred Johnson, Portland, Ore.*

# Half the truck tonnage of America is carried on Firestone Tires

(Continued from Page 67)

provide for Sally and John was impossible. So she hired a maid, a careless, inefficient Scandinavian, who did as she liked pretty much, and occasionally took week-ends off to become hilariously intoxicated.

"It is the best I can do," Densie told John when he began to complain about the food. "Either I must stay at home or else I must have help. Sally will not do the work—she ought to, because she does nothing else—but she won't. Perhaps you can talk to her—I have tried and despaired."

"We want to know, your mother and I," said John, accosting Sally a few days later, "whether you are going to marry Humberstone or do your part here as you should? Your mother cannot sacrifice a good business and you don't seem inclined to help. It is time he spoke about his intentions."

Sally, quite as beautiful as before, but older and more cynical of expression, thrummed idly on the old piano. "Well, father, I claim the same rights as Harriet. You never ask her things."

"Because she does them. You don't."

Sally pouted. "Why do you think Rex is or is not going to marry me?"

"I don't know—a year or so ago I thought he would marry you as fast as you would have him, but he is taking his time about it. Men didn't in my day; they never 'waited' on a young woman unless they had declared themselves."

John began to feel abused—after all it was not his place to be staying home in the morning to lecture his daughter and try to regulate the household. It was Densie's—and he had an aversion to going into her exchange for luncheon because of being called "only her husband!"

Densie was quite a stranger to him except for the brief time in the evening. But he noticed she seemed happier and more enthusiastic about things generally, and when he had asked almost shyly what she intended doing with her profit, she said she was going to bank it and not risk speculation. John disapproved of this; he felt no money should lie idle in a bank. Uncle Herbert's dreaminess had resolved itself into a desire to gamble in John's disposition.

"I can't walk up to Rex Humberstone and ask him if he is going to marry me," Sally said angrily. "I'm tired of everyone—I wish I were in New York with Harriet." She put her head down and began to cry.

John stood back utterly nonplused. "I say, Sally, don't be a goose—what's the matter anyway?"

He stared about the living room in dismay; there was dust on every article of furniture, and the things did not fit into the room, the new-fashioned things were too expensive and the old-fashioned ones too laughable. The dining room was disorderly and the breakfast dishes atill about.

He thought of the contrast with Densie's exchange, spick-and-span, with Densie in her Quakerish costume moving deftly about, knowing just where to put this or how to fix that and where to put a stitch in an article to safeguard its durability, and that a fat bow of ribbon about the bunny's neck would make him twice as attractive! He felt neglected as he glanced over at himself in the mantel mirror.

"What a funny fellow I am," he murmured half out loud. "I feel like twenty-five and I'm nearly forty-five. I don't want Densie in her shop, and I'm dashed if she didn't make me nervous when she stayed home to drudge—I don't believe I was meant to be head of a family."

Curiously he almost envied Rex Humberstone and Harriet, two of the freest individuals he knew.

Sally stopped crying and raised her head to catch her father's expression.

"I'll go away if you like, but I won't stay home and do housework. Mother could sell my things if she tried—other things have sold."

And she began wondering why there were no more orders from the mysterious Mrs. Hester Smith. "Mother ought to stay home—she has had her day."

John shrugged his shoulders. "Squabble all you like, my dears. I declare myself out of it."

And putting on his hat he made for downtown. Before he reached his store he saw Kenneth loaded with boxes, all labeled Woman's Exchange and Tea Room, Mrs. Densie Plummer, Proprietor; Kenneth was very dignified and filled with his own importance.

"Where are you off to?" John halted him with a flourishing salute.

"Mother's got a lot of orders. Somebody's getting married, and there is a new baby at Alice Palmer's. Gee, you ought to see the pink bows! And there is a party cake for somebody else."

Kenneth was happy. Densie paid him a percentage of each article's value which he delivered.

He too was saving his pennies.

"When is mother coming home?" John asked, surprised to find himself more and more indignant at being neglected.

"Oh, she's going to a banquet to-night—a club banquet; and I'm going to eat up all the things at the tea room and she'll call for me at half past nine."

"I don't want you hanging round the store until then. You come home and eat your supper." John was ashamed of himself as he spoke.

"There won't be any supper, will there? Sally's never home." Kenneth was gaining in independence. "Anyway, I'll do what mummy said."

Which ended the argument.

Aghast even at Kenneth, John let him pass on.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

# A HOUSE DIVIDED

(Continued from Page 17)

globe. She deftly summoned a rapt expression and plastered it on her face.

As Derry entered the room he was impressed in spite of himself. A few Chinese joss sticks burning in the rear blended with the odor of breakfast onions in extremely Oriental fashion. More—the princess was exceedingly restful to discriminating masculine eyes in her soothsaying regalia; a fact which Derry noticed and the princess noticed that he noticed. Derry planked down his dollar and followed directions to gaze into the crystal sphere.

The princess gave a full dollar's worth. She was unable to call Derry's name, but she told accurately that he had been born in the South; that he was a workingman; married—a rash guess but a good one; that he made substantial wages—which fact she adduced from his clothes; that he held a good position and would continue to hold it; that he loved his wife, but somehow was not disinclined to admire the pulchritude of women more beautiful than Mrs. Derry; that his prospects were bright; that he would achieve his heart's desire; and in brief everything in the patter of the fake fortune teller which is Delphic in substance. And the more she talked the surer Derry became of his ground. When she subsided he gave a phlegmatic "Thanks" and struck straight from the shoulder:

"If'n you c'n tell all that fo' a dollar, Princess, I reckon you'd spout a pow'ful fine fo'tune fo' 'bout twen'y—woul'n't you?"

The subliminal mind of the clairvoyant snapped quickly out of tune with the infinite. Here was earthly material talk which she understood, and she made a record journey back to mundane levels.

"Twenty dollars?"

"You said it."

"Cash?"

"Spot."

She clutched his hand, but he jerked it away.

"Not mine," he explained.

"Oh!"

"They's a man in this heah town, name of Truman Chinners. I wants you to git him heah an' tell his fo'tune."

"When do I get the money?"

"In adwance. On'y I ain't want you to tell him no fo'tune like what you is jes' been tellin' me. If'n I shell out this heah twen'y dollars I want him tol' my kin' of a fo'tune."

Professional ethics fought a brief battle with the crying needs of the royal larder and the latter was returned victorious.

"'Splain yo'se'f, Misto' ——"

"Nev' min' my name. It mought slip out. What I wants to know is—does you think if'n this heah Truman Chinners, which is married an' has a baby also—if'n he come heah could you skeer him so's he'd move away fum the house where he is livin' at now? P'ef'ably away fum town, so's I woul'n't be bothered with him no mo'? He's pow'ful superstishus, Miss Rajjah, an' if'n you c'd wuk it ——" He produced his wallet significantly.

The princess sighed profoundly. She knew that the tall good-looking man before her was no disciple of the yogi and she talked plain English.

"I reckon I could do mos' anything hones' fo' twen'y dollars."

Derry hitched his chair closer. "This heah thing ain't not on'y hones', Miss Rajjah—it's a pos'tive cha'ity. Lemme staht at the beginnin'."

A half hour later he reached the end. His eloquence had swayed the hungry princess and she promised to excel herself in bringing about the result Derry so passionately desired. The two ten-dollar bills binding the bargain passed from his hands to hers—a ceremonial which Mr. Princess Rajjah witnessed gleefully through the portières. Business was decidedly picking up, and he envisioned a Rajjah feast of succulent pork chops and tender crisp apple fritters.

Narcissy Moultrie was not so spontaneously enthusiastic as the princess over the news of the twenty. "Ain't you reckon she'd of did it fo' less'n that, Derry? Not that I ain't sayin' but what 'tis a good idee, but twen'y dollars ——"

"Huh," retorted Derry loftily, "princesses ain't no pikers, Narcissy. 'Tain't possible to git 'em to wuk fo' you fo' a cent less'n twen'y dollars."

"Mebbe come she ain't no princess."

"Sho' she is. She say she's a reg'lar Hindu fum Hindustanee. But if'n she is or she ain't don' make no diff'ence if'n she gits them Chinnerses away fum heah. It has became a matter of p'inciple with me. If'n we was to pack up an' lef' heah Truman Chinners'd go roun' tellin' ev'ybody 'bout how he run us off."

The wifely jaw squared. "That bein' the case," she said grimly, "I reck'n we c'n affo'd to spen' that twen'y, 'specially if'n Cap'n Carroll gives you back the twen'y what you give him to git rid of Truman off'n his lease."

Meanwhile the nocturnal jangling of the telephone was temporarily discontinued and an armistice of a sort declared between the Chinners and Moultrie households. Little Wade Hampton howled pæans of victory in the stilly hours of the night, but somehow he had lost his power to enrage the Moultries. They realized that they now held eleven of the trumps and they patiently awaited developments from the realm of the supernatural.

Thus far Truman Chinners and his wife had battled heroically against the temptation to visit the seeress on Avenue H. They were both steeped in superstition and fiercely attracted by anything that savored of glimpsing the future; but they had taken unto themselves the first member of a second generation, and parental duty was plain. They could not afford two dollars, and it was romantically unthinkable that one should go without the other.

It had been a hard battle, but conscientiousness and the necessity for economy had won out. Truman had given in most grudgingly. The future did not look entirely roseate for Chinners *père*. He had recently, in the glory of fatherhood and the certainty of accomplishment, essayed the contract for the building of a small house on Seventeenth Street. Things looked bright at the outset, but two of his best workmen had accepted more attractive offers elsewhere, and in order to get new men in a hurry Truman was compelled to advance the wage scale upon which his bid had been based. Then bad weather took a hand—a contingency which was not provided against in the contract. The day for the completion of the job found it still unfinished, and the following week saw the paper profits melting slowly away, until, when the task was finished and his accounts straightened, Truman found that he had been paying the owner of the little house seventy-two cents a day for the privilege of working for him.

Thereupon he decided unanimously that the contracting business was not what it was cracked up to be. He had been hoist by the petard of his ambition and received a severe setback. He accepted five days' work at union wages and was glad to get it. At the end of that period he faced the necessity of securing anything that happened to present itself. From Orpha he received little encouragement. Orpha was too absorbed in the temperamental eccentricities of little Wade Hampton Chinners to hear the not too distant howlings of the wolf.

The night after Derry's conversation with the Princess Rajjah Mr. and Mrs. Simeon Broughton called upon the Chinnerses. Simeon—big, bluff and hearty—was good-naturedly tolerant of the effervescence of his radiant young wife. As for Pearl she was fairly bubbling over with excitement inspired by the brummagem display and convincing chatter of the princess.

"We is jes' come fum the Princess Rajjah's," she exclaimed, "an' she's sho' the wonderfulest 'ooman!"

Truman squirmed. "Reckon she is," he returned wistfully.

"She done tol' me an' Simeon all 'bout ourselfs, an'—an'"—she paused impressively—"she done call yo'-all's name right out!"

Mr. Truman Chinners stiffened. "What!"

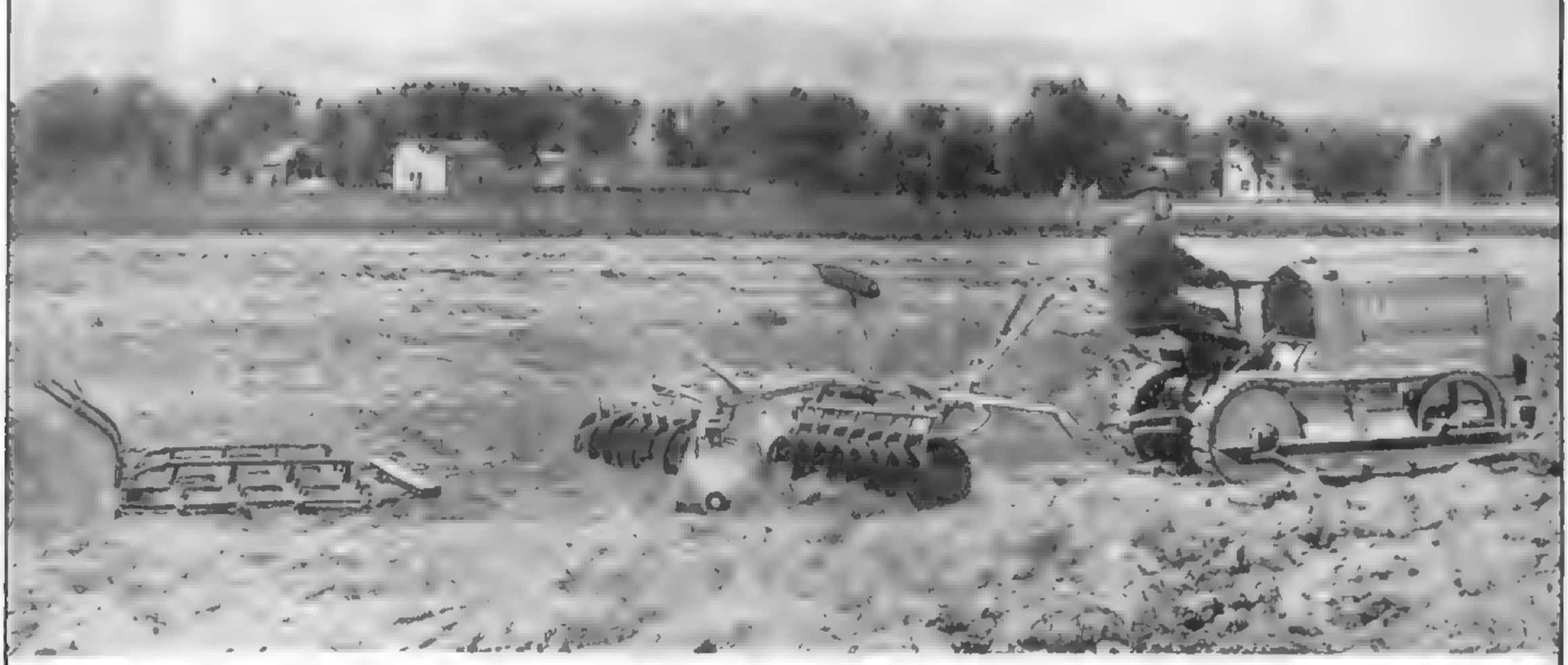
"Sho' nuff! Ain't it the truth, Simeon?"

The giant of a man, who made an excellent and steady living as community gardener for fashionable white folks in the summer months and furnace chaperon in winter, nodded his head. The fact that Simeon was impressed had a twofold effect on the naturally credulous Truman.

"She—she said sumpin' 'bout us?"

(Concluded on Page 92)

# Cleveland Tractor



## The Cleveland Tractor *does more than plow*

Your tractor to be of real service and value to you, must do more than simply draw a plow.

Plowing is *only the beginning* of what a tractor should be able to do.

It should also be able to do everything else in the preparation of the seed bed—the discing and harrowing, the planting. And it should do these things in a way that will not injure the coming crop.

The tractor should not only be able to draw the implement easily, but it should not spoil the good work of the implement that has gone before.

After the ground is broken, The Cleveland Tractor *goes over it* with the disc and the harrow, then *goes over it* with the seeder.

The Cleveland *rides on top* of the seed bed; *it does not sink into it and it does not pack the soil.*

The Cleveland *goes over soft ground* because it travels on its own endless tracks which it picks up and lays down as it goes along.

These tracks have about 600 square inches of traction surface, so the pressure on the ground is only about five pounds to the square inch—therefore there is not enough weight on the ground at any one point to inflict damage.

We repeat, The Cleveland Tractor *rides on top* of the seed bed. It *does not sink into it;* therefore *it does not have to wade or wallow through it.* And because it *does not sink in,* it does not have to push the dirt in front of it and pack it down in order to navigate.

And because it is not obliged to push the earth in front of it and pack it down, the greatest possible amount of The Cleveland's power is available for accomplishing the work it has to do.

This is one of the reasons why *The Cleveland performs so much work on such a small amount of kerosene.*

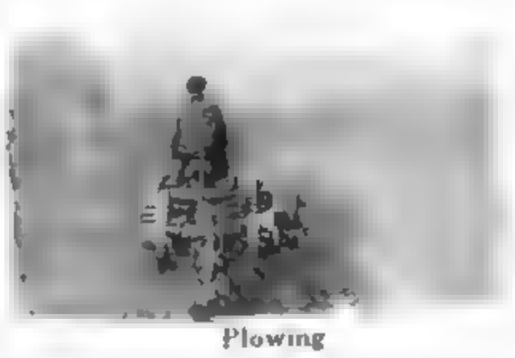
These are but a few of The Cleveland Tractor's many advantages. It is capable of performing almost endless tasks in both tractive and stationary engine work.

The Cleveland does its work. It does it well. It keeps on doing it.

It is the tractor that does the work you want a tractor to do, in the way you want it done.

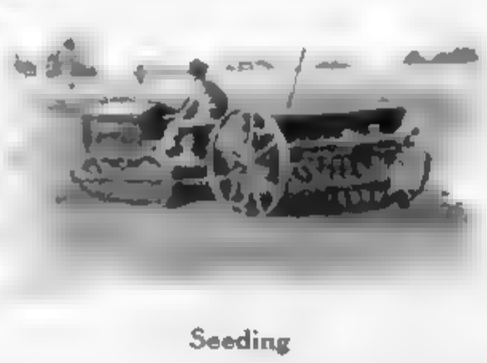
**The Cleveland Tractor Co.**

**18991 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, Ohio**



Plowing

Discing



Seeding

Reaping

(Concluded from Page 90)

"Yeh. She say: 'I see two figgers flyin' roun' a house on Eighteenth Street,' she say, jes' like that. 'One of them they figgers is name' Opportunity an' one of 'em is name' Trouble.' Hones', Misto' Chinners, she say it jes' 'zac'ly like that. Ain't that the Gawd's truth, Simeon?"

"Yeh—jes' that-away."

"An—an' what else?" quavered Truman Chinners.

"She say: 'I see a name—name of Chinners. An' two figgers—one name' Opportunity an' one name' Trouble. They is flyin' roun' the Chinnerses' house. Whar this heah Misto' Chinners is at?' Then she kinder stop an' git ghosty: 'I must see Misto' Chinners!' she say. 'Is Misto' Chinners in the house right now at p'esent?'"

Truman had turned a pale green. "You—you ain't makin' fumadiddles with me, is you, Mis' Broughton?"

"Co'se I ain't! I ain't no jokin' gal whar sperrits is consarned at."

"What else she say?"

"Nothin'."

"Not nothin' 'tall?"

"Nary 'nother word."

After the Broughtons had departed Truman paced the floor. His psychic condition was pitiable. He was infinitely worried—but not too worried to kill two birds with one stone. Since his emotional seethe commanded that he walk he carried Wade Hampton Chinners in his paternal arms, much to that young gentleman's delight.

The Infinite had spoken through the lips of the Princess Rajjah—lips which were even at that moment smacking most unethereally over the juicy pork chops purchased with Derry Moultrie's money. Had Derry been gifted with occult powers he would have reveled in the knowledge of Truman Chinners' mental turmoil.

Truman fought it out by himself. The Princess Rajjah could not have hit upon two words more calculated to intrigue his interest. Opportunity—he was seeking Opportunity as no man seeks it until he faces a period barren of work. And the trouble omen—he cast a wild glance at the cherubic face of his now sleeping son. Trouble meant Wade Hampton.

He discussed the matter with Orpha, but Orpha could not see things his way. She knew little of his foggy business vista and to her a dollar expended upon the Princess Rajjah was a dollar spent for selfish, inexcusable indulgence.

"Fo' a dollar," she expounded, "we c'n pay the fust installment on that carri'ge down to the fu'niture man's, an' Wade Hampton is jes' nacherally got to have him a carri'ge. 'Tain't decent not to."

Truman gave in. He did it reluctantly, stubbornly, and with an ill will. But he gave in.

But when on the following night Florian Slappey—wealthy mentor of the younger set—breezed in on them with news that once again the prophetic figures had appeared to the gaze of the Princess Rajjah as floating over the Chinners home, and that she imperiously demanded the presence of Truman Chinners if he was to be saved disaster to "someone in that they home what is got the initials W. H. C."—Truman Chinners went, and he went fast.

His chest was heaving and his forehead beaded with cold perspiration as he presented himself before the Princess Rajjah. She dismissed two waiting disciples and calmly accepted his dollar. He was vastly impressed by the tawdry glitter. He watched her as she focused her eyes on the polished crystal and slipped promptly into a thoroughly efficient and impressive trance.

She started speaking. Sure of her ground—thanks to the exhaustive biographies furnished by the foresighted Derry Moultrie—she spoke with perfect assurance. No generalities crept in to mar the convincing effect. Her voice was deep and throaty and not unmusical. With the finely developed theatric instinct of her race she swayed her lithe shapely body, rolled her eyes until the whites showed terrifyingly, and intoned her spirit message.

"Yo' name is Chinners—Chinners—lemme see: Tru—Truman Chinners. You is got a wife name' Orpha—that's it—Orpha Chinners. That's yo' wife's name. You lives on Eighteenth Street 'tween Avenues G an' H. Tha's whar you lives at, Truman Chinners. You lives right they. I see a thi'd member of the fam'ly—ve'y small an' tiny—a li'l' bitsy baby. Name'—name'—is it Wade Hampton Chinners? Is that the name, Truman Chinners?"

"Yeh! Yeh! Tha's my baby. Tha's him."

Truman was in a pitiful condition. Every muscle in his short heavy-set body was tensed. He was leaning forward in his chair, hands clutching the table edge, eyes popping from their sockets. He was the type of subject to warm the cockles of a good soothsayer's heart. And the Princess Rajjah was not slow in responding to his flattering gullibility.

"They is a figger floatin' roun' yo' home, Truman Chinners—a figger—a figger—figger name' Opportunity. It is talkin'—talkin'. It say: 'Truman Chinners, you mus' leave off fum livin' whar you is at!' It say: 'Truman Chinners, they is a chancet fo' you to make a heap of money—a heap of money—away—west—west. Fo' you to make piles of money—west.'"

"Wes'fiel'?" breathed Truman.

"Westfield. An' they is 'nother figger a-flyin' roun' 'longside ol' Opportunity, Truman Chinners; an' his name is Trouble—Ol' Trouble flyin' 'long with Opportunity. An' Trouble is talkin'—talkin'. 'Trouble is p'intin' down th'ough the ruf of yo' house, Truman Chinners, p'intin' to a li'l' baby—a li'l' baby—baby name'—name' Wade Hampton Chinners. Trouble p'intin' to the baby—to that they baby. Trouble lookin' pow'ful dahk on that baby, Truman Chinners. It's trouble fum nearabouts—trouble fum yo' neighbors."

Truman shook as with ague. "That'll be Derry an' Narcissy Moultrie!"

*Derry Was Choking With Rage. "If'n You Cain't Keep That Baby Quiet ——"*

"Trouble ain't mention no names," continued the medium craftily; "ain't mention no names—'ceptin' on'y he is lookin' west an' smilin'; sayin' if you leave off fum livin' whar you is livin' at an' go t'wa'ds the settin' sun they ain't gwine be no mo' trouble. But w'en he looks east or st'aight down—'specially st'aight down—he's frownin' sumpin terrible. Trouble, Truman Chinners, trouble fo' the li'l' baby less'n you move fum livin' whar you is at!"

Truman's spine was all marrow when he reached home. The incantations of the Princess Rajjah lost nothing in the retelling. He passed an apprehensive night, his eyes fixed menacingly upon the thin board partition that separated his home from the Moultrie domicile.

To say that he and his wife were convinced of impending danger is to display rank conservatism. They were fairly petrified with terror, and at dawn of the next day they started preparations that were more hasty than thorough.

It was a red-letter day for the Moultries, who sat grinningly in their dining room and hearkened to the sweet music of preparation for the exodus.

"Twen'y dollars," breathed Derry. "It's cheap at twicet the price!"

That afternoon the Chinnerses evacuated the ill-omened Eighteenth Street house, their belongings piled high in a rickety one-horse dray. The family boarded a street car and disappeared from the neighborhood. The Moultries relaxed in supine bliss. Then they prepared for a fitting celebration.

They were too happy to be satisfied with their own society. Informal invitations were telephoned, and by nine o'clock the revelry was in full swing.

It lasted until two in the morning: a hodge-podge of dancing and soft drinks and peanuts and popcorn and ten-cent-store candies. For a spontaneous affair it was a signal triumph.

And free from the yowlings of the Chinners heir Derry and Narcissy slept as they had not since the next-door visit of the stork seven weeks previously. They slumbered the sleep of the wholly righteous and utterly exhausted. When they waked the sun had already mounted brilliantly to mid-heaven, and their breakfast doubled as lunch.

It was too late for Derry to consider working, and he and Narcissy declared a holiday. Derry robed himself in his best suit—a black-and-white-checked affair which had long been the pride of his social hours. Narcissy was radiant in a blue-plumed white hat, a gorgeously embroidered crêpe-de-Chine waist, a blue-serge skirt and a shiny crimson belt. They made an attractive picture as they strutted townward, and once in the center of the city Derry turned east.

"Whar you is gwine, Derry?"

Derry chuckled. "Ov' to git that twen'y dollars back fum Cap'n Carroll."

The real-estate agent greeted them genially and burst immediately into words. "I have some mighty good news for you folks," he said.

"Yassuh?"

"I got rid of the Chinnerses."

"You got'n rid ——"

"Surest thing you know. Truman Chinners happened up in my office yesterday morning and I grabbed him. I didn't mince matters. 'This is your last chance, Truman,' I said positively. 'Will you or will you not take twenty dollars for your lease?' Trust Goodrich Carroll not to give him a chance to raise the ante. 'Answer yes or no,' I said; 'and be quick!'"

Derry felt slightly ill. "I—I—reckon he didn't hahdly consider it ve'y long, did he, cap'n?"

"Nope!" cheerfully. "He snapped me right up.

"'Where's the twenty?' he asked; and I forked over 'your two ten-dollar bills. I was going to ride by this afternoon to tell you the good news."

"Thanks. Say, cap'n, reckon you didn't happen to ast him what fo' he come up to see you 'bout, did you?"

Mr. Carroll shook his head. "Why, no. Now that you mention it, I don't think I did."

"Thought not," murmured Derry dully.

"Why?"

"Nothin'."

"You must have had a reason for asking ——"

"Ain't no reason—'ceptin' on'y I got a hunch Truman was comin' heah to offer you money fo' let'n him git out of the lease."

"Don't be foolish, Derry."

"Cain't help it, Cap'n Carroll. Guess'n I was bohn foolish."

He and Narcissy turned sadly away. That his twenty dollars had been unnecessarily paid over to Truman Chinners put a thorough damper on their jollity. Now that Wade Hampton had departed and his wailings become mere memory he loomed less formidable, and the forty dollars much larger. The angle of perspective was changed. Derry and Narcissy found themselves looking through the reverse end of the telescope.

"Got another tenint?" queried Derry apathetically.

Carroll rubbed his hands. "Certainly have. They'll move in to-morrow."

"Name' which?"

"Preston, I think. Not sure, though. Anyway they're paying me two and a half more a month than Truman Chinners—so I really owe you a debt of gratitude."

"Huh! Ise shuah glad somebody owes me sumpin. It's a pow'ful strange feelin' these heah days."

Sleep did not come easily to Derry Moultrie that night. The farther away his forty dollars the more attractive they seemed. Narcissy sensed his mood and refrained from nagging—too much. But she nagged sufficiently to make Derry glad when morning came and he could depart for his day's labors in Westfield.

At two o'clock that afternoon he reappeared. But he was not empty-handed. His right fist clutched the workbox containing his tools. He was atremble with fury and there was blood in his eye. He flung into the house without a word and slammed his tool box down on the best rug. There was no hint of apology accompanying the act.

Circumstance and instinct combined to warn Narcissy that this was no time for fault-finding. She bided her time, awaiting the inevitable opening of the verbal floodgates. It came in a single fervid expletive.

"Damn!" spat Derry.

"What—what you doin' home this heah time of day, hon?"

"Ise home an' Ise gwine stay home! They's some things no se'f-respectin' man c'n stan'!"

"Sumpin wrong?"

"Sumpin wrong! Jes' heah that 'ooman! Sumpin wrong? Huh! Whyn't you ask me is sumpin right?"

Narcissy waited patiently. She knew her husband. "Yeh?" she suggested.

"It's that they Princess Rajjah. What you think she done did?"

"What?"

"She's went an' sent Truman Chinners ov' to Wes'fiel' lookin' fo' a job."

"To Wes'fiel', whar you wuks at?"

"Whar I did wuk at!"

"Did he git him a job?"

"Did he? Trus' a feller like him to lan' right. He goes out they an' tells them white folks he's a contractor, an' gives the name of the feller he done built that house fo' what he botched up so bad. They call the man up an' he gives Truman a recommen'. An' they goes an' hires him"—he paused and fairly shot out the final words—"as a foreman!"

"Foreman?"

"An' that ain't the wo'st of it," continued Derry bitterly. "They makes him foreman over the job what I is workin' on. Jes' like what I is said—they is some things which is too much fo' any se'f-respectin' man to stan'. An' I quit. Quit col'! Tha's better, I says to myse'f, than waitin' twell Truman Chinners fires me!"

A pregnant silence ensued. It jarred on the nerves of Derry Moultrie. He looked up and met his wife's eyes.

"What's eatin' you, Narcissy? You ain't look so happy yo'se'f."

"I ain't."

"'Count of which?"

"Them new tenints—them Prestons which moved in nex' do' this mawnin', Derry."

"Well, what 'bout 'em?"

"Nothin'—'ceptin' on'y that they is got twins th'ee months old!"

"We've treated our guests well in my hall that Carnation milk from the subject of Carnation milk one of the first things I look special notice of after arriving in France was a man walking across a bridge where the train had stopped, toting a can of Carnation milk in his hand. I have in this little town you cannot But I have discovered one thing they have to sell, It is Carnation Milk I had a can

# "We banked on Carnation 'over there'

"UNCLE Sam insisted that we should be well fed, and fed on things that would keep us strong and healthy.

"In the cantonments here we got acquainted with evaporated milk—and lots of it was Carnation. Over there, believe me, Carnation was like a letter from home every so often.

"So, you see, it made us feel at home over there—and now it makes us feel at home back here. You don't have to argue to us about Carnation. We *know.*"

Carnation Milk is internationally known and used. Always dependable, always pure and sweet, always uniform in quality—because of the Carnation methods and facilities. Just pure, sweet, rich milk, evaporated to the consistency of cream, hermetically sealed and sterilized. It is the only milk supply your home requires.

Our free booklet of over one hundred choice, tested recipes will be mailed to you on request. Address Carnation Milk Products Co., 332 Consumers Bldg., Chicago.

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Carnation Milk

From Contented Cows

# P. A. is such a scuttle full of sunshine!

YOU can't help cutting loose some joy'us remarks when you flush your smokespot with P. A.—it hits you so fair and square from every smoke angle; its flavor and fragrance is so refreshing! Quick as a wink you elect it into the family-pet-class and fuss it like it's the new baby!

You lay-off that smoke-longing-game and play the odds-on-favorite—Prince Albert—tobacco that is so delightful, so satisfying, that it seems like you can't get enough hours jammed into days and nights to put to smoking purposes! That's because Prince Albert has the quality! *It will not tire your taste!*

It's never too late to hop the fence into the Prince Albert pleasure pasture! For, P. A. is trigger-ready for your try-out whenever you pass the word—ready to give you more tobacco fun than you ever had before in your smokecareer!

If you'll set-the-signals we'll all sit around on a puffing party tonight, and, have a flock of smokes and tell-tall-tobacco-tales and give you a chance to air your testimony on just what a fistfull-of-fun Prince Albert has shovelled into your smokesystem!

And, you'll want to write it down that Prince Albert *did not* bite your tongue or parch your throat! *And, between us all, it never will!* For, our exclusive patented process cuts out bite and parch and lets the man with the touchiest tongue just smoke the roof right off the house! Man, man, what a wad of smokesport there's stored in that P. A. package addressed to you!

Prince Albert is sold in toppy red bags, tidy red tins, handsome pound and half-pound tin humidors—*and*—that classy crystal glass pound humidor with sponge moistener top that keeps the tobacco in such perfect condition.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

# RUNA'S HOLIDAY

Continued from Page 11)

wreck of thatch, mustard-yellow slashed with black shade. A path yawned above in the point of the narrows.

*A savage place, as holy and enchanted* ——

Dan smiled; in part that such cool poetry of cedarn cover and waning moon could run through his mind; in part that he remembered how, somewhere uphill beyond this yellow furnace, Runa and his merry men were in all likelihood climbing and grunting and sweating.

"And they call it sport!" The young man's smile became a grin. "Runa'll come home with language to frizzle your hair."

A faint breeze rattled the grasses above, but must have died on the way. Something crashed. A man shouted, in a queer yelp that rang down the glen. And then while Dan still paused there, vaguely amused, down from the left of the path between two frowzy thatch bundles, colored and slashed like them, but infinitely neat and supple, quiet as liquid pouring, came the beast.

Davaraj had been right. He was; he looked bigger than a cow.

The eyes, guilty and cowardly, saw Dan at once. They drooped sidelong as the great cat turned his striped flank to burrow into the wilderness from which he had appeared. Another crash close by, uphill, made him start and double again.

Then he crouched and came padding quickly downward a few steps. The lowered head, muzzle pointed without swerving, lank fore-shoulder blades that worked stealthily—Dan was aware of these and of their meaning, but all he saw was the eyes, bright as topaz, true cat's eyes, with little hard round pupils.

He had no time to be frightened or to think even of the shotgun, yet he felt a dreadful curiosity and impatience that seemed to last forever. He saw Runa standing horrified in the path above; knew, as though they were talking at long leisure, that Runa and the tiger and he himself were hopelessly in one line, the line of fire; watched the topaz eyes change and broaden, the shining muscles gather for the leap. If there were more time given ——

With a sharp crack and an evil smell something bunted him end over end. The glaring hollow of grasses turned white, turned black, and was gone. He sat up, dizzy and aching from that padded shock. The world swam in view again as a flickering circle rimmed with faint and disgusting heliotrope lights of saw-tooth pattern. But these cleared off when Runa came running. He rose.

"Ah, *bon Dieu!* What an awful shot! A terror! He only grazed you in falling."

Runa had him by both hands for a moment. Runa's face was wet as if he had bobbed up from a river. Then it vanished. Dan looked for it stupidly roundabout, Runa sat collapsed on the burnt grass, holding his head, rocking up and down, violently ill.

"Take that filthy cat away!" sobbed Runa. "Carry it away where we can't see it! I loathe 'em! They make me sick as the devil."

From uphill came old Davaraj with his yardstick in his hand. He stepped calmly over to where, flat in the sunlight, asleep after a mighty luxurious stretch, lay the tiger. A spot of blood, two inches to the left from the root of his tail, showed where Runa's bullet had gone in. The old shikari, grinning wisely, bent down and pinched with his fingers a round lump lodged in the hide of the tiger's neck.

"Almost through, sahib," murmured Davaraj, well pleased; and with the tailor's bilious wand he began to measure from tip to tip. "*Tin, chhah, nau,*" came his happy singsong. "He is. Very long, sirs. Ten foots and four knuckles. He is."

Runa burst out laughing wildly.

"Old fool brought that yardstick all the way here from the Newmarket on purpose!" he crowed. "A careful man, O Davaraj, and a sure!"

"A sure," echoed the measurer. "His teeth are worn like mine. He was on his way to the village. Ripe for killing. Eh, thou sweeper!"

The forest men had straggled in to surround the great painted carcass and stare and mutter.

Runa while he led Dan past the group turned his face away and shuddered, exactly as when they had seen the dead cat in the alley. The two friends went silently back to camp.

"Here, Runa," began Towers awkwardly, "I want to tell you ——"

"Not one word!" La Flèche cut short his gratitude. "We evened the old account. *A beau jeu, beau retour.*"

He dived into the tent and reappeared with a bottle and glasses.

"Wonderful shot, anyway," Dan grunted.

"Ah, now, *tu parles!* Luck, but a beauty, a desperate!" cried Runa, beaming hotly through a glaze of sweat. "The old 500 forever! Clean through his art galleries, *pas?* If it had been a small bore that garbage cat would have died gnawing your head."

"Just what I wanted to tell you," replied Dan. "Part of it."

They looked each other in the eyes, smiling, but not lightly.

"Oh, well." Runa shrugged his shoulders, his bottle, the glasses, and all. "We earned a bath and a couple of pegs this morning. I have thirst, my child."

III

SOON after dark on that evening they turned in for a good sleep. Dan woke late next morning—after six o'clock—greatly refreshed. As the remembrance of yesterday came back he lay staring into the peak of the canvas roof considering life and feeling rather happy that he still took part. He rolled over on his cot to tell Runa so should Runa be awake.

The other cot was empty. Runa had already begun the day. His clothes were gone from the tent pole.

"Early bird," thought Mr. Towers. "Didn't the youngster get enough shooting yesterday?"

He called for his tub, and having bathed and dressed went forth into the glorious early sunlight and long shadows. Breakfast lay ready on trestles before the tent, guarded by a servant. Breakfast for one only, Towers observed. He asked the man why.

"It is an order, sir."

"La Flèche Sahib has eaten?"

Runa had taken food in his hand, reported the servant, to eat upon the march. How should it be known whither that march is? They went with a lantern. How should it be known who "they" were? Davaraj brought a petition and a lantern; the other men talked in whispers, not to awake Tawah Sahib; Davaraj went away also. It was not shikar. Beyond this the servant knew nothing.

Dan ate breakfast alone therefore, with this news to reflect upon. At first it puzzled and vexed him. If sudden affairs of the night, whispered by unknown men, called Runa away, why could he not rouse his old tent mate to go share the fun? But Dan seldom grew peevish. He drank his tea, lighted a pipe, dismissed the matter, and rambled down to the foot of the clearing. There he found three dark jungle men squatted round the tiger's hide, which they had spread inside uppermost on the ground, and were rubbing thoughtfully with a mixture of burnt alum and saltpeter. He watched them, to the detriment of their work; for presently the forest folk were grinning and telling him strange yarns, which Dan repaid by explaining how South China hillmen deal with tigers. They found this outlandish method very foolhardy, but also—as indeed it is—broadly humorous. The trio laughed consumedly, and so the forenoon passed with diversion and profit.

But noon brought no sign of Runa la Flèche; the afternoon lagged by—hot, drowsy, lonesome; and when a new moon came shining pale over the black tree billows on the slopes it looked upon an anxious young man who stood before the tent and listened. No footsteps came from the shadows, nor any voice of belated wanderers. It was not right, this absence. Dan went uneasy to bed; and when time after time he had waked to see by the night lamp Runa's bed still empty he got up, drew a shooting jacket over his pyjamas, and paced the clearing by starlight until sunrise.

Half of this day passed like the other. Something, it was evident, had gone very wrong. In real distress Dan called his tiger skinners.

"We shall go look," he informed them, "for the sahib."

He stood giving them orders, dividing the jungle, a part for each scout, when a stranger quietly joined their group.

"For the Presence."

A wretched little stranger it was, in a breechclout, all staring bones and hide sun-blackened, who scowled with fright and humility.

"For the Presence."

He gave Dan a flat sliver of wood, greenish-white and moist with sap, cut in the forest from which he had silently come. It was rough-whittled into the form of an arrow.

"Who sent this?"

"I do not know," replied the jungliwallah, quaking. "It is written."

Towers looked at the thing again. On its flat shaft were a few letters rudely scratched as with a knife point:

"Bring guns. R."

An arrow, with writing on it. What could this mean? Dan read the message over, thinking hard. An arrow. Why, of course! La Flèche. And the "R" stood for "Runa." Dan felt rather scornful. It seemed a vain trick, a piece of Runa's devious and oversubtle business. Yet it meant something.

"Just like him to send such a fool contraption," thought Towers; then turning on the humble stranger he asked: "Can you show the way?"

"The way, sahib."

In three sentences Dan countermanded his order and gave a new one. Five minutes later he had the camp left under guard, and his tiger skinners on the march carrying rifles, shotguns and bundles of food in corded matting. The arrow man led them. Up and down hill all afternoon they followed a winding direction toward the southeast; now in checkered bamboo shadow, now among the scorching rocks of a dead watercourse, now through a dark forest bottom carpeted with green velvet moss or barred with huge fallen trees that burst underfoot and left them floundering in touchwood powder. Before sunset they saw ahead the blaze of the sky among tree trunks, and so, mounting another hill, came suddenly down into a more open land—parched fields and drooping clumps of grove all brilliant in the evening sunshine. A ring of red hills hemmed the place in—barren red crags, time-worn, fantastic, softly creased and wrinkled, like brick fortresses half melted by centuries of heat. One misshapen turret dominating the others let its contours flow down sheer into the plain.

"Here," sighed the arrow bringer, speaking for the first time since their march began—"here is one waiting, sir."

He led them into a tope of trees close at the foot of the red turret hill. Here they found a village—plaited boxes on mud platforms, with gables of thatch gleaming in sunset under leaves. Naked children clustered near the doors to stare doubtfully as Dan's

(Concluded on Page 99)

*Beyond These Tussocks There Grew as It Were a Red Bush—a Bush of Smoke, Lighted From Below, With Sparks in It*

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(Concluded from Page 95)

column filed through the street; eyes of women looked from dusky background within the hovels, but no man appeared in that hamlet. It wore a cowed, unnatural aspect.

"Where are the men?" asked Dan.

His guide pointed forward. They went on, left the houses behind, and passed among a few miserable fields.

"You see," mourned the guide.

The crops in every field lay beaten down as if by a hailstorm.

"What did that?"

"Those." The humble one pointed vaguely skyward above the wrinkled turret. "Those. In the Tower of the Gods."

He seemed to accuse the hilltops that glowed brick-red in the bright upper air. Without more explanation he dodged round a bush; and there, bowing, suddenly left Dan face to face with a little crowd of men. They were the monkey-whiskered villagers who had brought tribute of milk. All a-row, all quiet and mournful, they squatted in a shadowy grove, with their backs against a wall of writhing pattern—black roots of trees, red roots of the hill, wood and sandstone marvelously gnarled and interwoven. Among the villagers, quite at home, sat Davaraj. Before them stood a tall man in faded khaki, talking to another man who wore a most bedraggled shooting kit, and who turned with a joyful cry.

"Ah, Dan! O ho, the guns! You understood my arrow." It was Runa—very dirty, worn, tired, yet beaming with happiness. "I hoped you would. Hadn't a pencil or a scrap of paper. That was before Gentles got here. Towers, this is my friend Mr. Gentles, a forest officer."

The tall man in khaki exchanged a nod with Dan. A gaunt, sunburnt, bony-faced Englishman with hollow brown eyes and dejected brown mustache, he murmured some greeting quietly. Towers liked him at once, for voice, look and manner were unmistakable, stamped with years of lonely faithful service. His very clothes, bleached and threadbare, told a long story.

"What's up?" Dan inquired.

"A bit of trouble," replied the forester slowly, like one who could think better than speak. "Here we are forty or fifty miles from the telegraph, you know. My horse went lame. Or I'd have ridden there. It strikes me—whatever's to be done—we must do ourselves. Without more delay. But I'd be glad of your opinion."

Dan waited. Mr. Gentles pulled his mustache thoughtfully down toward his chin, looked at the silent wide-eyed villagers, and seemed to rest his case. But presently he spoke again.

"My English has got so rusty," he said, uncomplaining. "You give Towers the—the facts, will you, La Flèche?"

Runa the dirty, with sparkling eyes, did so at once, eager as a boy proposing great larks.

"The village fields? You saw the crops, eh? Well, these poor devils"—Runa indicated their audience by the wall of knotted roots—"they're in a fair way to lose all they've got. A gang of raiders—tough nuts, regular Gujars—dropped down on 'em last two nights, killed their cattle, pastured about a million devilish goats in the standing crops, and raised a Sabbath of jackals generally. Last night they burned a house and shot the headman's son. He's in a bad way too. A sweet lot they are, regular Gujars."

Dan considered this news.

"Where are they now?"

"Up above." Runa jerked his thumb toward the hill turret, which through a gap in branches high aloft shone fiercely red and golden. "Tower of the Gods, local name is."

"How many of 'em?"

The youngster snapped his fingers.

"Bah! What do I know?" he cried. "Fifty or a hundred. These jungliwallahs can't count; too scared. In the dark too. You'll see for yourself; they'll be coming down again if we don't do something."

Here the forest officer put in a few halting words, like a student recalling some forgotten lesson.

"I sent off a runner with a telegram just now," he declared. "But we can't—expect—any proper police for—well, upward of twenty-four hours."

So saying Mr. Gentles regarded the two friends shyly with his hollow brown eyes, then waited. Dan understood, and felt the cockles of his heart warm toward this mild, gaunt, bashful hermit.

"Why, then," said Dan, "let's go beat 'em up."

The forester nodded slowly. His bony face brightened somewhat as he turned toward the squatting villagers.

"To-night," he said.

A murmur passed round the semicircle of monkey-whiskered ones. Davaraj croaked an approving word. The oldest among them rose, came forward, bent down to the dust, and with his finger tips patted the forester's boots.

As for Runa he caught Dan's hand and gave it a crunch in passing.

"Let's go eat first," he proposed, then added privately, with a hiss that seemed almost ecstatic: "I was sure you'd come in, my child!"

### IV

AS THEY climbed by twilight the red Tower of the Gods, Dan found himself wondering whether they were not a pack of fools to have come in after all. The path, a breakneck fissure full of sandstone blocks, wound upward like a chimney flue. Runa mounted first, clambering silently, nimbly, as on a road that he had traveled for a lifetime. Behind him followed Davaraj, the three tiger skinners, then Gentles the forester, then Dan. They seven bore firearms. Below them with none too much alacrity came a rabble of poor devils from the frightened huts, carrying *lathis*, wooden hoes, a few axes and one or two rusty sabers. With this force they were to attack uncounted marauders in a high nest of rocks. The more Dan thought the less he liked it.

They paused at a ledge of stones.

A notch in the cliff slanted straight toward the crescent moon. Up this between walls of lilac and gray their shadows toiled, bent and panting, like so many goblins. An owl squeaked from a rock hole and sent echoes bandying down the pass. Then came a black pit, a round shaft driven by ancient landslide, where even Runa lost his way, and all took to hands and knees in rustling, rattling gravel. Here the moon deserted them, kindling the upper rocks with a fringe of pale dazzle that left their eyes blinded in greater darkness.

A straggler began coughing. Dan then dropped to the rear of the party and got him by the arm.

"You quit that. Go on up!"

The man obeyed. Others resting against the walls of the notch became lively as he prodded them with a gun muzzle.

The moon had gone when they reached the summit; but its parting light colored half the heaven sea green, and left the other half a deep blue that darkened full of stars. The hills, all the earth, dissolved and lay misty. Underfoot a little plateau swelled, rounding toward this vapor of space in a low-curved line, black and solid, yet broken here and there by crowded stones or tussocks. Runa's silhouette came running.

"Get down! Get down!" he whispered. "On your belly. Crawl."

They saw him drop to the ground, and did likewise. It was hard ground, pebbly scurf that cut the elbows, burnt grass that prickled.

"I smell the blessed goats!" said Runa. "See, the fire!"

In truth as they crawled a sour animal smell defiled the night air; and beyond those tussocks or stones cluttering the bosom of the hill there grew as it were a red bush—a bush of smoke, lighted from below, with sparks in it.

The raiders were encamped in a topmost hollow on the Tower of the Gods.

"Let me do the scouting." Runa lay between Dan and the forester, nudging them. "Will you, boys, eh? Come fight when I call on?"

Mr. Gentles found an impediment in his speech.

"Of—of—of course," he stammered. "What else did—did we sweat up here for? Go abuh—go abuh—go about it. An awful f-f-fug in the heat. Be quick. This grug—grass is gug—going to make me sneeze."

"Go ahead," said Dan.

La Flèche was up and away, a black shape scudding on all fours dimly toward the fire. He disappeared from sight. There followed an interval of waiting. Dan could feel at his side the forester's long body contract and squirm as with some hysterical emotion. Then a hundred feet ahead up darted Runa's shadow, erect. He paused and shook his rifle in the air.

"Hi, Gujars!" he yelled in a voice to split the mountains. "Come out! Sons of a superannuated dog, brothers-in-law of Satan! Come fight! Here are the men of Wilāyat! Fight us!"

He seemed to dance with rage, and suddenly for no apparent reason to point his gun at the ground and fire.

Instantly on the report all the tussocks and stones beyond him flew off the ridge as though blasted by explosion, and went rushing over it toward the fire.

"Golly!" cried Dan, "those were the goats!"

"Ha-ha-ha-resh-ha!" shouted the forester, sneezing louder than Grandfather Brown.

To the ring of this war cry they swept after their chieftain, over the bosom of the hill, down into a hollow of firelight and red rocks and screaming wild men. It was a mad spectacle. Black-and-white goats covered the ground, trampled and scattered the fire into coals everywhere, hindered the fighting, fought themselves, climbed two deep on one another's backs, and so stampeded in layers. A naked man let blaze a flintlock at Dan, who gave him the butt in the face, then jumped over a mound of goat horns just in time to escape the knife that a wild-haired woman crawling among them swung up at his groin. Davaraj stepped on her, crying "Eh, grandmamma!" as he pressed into the fight. Four or five raiders ran from Gentles and leaped off the hill, with goats pouring after them. Runa was everywhere, shouting strange commands, hitting hard or taking prisoners without a blow. And then, suddenly as it began, it was ended.

"I never thought we'd do it quite so handily," said Mr. Gentles, nursing a cut in his left forearm. "How many's the bag, La Flèche?"

Runa counted the herd of captives that glowered at him across the coals.

"Over seventy," he answered. "Can't be certain, for bad light and these goats."

The forester chuckled.

"You know," said he to Dan, "we seldom see fun like this. Oh, by George! Let's hope it doesn't get into the papers!"

### V

ABOUT a week later in a restaurant at a railway station the two friends Dan and Runa sat dining together. The lights were not yet lighted; the room, dark, damp and stifling, resembled a very dreary hole in the wall; and except for Davaraj proudly waiting in his new turban they sat alone. Outside lay the gloom of a covered platform, from which the rails, two keen lines of glistening sky blue, ran toward their vanishing point far off in the indigo vapor of the plains.

"Those were five good days," declared Runa, "we had with Gentles at his hut. A charming fellow, Gentles, when you come to know him. Poor old boy, alone off there with his rotten trees all the time. What a life, eh!"

Dan assented to all these ideas.

"Wish we had something to eat," grumbled Runa.

Their dinner was the best in the house, but not too sumptuous—tinned mackerel à la Bordelaise, very old and buttery banquet wafers, and gin-and-water without ice.

"There's a grander one coming to me," said Dan, "remember, when we get down below again. Our bet."

"What?" asked Runa. A look of droll confusion crossed his face. "Nonsense. What do you mean?"

Towers laughed at this evasion.

"Tiger's too small for you," he replied. "Can't keep hands off the big game, can you, even for a fortnight? Holidays are not in your blood, son. You take excitement round with you. Davaraj also is a germ carrier, I think."

"*Bonsoir de bonsoir!*" exclaimed the other, convinced and overcome. "You were right! I forgot all about it."

He shrugged his shoulders, looking rather crestfallen, yet grinning. They ate their dinner with good humor if not much gusto, and having finished continued to sit there, to smoke and talk lazily. It was now dark in the room. A white-clad native stole by them like a specter, carrying a lamp which he lighted and set in a bracket. Other dim lamps flickered without, along the tunnel of the platform, and past the window flitted a little caravan of coolies bearing luggage on their heads. This lamplighter's hour was a ghostly time, profoundly quiet, the fag end of another hot day quenched in drowsiness and gloom.

"Quarter of an hour before the train," sighed Runa. "It's never punctual. No one travels by this line."

He was tilting his chair and looking blankly out the window, a picture of the idlest young man in India. Suddenly like a jumping-jack pulled by a string he let the chair fall over backward and stood erect, straddling it, his face a mask of frozen consternation.

"Horrors!" He snatched his helmet. "My chief and the M. P.!"

In three strides he fled across the room to a back window.

"Tell 'em I went to see my aunt in Benares," he hissed. "Good-by."

He jumped through the window like a burglar or an acrobat. The night swallowed him, quick as conjuring. Next moment into the square of darkness popped his face, pale-brown and mischievous, with great eyes dancing wickedly.

"You do the talk well," he whispered. "See you down below."

And he was gone. His friend, bewildered by this trapdoor exit, sat waiting for him to reappear. Then a sound of voices drifted in from the platform, English voices. Dan leaned cautiously toward the doorway and peeped out, intending to see without being seen. Beside a pile of bags and bedding rolls two men stood talking—one a dumpy stranger of middle age; the other a straight, immaculate youngster with blond mustache, whom Dan recognized at once, even in the dusky light. It was Runa's chief, Captain Weatherby.

Towers drew back quickly; but the captain's bright blue eyes, trained not to miss many of this world's doings, caught him in the act. It was useless to hide; moreover, a far-off whistle told of the approaching train; so the deserted Daniel paid for their tinny banquet and went out to walk the platform and see the fun.

"Good evening, Weatherby," he said in passing.

"How are you?" replied the young captain. He stood listening, with steely decorum, to his companion's talk.

"Haw! Indeed. Yes. Haw!" The globe-encircling great one, Runa's bugbear, seemed a harmless creature with adenoids, who had risen late in life to the cares that accompany importance, and been somewhat crushed by their weight. There lurked no evil in the man; his dry hair was cut in a fashion of innocence, his Adam's apple showed large and honest, his front teeth bland as the Jabberwock's. "That is doubtless true. At the same time, my deah Weatherby, whilst admitting the point, does not the fluctuation of the rupee in the past leave one not wholly unregretful that ——"

The incoming train roared and brutally swept all joys of intellect away.

Dan had gained his compartment, where Davaraj was unrolling the *razai* calmly, rheumatically, like an old, tame, housebroken servant who had never so much as dreamed of stepping on his grandmamma's face. He murmured a peaceful good night and withdrew.

The train whistled, piercing the ramshackle station and the stillness of the plains.

"Where is our friend from Chandernagor?"

Through the window Captain Weatherby's helmet bent inquiringly into the compartment.

"Who? Runa? Why, he's not with me," said Towers in surprise. "Didn't he tell you? Runa's gone visiting his aunt in Benares. Fortnight or more, I believe."

Weatherby stood looking in like a blond young god, without passion.

"I hope the dear old lady is well," he declared. "Exceedingly well. Excessively well."

The train began to move. Weatherby tossed in a white bundle of paper.

"Half a column about you chaps there," he said; "written in the best baboo style. You silly goats!"

He was about to leave the window.

"Oh, by the way," cried Dan, "we got a tiger skin for you. Runa can't stand 'em, and I've no place to keep it. A beauty too."

The captain nodded darkly.

"It's not the skin of a tiger I'm having for," he rejoined with infinite meaning. "I'll have it off. Over his ears. Leaving me this blighted lecturer, this Joseph Finsbury. Impossible man!"

The rattle of the wheels drowned his voice. Weatherby dropped off the footboard and made a flying leap for his own place. "You wait!"

Stars and fireflies drew past once more. Dan went to bed laughing.

# NEW ORLEANS, CITY OF

MARTIN BEHRMAN
Mayor of New Orleans

¶ LOOK SOUTH! ¶ America should have full knowledge of her own strength in the coming contest for world trade supremacy.

¶ Before the world war, the City of New Orleans had established her position as the second greatest seaport in America—and that at a time when trade through the Panama Canal had as yet scarcely begun and export and import exchange with Central and South American countries was only in its infancy.

¶ New Orleans was not prepared for war, any more than was any other American city. But New Orleans is prepared for peace.

¶ New Orleans' unique geographical position, her recent gigantic port developments, her remarkable industrial equipment enable her to offer her services to the entire Commercial world.

¶ Situated at the mouth of the Mississippi River, "the Jugular Vein of the North American Continent", New Orleans occupies a commanding strategic position; logically and economically she is the gateway, the market of deposit and the point of contact between the entire Mississippi Valley and Mexico, Cuba, Central and South America, the Pacific Coast, Pan-America, and the Orient via the Panama Canal.

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¶ The war gave a phenomenal impetus to manufacturing and merchandising in the South.

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*American Business is invited to the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World Convention at New Orleans October 26–31 of this year.*

Martin Behrman

*Mayor of New Orleans.*

*(This is the first of a series of advertisements. The next will appear March 29)*

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# TREAT 'EM ROUGH

(Continued from Page 7)

"Why, great guns, I'm not so different! A little trimming and setting up, and some khaki. I've got the chest and the back. I was hell on football—and young enough, and not afraid. As good as anyone. Good as any—big—blond—British—beast," he added, grinding out the alliteration between his teeth.

III

DINNER did not comfort William. He disliked Nina's stout bromidic clergyman, and was scarcely more intrigued by little Mrs. Pratt's commonplaces. Nina had, he concluded, made an excellent speech at Rivermere and was to have an interview in to-morrow's paper. Doctor Morrissey congratulated him unctuously, uttering numberless aphorisms on the cultured woman of to-day, woman the history maker, and so on.

But chiefly they talked of the canteen to be formed, the local reactions to the war, and especially Major Miltoun. Nina brightened visibly from her usual statuesque calm—blossomed to quick sparkle and color.

"Very able man," Doctor Morrissey pronounced. "You should have heard him, Mackinnon. Very clever, I'm sure. An excellent raconteur, by the way, attractive physically, most impressive. Knew a friend of mine in Simla."

"He's to be here quite a while," Mrs Pratt put in. "I'm sure it was clever of you, Nina, to capture him for your committee. Not that he seemed reluctant," she laughed; "you got on awfully well."

"He's the right man for the place," Nina came back, but her cheek reddened.

"A splendid soldier and a gentleman—one of the best county families in Devon."

"That's fortunate," said William. "War is such a leveler. Nice to know you are playing with the right sort. It would be dreadful if he were a noncom and dropped his aitches."

"Oh, William, you don't understand these things!" Nina checked him impatiently. "Major Miltoun's a commissioned officer ——"

"A pucka officer," he corrected.

"—— and they are always recruited from the educated class."

"But war is a leveler," little Mrs. Pratt was inspired. "Why, you meet anybody at all in the committees. Everybody! People you don't know at all are coming into the Red Cross by dozens; but we mean to keep the canteen offices to the right sort, don't we, Nina?"

"That's bad," said William. "Having to work with the herd, I mean. But it isn't the worst of it. Won't these new [illegible] these vulgar interests swamp the er—esthetic lines you ladies have gone in for?"

"Very true, Mackinnon," Doctor Morrissey conceded. "But woman—woman aroused—knows when to lay aside her more graceful accomplishments and condescend. There is no nobler sight than woman in her elemental capacity—forgetting all demarkations of birth and culture, stooping graciously to serve the race in its common need. After all, Mackinnon, we have a common origin."

*"When Adam delved and Eve span,*
*Who was then the gentleman?"*

quoted William.

"Exactly!"

"Major Miltoun says," Nina came abruptly in, "that we'll all be the better for it when the war's done. England, already—there's a feeling of brotherhood, democracy. 'Like a bit of a family jar,' he said very cleverly, 'it clears the air and sets people up.' He put it just that way. Like something in one's system, I suppose, coming to a head and being got rid of. When the flare is over there are a lot of petty baseneses, wrong ideas gone, burned away."

"War is a sacrificial fire," droned Morrissey; "it purges away the dross."

William stared at Nina. How lovely she looked. He had never seen her so exalted. Was his faint suspicion of her wrong? Was it the prospect of unselfish service that moved her—the war? America had been in the war a fortnight. Did she, too, feel the thrill of wakening, the strange stir that came with the declaration? If she did she would give him no sign. They no longer shared a common intimacy. But she would tell Miltoun probably—a stranger. From himself she would expect nothing—neither confidence nor action. He wondered what she and the rest would say if he announced a half-fledged decision that he too —— Smile, probably. There could be no remote idea of comparison with the godlike major.

He met the major in his own home three days later. Nina was having a tea for the canteen committee when he faced the tall shapely Briton in khaki.

A handsome, straight chap with a vital handclasp, friendly luminous gray eyes, a touch of iron at his temples, and a disarming, delightful way of dropping final endings. The ladies sipped of him like voracious honeybees.

It seemed to William that he clung to his host almost pathetically until Nina came up—Nina looking twenty in rose silk with touches of gray fur.

There was something between them; damn it, there was. Some odd, quick sympathy that showed—oh, just a gleam, just in little things. But Nina seemed excited, more uncontrolled than he had seen her in years, and the major's friendly, admiring eyes followed her everywhere.

William suddenly remembered Kenneth Marchant. This was the sort of thing Marchant endured for months—watching his wife smile on another man. True, this major was only a transient—a passing figure; and yet strange things sometimes happened. And to see Nina so moved in the presence of another ——

"It's the uniform," he reflected bitterly; "it's the buttons and that bit of ribbon. Women are all alike about uniforms. Even a street-car conductor."

He moved away with the sound of Major Miltoun's voice in his ear—a sprightly fire of anecdote for the insatiable bees; Bombay, Aldershot, Paris, Verdun.

"Very, very 'cushy,'" William told himself bitterly.

What chance in the seventh circle of hades had a plain civilian dub against a military pippin like this—a rushlight against a London searchlight?

Later that evening with Nina off to a philanthropic reception he cogitated again, sitting down to his eternal unfinished hand of solitaire.

"And a seven on three is ten," he began automatically; "and a king on ten is ——"

He stopped, forgetting the cards, reached over to his desk for a slim brown book—The Plattsburg Manual.

He looked at it steadfastly.

"It's the only way," he said, "the way I planned from the start. But it won't make a damn bit of difference. That's that much hope gone. I can fight to keep my country but I can't fight to keep my wife."

He faced it frankly. He had no power over Nina.

He had hoped that when he broke his news to her it would mean something—something very definite. Fling them together as in former days. Now he realized his asininity. She would probably only praise his resolve coolly; use the words duty, patriot; mention others, this Miltoun, of course.

No, it was over—unless by a desperate miracle. Not that he would lose out to the dazzling major. The major was merely a straw, of course, showing how the wind veered. But Nina no longer regarded him as a man. Nina had ridden the high horse so long that she no longer conceded him even manhood.

He was a lay figure, background stuff—a pocketbook. When she would look upon a man her eyes turned elsewhere.

A boiling primal male jealousy rose in William's breast. He got up and paced the floor. Cultured he was not, in Nina's ridiculous phrase. He was not a finished teacup dandler, but he was a man. He'd been a good husband. Given his wife her own way because he loved her. Yielded her everything, loving her. And loving her he meant to keep her, by the immortal! If he could!

But how? What chance? A phrase recurred: "A bit of a family jar." Oh, yes, the major's. He'd said that war was like that, clearing the air—getting poisons out of one's system, starting on a new basis. That's what he and Nina needed, of course. But how? Nina never "jarred." She was too proud, too high-held for that.

The elusive hope faded. The future grew dark. Only he knew that he was in for many darkly poignant hours.

Yes, William was in for dark hours.

In the next few weeks Mrs. Nina Mackinnon and her dashing aide-de-camp were much in the limelight. What time their names were not bracketed on committees, or they were not making addresses at local war-work meetings, or riding in William's car, or attending receptions and teas together, they were personally very much under William's feet, so to speak. He would find the major having a comfortable cup of tea en tête-à-tête, by the living-room fire, or see him emerging from the house, or find Nina talking to him on the telephone. There was but one domestic refrain—Miltoun, Miltoun, Miltoun.

True, the major was probably not aware of this. He was always the soul of candor and simplicity with William, his one absorbing passion was to win the war, to bend all energies to its completion. But Nina was more cryptic. There was an averting of her fair face temporarily, an abstracted tolerance, that made William an invader when he came in.

An invader in his own home!

Vaguely he felt that they were allied against him, too, on just this matter of the war. It was difficult to talk it much with the major—a civilian against a fighting man, always a marked relation, and for some perverse reason he could not show his true colors.

"I suppose, Mackinnon, you haven't been thinkin' of joinin' up and goin' over?" the major had suggested early in their acquaintance.

If they had been alone William might have told him, but in Nina's presence he felt a curious tigerish resentment of all questions. He had let his sense of pique increase his isolation.

"Oh, I wouldn't count," he had evaded with airy sarcasm. "I'm one of the million—a nobody in mufti."

"William isn't the military type; and he's over the draft age," Nina had explained kindly. "I don't suppose he's even thought about it."

He had not defended himself. Let the major think what he pleased. Let Nina!

Was it not always thus? Nina explaining him—accounting for him. Only a matrimonial appanage, he reflected. Almost a cowed appanage—not sand enough to break through the barrier and speak for himself. Life—life and Nina—had taken away his sand, had put the Indian sign on him.

Yes, bitter days for William. People complimenting him on Nina's rôle. Once a lady friend even gushing about it in a more personal way: "They looked so stunning together—Mrs. Mackinnon and the major, at yesterday's league meeting. Mrs. Mackinnon ought to wear uniform too. They'd be a wonderful team in khaki!"

This was on the very day that the Marchant alienation suit was started; on the very day also that the afternoon mail brought in an official envelope to William's desk. He read it, holding it with unsteady hand; and thereafter thrusting it into his pocket, got coat and hat and left his office two hours early.

And but for the simple fact that he chose to walk home over an infrequent and shabby route—that he might pursue his trend of thought undisturbed—and thereby passed the residence of Mrs. Bessie Grogan, this tale would have had a different ending.

I should have had to swallow William's discouragement and following him home permitted the packing of a single bag, the writing of a brief note to Nina, and his eventual embarkation on the evening southbound for Georgia via Washington.

Perhaps if you cared to hear about it we might together have seen him dutifully through an officers' training course and thereafter to the field of battle. From this point he might have languished away in a German prison camp, or given his life while rescuing a brigade under fire, or died gloriously in the arms of his junior officer. In any case leaving to melt the heart of Mrs. Nina Mackinnon a laurel-crowned memory; a bit of ribbon with a Croix de Guerre.

But fate was kinder, fate and Mrs. Bessie Grogan.

IV

MRS. BESSIE GROGAN was not of the Swanscott social elect. She lived in Willow Alley, an uncultivated purlieu of paintless clapboards, decaying cabbage leaves, broken bottles and cracked windows.

She was not beautiful to look upon. Her hair, like Shaw's Galatea unreclaimed, was like a mouse's pelt, and had there been a United States Soap Administrator to guide the nation along lines of conservation Mrs. Bessie must have been his chief apostle. Yet notwithstanding this, beauty being in the eye of the beholder, Mrs. Bessie was beautiful in the sight of Tim Grogan, the spouse of her bosom. Beautiful and, he suspected in moments of alcoholic elevation frail. Beautiful and frail. He suspected that her smile was not discriminating—not confined to the Grogan ménage.

And on the particular afternoon that Mr. William Mackinnon approached on foot the point where Willow Alley abutted Spruce Street he had just put the question to her very forcibly for perhaps the sixtieth time. So forcibly that Mrs. Grogan, scantily dressed and with flying hair, had left the house third from the corner—and run out into Spruce Street with one eye fast closing, where she beat her breast and uttered a piercing ululation of sorrow. Windows flew up thereabouts and the noise and spectacle were simultaneously impressed on the mind of Mr. Mackinnon.

Now William knew all about Spruce Street and Willow Alley, and he was a lawyer, to boot—one of the angels who understand the dangers of "rushing in." Normally he would have faced about or with closed eyes and soul marched past with his coat collar up, for even a lad from the harvest field would have seen that, quite apart from the wounds of battle Mrs. Bessie bore, Macbeth was not himself.

But William's mood was a little exalted. Perhaps that letter in his pocket reminded him that he was going to prove that might is not right. At any rate he stopped.

"What is the trouble?" he asked.

It is impossible to give Mrs. Bessie's reply. Even the most lenient voluntary censor would balk; for with a rush of profanity as fragrant as a blast from a gas barrage Mrs. Bessie called on the Deity to witness that the blackguard Tim Grogan had half killed her. The last word died to a shriek as the blackguard himself appeared personally to finish his task. He flew upon Madam Bessie, seizing throat and back hair in an attempt to tear them apart; and with a bound William threw himself upon the blackguard.

Now ensued a dreadful mix-up. For with his first blow on the person of Tim Grogan William realized he had two antagonists. Not only the unsteady Irishman with brawling tongue and indirect arm, but a wild-haired mænad with empurpled eyes, who shrieked, cursed, spat and clawed him—described his parentage in glowing terms and called on the Deity once more to witness his futility.

How William got away he never knew. Halfway down the block he looked back and saw Mr. and Mrs. Grogan embracing, with Mrs. Grogan weeping violently on her husband's breast—a family ensemble shutting out the intrusive world.

His face was scratched and his coat collar torn, and when a poor old soul invited him into her cottage to bathe his face he followed her dazedly. She scolded him like a little boy.

"Nobody'd oughter meddle 'tween a man and wife. Wimmen is all alike. They like to feel a man's stren'th one way or another. Bessie likes Tim to maul her. Her and him'll be lovinger than turtle doves now."

Well, it's a queer world; William cogitated on it, striking back to comelier thoroughfares. He meditated on Bessie, the primitive female; on Nina. Kipling had said the thing about the Colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady. Was it possible Nina and Bessie were sisters under the skin? That a Bessie Grogan lived beneath the lacquered exterior of a Nina Mackinnon? Impossible!

Not that he had ever proved the contrary. He wondered vaguely what it might be like to assert oneself à la Tim Grogan. Momentarily the thing held a certain thrill. Perhaps Tim was right. Certainly he understood Bessie. When things displeased him or the strain got too intense he redistributed the accumulated energy and started all over. The old woman had said, "Wimmen like to feel a man's stren'th one way or another."

And it was the truth—the heaven's own truth! It was not necessary to beat them

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physically, of course, but they must be cognizant of the latent power, respect the ability to dominate. Why, it was the biological factor! You can't beat it. No marriage, no sex partnership could hold together unless the elemental thing was adjusted thus—let them try it otherwise who will. It was all right, William reflected, to let a woman walk on you, but she must feel that you are letting her do it. Nina didn't feel that about him. She believed he couldn't help himself when she walked over him. She believed he was bound and tied. She was his suzerain lady.

With sudden clarity of vision William's right hand clenched. It was the key to the whole thing—the problem in a nutshell. He had never truly faced it before. He had never asserted himself. And he must. He must. He felt as primitive as any Tim Grogan living. The old atavistic cave man—his paleolithic grandfather—rushed into his veins. He set his teeth together and laughed suddenly.

"It couldn't be worse anyhow," he said cryptically.

Some ladies in gala dress were leaving his house as he came up. They bowed, but William was scarcely aware. The Tim Grogan complex was still upon him, and he wished passionately that Major Miltoun would emerge at that moment or be sitting inside with Nina. But when William with a certain aggressive movement got inside he saw that Nina was alone by the sitting-room fire—by the tea table with its tray of cups, serviettes, plates of cake, its hot-water urn and Lowestoft pot. For a moment under his biological inclination he had an impulse to throw the table into the fire, but he controlled himself.

Nina, he thought, looked depressed—a little pale. She did not raise her eyes.

"Well," he said almost jauntily, "how are you, Nina?"

Then Nina looked up. She sensed that here was something new!

"What's the matter with you, William? You look so strange—your hair —— Why, you look as if you had been asleep. And your coat's torn. And that purple mark on your cheek? I believe you've been drinking!" She curled her lip.

"I have, Nina," he said joyously. "I've been drinking at the fountain of knowledge—of the elixir of common sense." And he picked up the fire tongs and hefted it abstractedly.

"You're disgusting, William. I suppose you've been to the club. You'd better go up and freshen yourself."

"I'm as fresh as a daisy," said William. "Where is Major Miltoun?"

"He has gone away," said Nina listlessly.

"I see that; but just when will he be back? Are we having him for dinner or just for coffee afterward?"

"We won't have him at all," said Nina, and she bent to inspect her spirit lamp. "He's gone away for good. That's what I meant. He had a wire from his government recalling him. I—he said good-by this afternoon. He left his regards for you."

It took William directly, so that he forgot Tim Grogan entirely.

"Whe-e-ew," he said blankly, "we'll miss him, won't we? Or you will!"

"I will," said Nina in a high, strained voice; "though not so much as I might have expected. Lately—Major Miltoun and I have not been so sympathetic—in our views. He is a very obstinate man. Better off, I should say, working under his government."

"And he isn't coming back?"

"No." Nina was still inspecting the lamp minutely. "He—he—he doesn't expect to come back. Because he's going to be married. We had no idea. He'd been a bachelor for years, and—well he asked us all this afternoon to c-congratulate him. It's a young lady from a Lancashire family. Her brother served with the major in Flanders. He was engaged all the time and—and never let one know!" Nina flared.

"The measly clam!" accused William.

"I could say a few things myself, but I won't, William, about abusing hospitality and—and confidence I mean. It's struck me, rather, because I am not feeling well to-day. My nerves have not been standing up under so much work lately. And to-day I—have a headache." She stared into the fire. "Life," she added, "gets so tiresome."

"Well," said William, "we'll try to worry along without the old maje. There's plenty of things stirring round here yet."

"Not for me," said Nina decidedly. "William—I may as well tell you—I've been thinking of it for some time, but today I came to a decision. I'm going over. To France," she added at his startled look, "to do war work. I—I feel the call. I want to get into things."

William stared at her, arranging his blurred mind.

"What things?" he asked.

Nina made a vague gesture.

"There are lots of things—I hadn't decided—volunteer for relief work, I suppose."

"And what will you do about me?" asked William.

"About you?" It was Nina's turn for surprise. "Why, how absurd you are! What should I do about you? You'll get on very well without me. I would write ——"

"If you went."

"But I'm going."

"I wonder," said William. "Nina," he added, "have you—what does your husband say to this—to this project? Has he given his consent?"

"His consent!" gasped Nina. "How ridiculous!"

"Yes," said William. "A detail, I admit, but still—volunteer relief implies financing oneself."

"You surely wouldn't refuse—why, you've never refused me anything."

"I've made some awful mistakes in my life," said William; "but we live and learn."

Nina rose agitatedly, then sat down again. Her hand trembled among the tea things, rested at last on the teapot.

"William, please don't try to joke about it. My nerves aren't good to-day. I am quite serious. I believe—one of our family is needed over there."

"I agree with you"—William got up and stood very straight—"but it doesn't seem to occur to you to pick a logical candidate. You are not going over to France, because I am. I am going into an officers' training camp, and in due time I shall be in 'Flanders Fields,'" he added eloquently.

Nina gasped and stared at him. "You! In an officers' training camp? Why, I never thought of it!"

"I know. You've formed the habit of not thinking—about me, Nina, through a great many years."

"Well," said Nina, "I—I think that's very fine of you, William." She leaned forward in the dusk, her face pale and pensive. "But after all, what difference will that make? There is no reason why I shouldn't go as I intended."

"One or two little reasons," corrected William. "First, someone will be needed to run things here; second, you would be almost as useful over there as a—a butterfly in a hayfield; and third, your husband will prevent you."

"Will prevent me!" Nina repeated. "William, are you mad?"

"Not at all—never saner. I am merely making a statement. You will not go, Nina—because I forbid it."

"You forbid it!" Her voice rose tempestuously. "This isn't the Middle Ages. The laws of this state ——"

"—— are not the law between man and woman."

The room had grown vague and shadowy but it seemed to William somebody else was standing at his shoulder—a being with the face of Tim Grogan and the body of a cave man.

He felt suddenly ashamed of himself; then lost all shame in a heady sense of power singing through his veins.

"I mean it, Nina," he said quietly. "You shall not go abroad because I will not let you."

"I suppose you think—you think that I shall gr-gratify you by losing my temper, but I shall not. I shall do as I please here, William—that's all."

"You have done so in the past, but we change cars here," said William. "You are quite right though—about the temper. I should like of all things to see you angry—human, Nina. I'm tired of living with a lady glacier—I should even welcome—yes, a little roughhouse."

"Roughhouse! How common of you!" Nina's voice quivered, broke with a gulp. "You know I have no sympathy with commonness."

"It's the lack of the common things that ails us, Nina. It's the common thing that's good for everybody once in a while. And we shall have it if you force me. You will stay home, because I think you will be more useful here, and if you make yourself unpleasant I shall take—measures. You can of course leave me, but if you continue as my wife you will do as I say—even if I have to whip you."

"Even if you have to whip me!"

The words died, strangling in Nina's throat; her face was deathly pale.

William took a firm step forward.

"Nina," he said, "I love you. I love you more than any other woman in the world; but I should like of all things to whip you."

"Whip me! Are you crazy, William Mackinnon? This to me—a gentlewoman—a lady?"

"It would do you a world of good, my dear. I've been a fool not to think of it before."

He took another step, and now a strange thing happened. For a thick, incoherent cry broke from his wife's lips, and simultaneously the Lowestoft teapot left her hand in his general direction. Not so very general—for it crashed only two inches from his shoulder and broke into a shower of fragments. And with the crash Nina broke into a piercing and primordial scream; and William entered into his kingdom.

I will sketch but lightly how William made use of the advantage his wife gave him; how for a moment he ceased to be himself at all; how sweet his paroxysm of dominance tasted; how he took his perverse lady by her shoulders and shook her until her hair fell down and her teeth chattered. How he let her realize, breathless, gasping, the tornado of his masculine energy; how having reduced her to a sobbing impotence he caught her to him—once—and crushed her to him and kissed her.

"There," he said breathlessly, flinging her away like a blow. "You can take it or leave it. I'm done!"

He rushed out of the room. A taboret stood in the hallway. It contained hated symbols—a volume of Tagore; a signed photograph of Wortley Sprague, a new vers librist; a copy of Bergson's Laughter; some bound plays; Hedda Gabler; a cloisonné enamel and a bit of ornamental glass.

William kicked for goal in passing, and the taboret and its contents almost hit the ceiling. There was a crash, a female shriek as a maid ran in, a thunder on the stairs as William dashed up to his room.

Back in the living room a pretty lady in a mussed frock, with tumbled hair, had sunk into a chair, panting, unnerved, her senses reeling. On the floor lay a broken teapot, its contents dribbled all over the rug.

But for the teapot she would, she felt, have gone mad. The affront offered her would have been unendurable, but the teapot steadied her, accused her.

"You slew me—your hand," it accused. "You acted like a fishwife."

True! Oh, true! A lady forgetting herself—under any provocation—and throwing things!

True, William had egged her on. Deliberately—without a doubt. So that he might maul her, manhandle her—wreak his anger. Well, perhaps not really anger—for he had kissed her! She was torn by simultaneous emotions, remembrance of the terrible shaking up he had given her, of his lips pressing against hers.

"The brute—the great strong brute," she moaned, "to touch me!" And oddly out of the past like a jack-in-the-box sprang the picture of a frenzied field of athletes bearing one of their number aloft.

"I might have known that some day—the brute!"

And all these last years he had been such a lamb—so docile, so malleable. But she had merely played with gunpowder. William had really been ready to explode all the time. He was dangerous; as explosive—yes, as virile, say, as Major Miltoun.

Ugh! But how she loathed him! And immediately she felt again the pressure of his arms round her—his last kiss. He had not kissed her like that in years! This was a new or a renascent William. But he was a brute. She put her head down among the teacups and sobbed. Now she would have to leave him. Just—just when for the first time in years he seemed interesting. True, he had not been a brute until ——

Oh, shame, shame! But she wouldn't beg forgiveness. He must speak to her first—make it up with her. Under this new concept of William there was a faint thrill in thinking of making it up.

But now over her head sounded a ramming, thumping and stamping. A sound of slammed drawers. William had kissed her, but he had said "I'm done!"

Is that what his kiss had really meant? That he was washing his hands of her—going off to war, practically gone—and had meant that for farewell? That he was finished with her? William finished with her? William who had loved her—yes, he had loved her! Their honeymoon—he had always comforted her when petty things troubled—given her her way. Oh, the way he had had of holding her—of kissing her! Now, perhaps never again—no one ever to hold her, comfort her ——

She got to her feet, shaking, put out her hands blindly, opened the door.

Delia was gathering fragments in the hall.

"It's himself, ma'am, did it. He must have run amuck intirely."

Nina brushed by without speaking. Her strength almost failed her as she reached William's closed door. There were a hundred things to be said. She wouldn't have him going off like that.

His door was locked.

"William," she moaned through the door, "open the door, please. I don't understand—there are some things I must say. We must discuss ——"

The door opened so quickly she almost fell in. But when she saw William standing erect, cannily silent, cold even, she could think of only one thing to say.

"William," she sobbed suddenly, "don't—please don't go away and leave me."

He wanted to take her into his arms, but he emulated the warrior's widow in part. He did not move.

"Nina," he said gravely, "my plans are made. I must be at Camp Oglethorpe by next Friday. But I have three days' margin. I will spend those three days with you at Lakewood if you care to come. We will leave on the six-thirty. You've half an hour to pack and dress. That's all."

Involuntarily he raised his arm and pointed to her doorway. And if Nina fought a battle it was really no battle at all. For a little tremor ran through her body, a wave of flying color into her cheeks, her eyes grew wide, starry. She looked at him, arrested, and drew a sharp breath. Then she threw back her head and laughed.

"What makes you think I wouldn't come?" she queried. "Of course I'm coming—old Bill."

♥

NOW we must jump a quite considerable hiatus: April of 1917 to April of 1919, during which interval matters of sizable importance have been adjusted and history has made itself with lightning rapidity. But I shall not concern myself with these devious processes. Only with that final and concluding day when Company K of the 108th came in over the B., W. & D. Railroad, having been lately sent from France, when the said company, fully officered, paraded down Brushwood Avenue, Swanscott, that its fervidly admiring city might see what manner of returning heroes it possessed.

Strangely I found myself at the Brushwood Park entrance beside an extremely pretty and excited young woman in canteen service dress, her little cap tilted over one eye. She had been weeping a moment before, but stood now with her handkerchief in a moist ball pressed to her very pink nose. I had no difficulty in recognizing Mrs. Nina Mackinnon—yes, the Mrs. Mackinnon who did all that effective and masterly work in the Swanscott war-relief organizations.

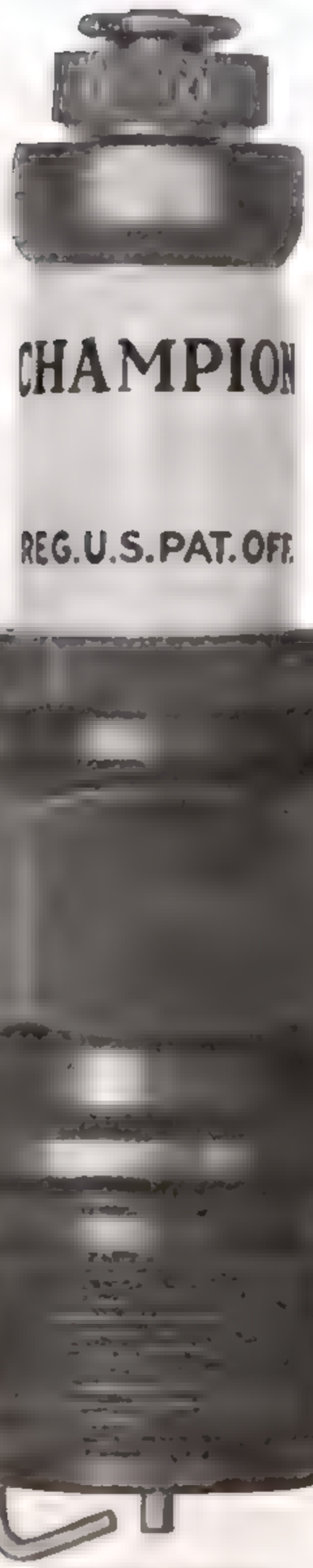
No, Mrs. Mackinnon has never met me—nor dreamed how closely in touch with her affairs I am—but I was able to overhear her greetings to acquaintances.

"Oh, how do you do, Mr. Lester! . . . Yes, they'll be along in just a minute. I've hardly seen William, you know. Even in New York—I went down when he landed, but he had to bring the men back. . . . No, hardly a minute! Isn't it wonderful—over there and coming home safe! . . . Oh, he's fine; simply fine. Of course I wanted to go over too . . . Well, a little—at first. But William asked me to stay here. He thought I would be more useful; and I was really."

"Oh, good morning, Mrs. Sharpe! . . . Yes, they're home at last. Wonderful, isn't it? . . . No, I hardly knew him in his khaki. . . . Oh, he's fine—looked stunning. So big and strong . . . Oh, yes, the whole regiment was decorated; but it was really William's doing. Oh, the men adore him. 'Cap'n Bill,' they call him. I—I've had such lovely letters—eight all in one mail the last time—not any for a

(Concluded on Page 109)

# Champion

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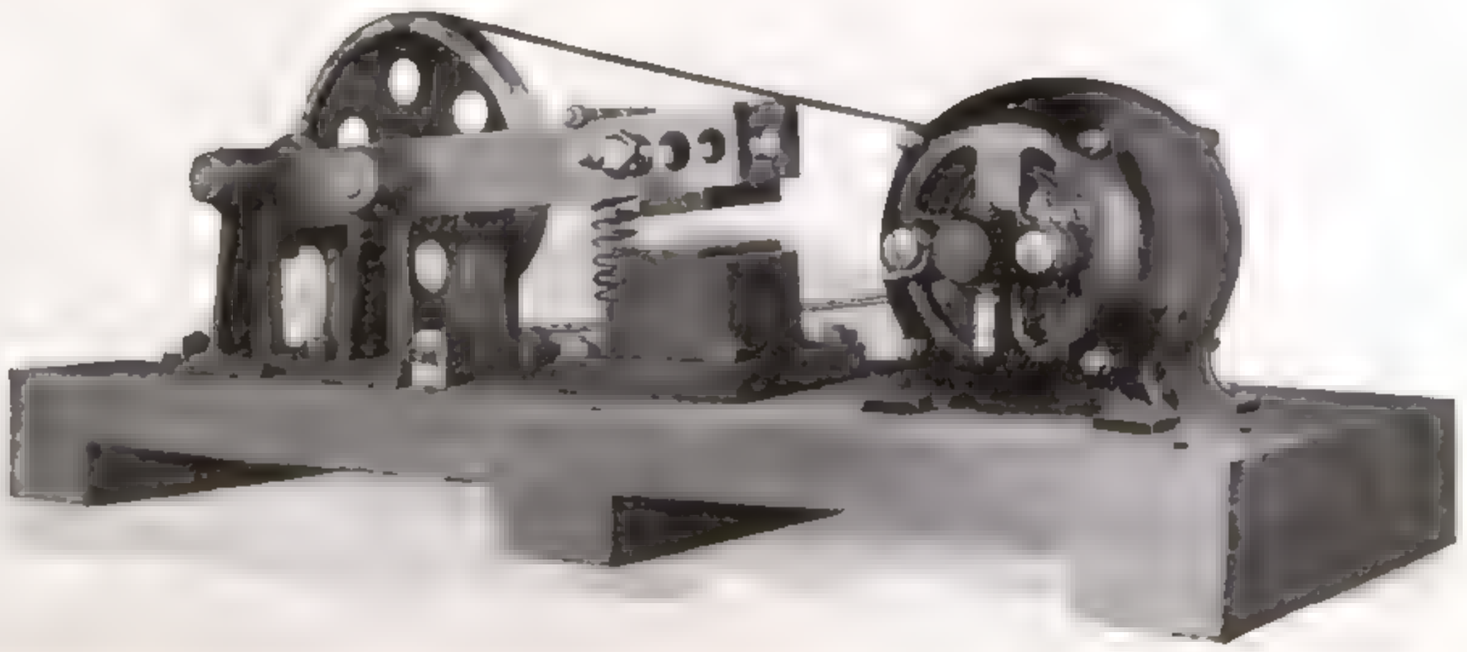

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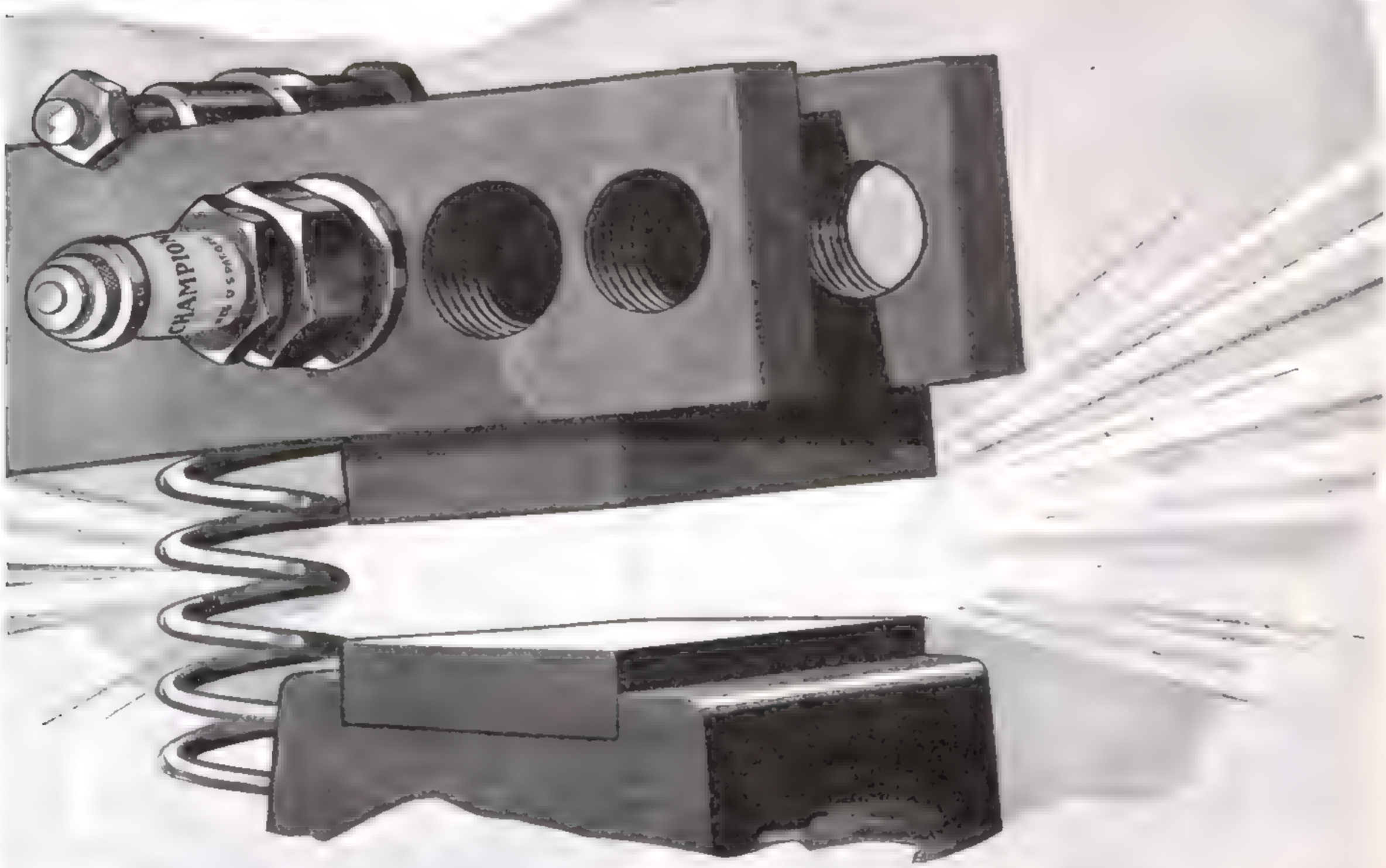


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*Champion Spark Plug Company of Canada, Limited, Windsor, Ontario*

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Several million pairs of IPSWICH HOSIERY clad the marching feet of our fighting forces

(Concluded from Page 105)

month before. I was so worried—I couldn't—I couldn't get along without William.

"Oh, thank you, Mrs. White; and Marion too. . . . Yes, isn't it lovely they've come back! We'll all be so happy. . . . Oh, William wants me to cut loose from my work here as soon as the men are released. He wants me to go on a honeymoon with him—a good long one. And I will. Drop some of my work, the unimportant part, immediately. William wants me to give more time to him.

"Oh, good morning, Miss Kent. . . . Yes, so happy! . . . Oh, he's wonderful! . . . Yes. Promoted to captain now. . . . Oh, he's the most wonderful man in the Army!"

I give you my word. No mention whatever of Foch, Pétain, Pershing, Crowder and other also-rans. Nobody, indeed, but Cap'n Bill Mackinnon of the 108th.

Then I saw him, and I didn't blame her.

For in neat triumphant alignment "the boys" swung into the avenue. They were preceded by the band, splitting their throats, tearing out their hearts on the great American joy anthem, Hail! Hail! The Gang's All Here!

And at the head walked Cap'n Bill. Trim? Military? Handsome? Believe me, in the truest sense.

The pretty woman in the crooked cap sobbed aloud. I saw her myself beat her breast with that little crumpled ball of handkerchief and heard the phrase she uttered over and over.

"Bill—Bill—my own darling Bill," she sobbed under her breath.

Just then I looked up and saw that she was standing under a young tree, and simultaneously a little dog ran by.

Whether it was the juxtaposition of the tree, the dog and the pretty softened woman I don't know, but I bethought me strangely of that hideous Oriental couplet I mentioned a while ago.

# INTO ALSACE WITH THE TRICOLOR

(Continued from Page 8)

discuss the alternative proposals concerning the fate of these provinces which have been put forth of late.

Return to Germany is of course an impossibility; we may dismiss that. Even though the transplanted German element voted in its favor there would probably be a high and enthusiastic majority against such a proposal were the question put to a plebiscite. And one is not certain that all the Germans would vote for it. Germany has the heavy bill of this war to pay; by joining France Alsace-Lorraine escapes that debt.

The separatist movement has probably attracted more attention in America than it deserves. It is the proposal to make of these provinces a neutral state, perhaps an appanage of a greater neighbor, but at least autonomous. At no stage of its history has this movement been quite sincere. It was first whispered before the war, when return to France seemed impossible. Most of the natives who timidly embraced it were proceeding on the theory that half a loaf is better than no bread. If they could not have France they might have autonomy or even full national identity.

For a time the war stimulated this movement. That Germany could absolutely lose seemed unlikely to most detached observers of her formidable military façade—including the Alsatians. The more hopeful among them held the theory of a drawn war, or perhaps a peace with slight concession on the part of Germany. In the trading of the settlement Alsace-Lorraine might get at least her autonomy.

### Flemish Gentlemen With Ropes

Finally came the last stage of the war, whose beginning was Foch's counterstroke of July eighteenth. From the sunset of that day the leaders of Germany must have known that the game was up. They had staked empire on one great stroke, and the stroke had been parried. From that time forth the Germans, not the natives, seem to have been the heart of the separatist movement. Masters of disturbing intrigue, they wanted to leave behind a sore spot, a special cause of irritation and dissension to weaken French nationalism in Alsace-Lorraine against the time when they might come back.

They had one argument which may have carried weight with the less loyal among the native business population. Make Alsace-Lorraine a separate neutral nation, without a standing army except for police purposes, and she would escape not only the German indemnity but the war debt and the armament taxes of both sides. They pointed to the prosperity of the established European neutrals, such as Belgium and Luxemburg.

So far as one can learn the camouflaged German agent seems to have been the backbone of separatism in the latter part of 1918. This campaign bears earmarks similar to those of several other nationalist movements engineered by German diplomacy and propaganda since the war. One of the best known and yet the most trifling was the Flemish movement in Belgium. It was, in the end, one of the few movements that ever really moved. Just before the Germans left it moved rapidly eastward, closely followed by Flemish gentlemen with ropes.

Following the strict interpretation of the rights of peoples we have heard much talk of a plebiscite in Alsace-Lorraine to determine their fate. In conversation I find it somewhat hard to make most Americans see why a plebiscite is not at this moment possible; why it may never be possible. If such a vote had been taken under German rule it could have had only one result. The German carpetbaggers would have voted "right." Enough of the natives who would not vote "right" would have been kept away from the polls to insure the result. That can always be managed in places where a dominant race holds sway over a dominated race.

France might be fairer. But what about the German carpetbag element—the people imported to stock Lorraine since 1870, and their sons? Here, we Americans need to instruct ourselves on the European outlook toward certain things. Change, emigration, the westward thrust, have become so much the rhythm of life for us that most of our men probably do not live in the communities of their fathers. A man who settled in your town from thirty-five to forty-seven years ago is recognized as an integral part of the community. To assert that he had any inferiority of rights would be considered ridiculous.

Things go very differently in the old, settled parts of Europe. Their race memories are long beyond our conception. All the surroundings of their lives are such as to assist this tenacity of memory and of feeling. The land of the peasant has usually come down from a line of ancestors fading into the Middle Ages. His wife treasures the dresser which her great-grandmother got for a wedding present, prays before the image of the Virgin which her grandmother was given at her first communion, wears on Sundays her mother's silk dress, made over. The townsman looks out upon the cathedral and remembers that his ancestors, centuries and centuries back, have been inscribed upon its baptismal rolls. What, to him, is one mere generation, especially when the newcomer arrived in the beginning as an agent of oppression and has usually been disliked for himself? That the transplanted Germans have any rights in the disposal of Alsace-Lorraine appeals to the man of native stock as a proposition too ridiculous for words.

Most Americans, I find, do not understand, either, the passionate refusal of both native Alsatians and patriotic Frenchmen to submit the question to a referendum; to the suspicious it often appeals, I think, as a bluff, covering their nervousness over the possible result of such a vote. I believe that this attitude is entirely sincere. To make it understood I must recall an observation on the welcome of the French to Alsace, which I have noted in a previous article. What I saw in the faces and actions of the people was not mere enthusiasm; it was ecstasy. Alsace was experiencing an emotion akin to a religious conversion. Now suppose the reader be a devoted Catholic or Protestant or Jew; let him imagine himself voting as to whether he shall continue in his old religion or shall turn Jew or Catholic or Protestant! To the devout spirit such a proposal were untenable.

This parallel, I think, explains the mood of native Alsace-Lorraine and of patriotic France. The outrage of 1871, the successive outrages of the forty-three years that followed, the final atrocity of 1914, have struck to the marrow of their souls. For every living inhabitant of the lost provinces a Frenchman has died in this war! A vote on this question is to them an untenable proposition.

Perhaps an American parallel will illustrate the point. Cape Cod is one of the old American communities wherein most men dwell on the land of their fathers and have a local race memory. In this generation Portuguese immigrants have been settling on Cape Cod. Industrious and engaging people, expert skippers, they made themselves, after the first years of adjustment, much liked. Also they themselves liked the country; they have rapidly adopted our language and customs and got themselves naturalized. Instead of settling under most unfavorable circumstances, as did the Germans in the lost provinces, they had every circumstance in their favor. Suppose, then, a situation a few years from now wherein someone proposed a popular vote to see whether Cape Cod should belong to the United States or to Portugal! Even though he believed that his side would inevitably win, would the Cape Cod Yankee entertain the idea of such a plebiscite? Would any other American, for that matter?

"The plebiscite is taken!" said the French after witnessing the welcome given in November to Foch and his army, and in December to the President of the Republic. On snap judgment—and no one can at this moment give a ripe judgment, things are so confused—I believe that a popular vote, even including the German element, would award Alsace-Lorraine to France. Omit the German element, and there remains in my mind no shadow of a doubt.

All this is by way of explanation. It does not alter the fact; the Peace Conference will assign Alsace-Lorraine to France. That is settled in advance.

### Alsatian Problems

Yet when all this is said and done, it does not mean that the Alsace-Lorraine question is settled. It is merely put on the best road toward settlement. Whether it remains a problem still depends partly on France and partly on what the future holds for Germany.

In the first place there is the transplanted German element—from one-fifth to one-quarter of the total population. Toward them at this moment the official attitude of France is rather conciliatory—or perhaps it is only a question of "wait and see." The army is at present enforcing military rule; but the local commandants, instead of being professional soldiers, are jurists, usually versed in German law as well as in French, and given majors' commissions merely in order to keep the proceedings legal. The small disputes which call for immediate settlement are adjusted on the principles of the German law to which the people have grown accustomed through forty-seven years.

There have been expulsions, but mostly for the good of the Germans involved. Such nests of German propaganda as the University of Strasburg were cleaned out. German officials, and especially the judges, were packed across the border. Most of these judges had sent natives to jail for lese majesty or treason, which consisted in such offenses as speaking ill of the Kaiser, expressing hopes for France or singing the Marseillaise. Alsace was getting into a lynching mood when the French arrived, and the lives of these men were not safe.

In July, 1914, when Germany was getting ready to spring the war, Hansi, the cartoonist, who lives in Colmar, was condemned by two judges to prison on account of his cartoons. He was safe in France at the time, so that the sentence could not be enforced. Returning to Colmar after the armistice he saw as he alighted at the station his two judges being loaded onto a train bound for the Rhine Bridge.

Certain scattered agitators and loose, dangerous talkers were also rounded up. In Metz a German hotel keeper was caught hatching a plot so to juggle property sales as to create a small financial panic and give the impression that French rule was ruin. All over the provinces certain Prussians circulated with remarks like this:

"Have your fling! Germany will be back here in five years. We are taking notes on the people who have welcomed the French, and they'll be punished as traitors when the army returns!"

They went—as the French explain—for their own good. Above all things, the French Army wishes, in this era of good will, to avoid "regrettable incidents."

These deportations can be numbered merely by the hundreds, and they have been carried out with all possible justice and decency. When a deported man has a business, it is taken over and kept open by a special government commission. At the conclusion of peace it will be sold, and the proceeds, together with accruing profits, will be returned to him.

So much for the present. What about the future?

I take it, from a hasty straw vote, that the average stand-pat Alsatian or Lorrainer has no two views about that. He wants the German population expelled. He points out that it is only what the Germans did to the French in 1871. Virtually every citizen of France not a native of the provinces was immediately run out, sometimes with expropriation of his property. A few were allowed to remain for special reasons of advantage to the Germans. For nearly twenty years these men were refused the right of correspondence with free France. "Just buy up their property, give them its value, and chuck them across the border!" say the Alsatians.

I judge from my inquiries in Paris that this is not the present view of the French bureaucracy nor of the French legislative arm of the government. However, an American is a poor prophet of the actions of French legislators. Just after the armistice, and following a general investigation of French governmental views, I expressed the opinion that French demobilization would proceed on scientific British lines, by trades rather than by ages. A few days later this question came up in the Chamber. Someone raised the powerful French principle of equality, and the scientific plan was wiped out at one stroke.

At least there would be one advantage in this drastic measure: It might prevent the regained provinces from becoming an irredenta, with the shoe on the other foot. It would be only a kind of artificial irredenta, it is true. Most of the regions described by that word, which the war has added to the English language, are inhabited by subject populations with long centuries of residence behind them. The unredeemed Italians just north of the old Austro-Italian border descend from twenty generations of Italians who lived on the same spot; their ancestors up to a century ago were citizens of the Venetian Republic. So it goes with the unredeemed Greeks in Macedonia, the unredeemed Rumanians in Austria, and all the rest. An irredenta of a carpetbagging minority settled on the soil for only one generation would be artificial, to say the least. However, summoning an artificial emotion to bolster up his personal or national interests is about the easiest thing the modern German does.

On the other hand, would not this general expulsion, just as it may be in view of what Germany did in 1871, serve only to create a new resentment and to keep open the sore? Regarding this choice of policies solely in view of their effect on the future peace of the world one is puzzled. You could not even guess without knowing the present mood of Germany and forecasting her future spirit. And there the observer works in darkness.

Daily the more irreconcilable Germans are packing up and transporting themselves across the Rhine. Still, they are only a small minority. The rest, however they may feel about political control, doubtless do not want to go. One abandons with reluctance the home where he has worked for forty years or where he was born and has lived all his life.

Furthermore, removal is at this moment especially against the interests of their pocketbooks. Returned to Germany, they must accept either the generation of poverty by which the misled nation will

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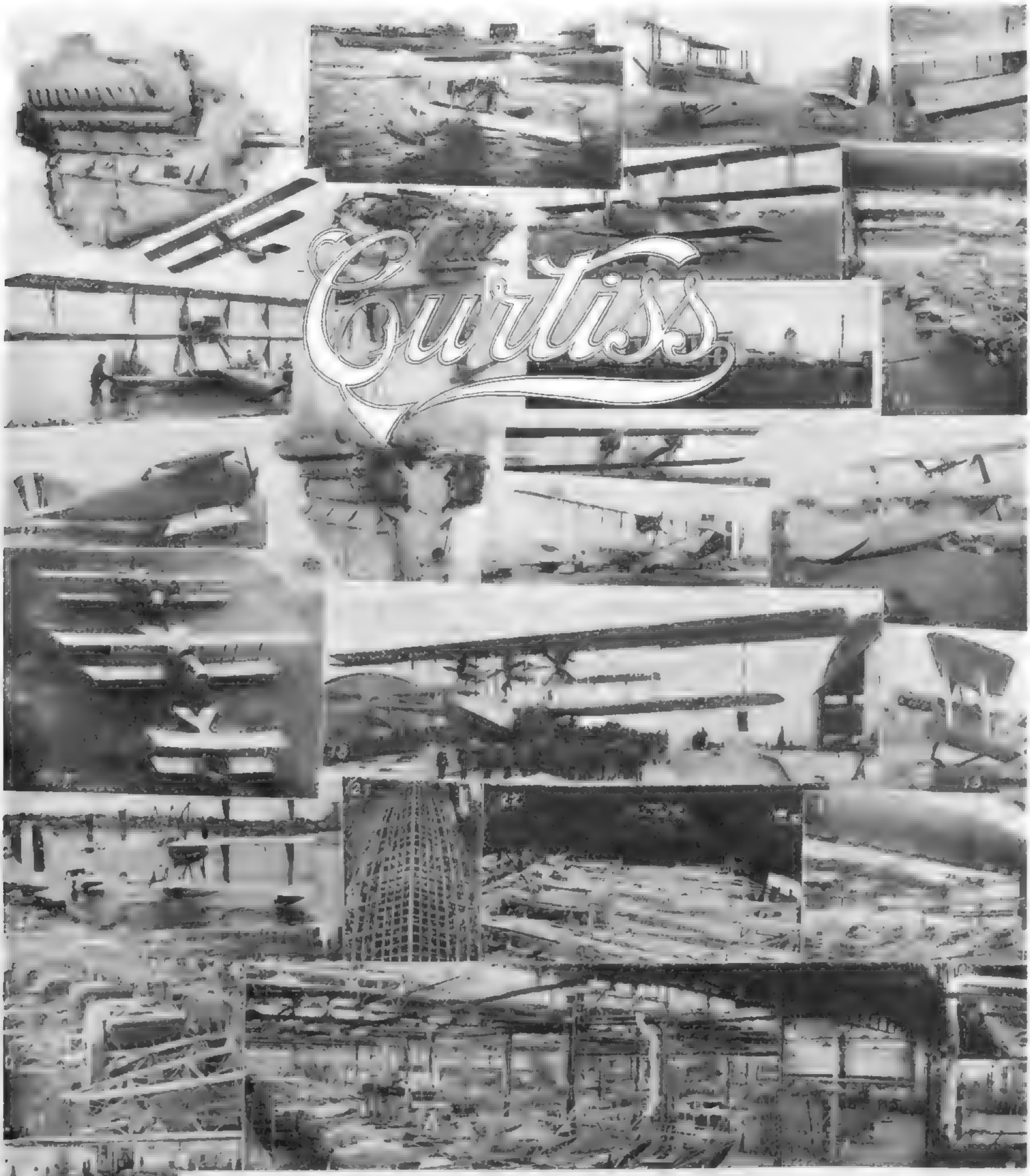

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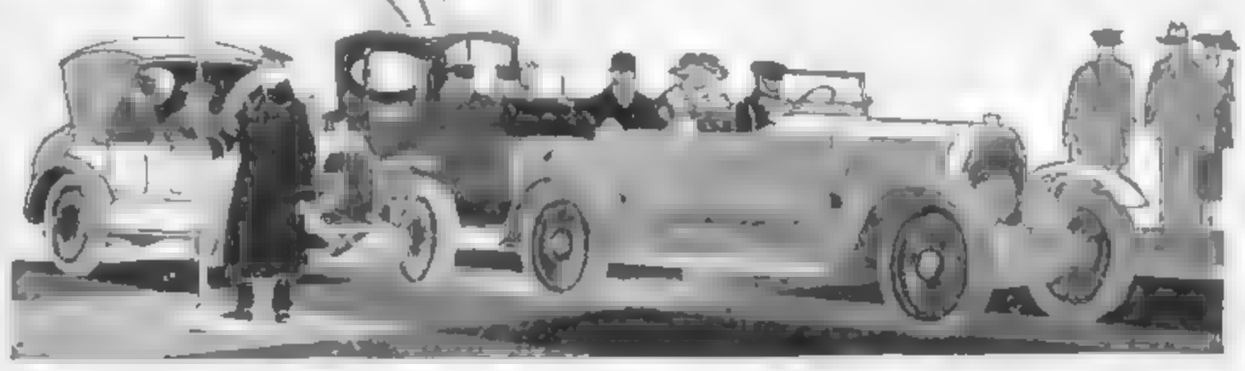

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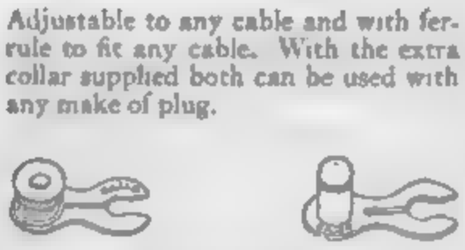

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(Concluded from Page 109)

pay the score of 1914–18 or must submit to anarchy. On the other hand there is good reason to believe that the restored provinces will in the period of recovery be more prosperous than the rest of France.

One entirely practical reason runs against the expulsion policy. With the Lorraine iron fields France, if she grasps all her opportunity, must take her place as a steel-making nation. That calls for labor, both strong and expert. And even without this new demand, France is going to be short on labor. The population has shrunk by nearly three millions since August, 1914; and the re-creation of the north gives rise to a demand without precedent. The labor in the iron fields and in the furnaces and factories that surround them is largely German. Whatever else the German may be he is not lazy and he is not lacking in technical skill. Expulsion would mean the loss of labor expert in a trade wherein France, for lack of raw materials, has fallen behind England, Germany and the United States since 1871; and it is the very trade which most makes in these times for national greatness.

The future of this question, perhaps, depends on the actions both of Germany and of the Germans within Alsace-Lorraine. The French Government, I suppose, realizes that.

They are taking a census of Germans in the two provinces, so as to be ready to act; but the policy at present is "wait and see."

Every industrial problem in France just now gets back to the two propositions of labor and coal; the latter is most puzzling in Lorraine. Here comes back to France the best iron deposit in Western Europe, yielding, under the German forced draft of the war, 21,000,000 tons annually. Shall it simply be sold down the Rhine as ore or shall it be smelted, worked and multiplied as a national asset? The better course there is obvious; but where shall France get the coal? Before the war she was a debtor nation in that respect, producing about 40,000,000 tons, consuming more than 60,000,000. The deliberate German devastation in the Lens and Valenciennes regions put out of business mines producing about 20,000,000 tons a year. She made up for this in small part by expanding the poorer mines of the Dauphiné; but after all they add little to her total. The Valenciennes mines may be producing a little within a year; many of those in the greater Lens field cannot be worked in less than five years. So even under old conditions she is short.

### An Indemnity in Coal

One of the terms imposed by Germany after the War of 1870 seems less widely known in America than the billion-dollar cash indemnity or the rape of the Lorraine iron fields, but it has done as much as either to swell the commercial greatness of Germany and to shrink that of France. It was the "most-favored-nation" tariff clause in the treaty. By virtue of its workings—too complex for description here—Germany forced her coal on France, and forced it at a higher price than it would have cost under open, free competition. Germany has nearly three-quarters of the developed coal production on the European continent. Of course, that "most-favored-nation" clause is now dead. In a free, natural and perfectly open state of international relations the possession by Germany of these coal measures, lying as many of them do close to the border, would make no difference. Saar basin coal, on account of the good water routes and the short haul, could be laid down by the Lorraine fields more cheaply than could Lens or Valenciennes coal. However, not even the most optimistic looks forward to such an immediate and perfect result of the new League of Nations. As things are, France must guard herself.

Here the proposals follow two main lines:

First, she may in the peace terms require delivery from Germany at a regulated price of so many tons of coal annually for some definite period of years. In making these terms France would try to collect the debt for the destruction of the Lens-Valenciennes mines, and also for the production of which she was deprived by the theft of the Lorrainaise iron fields. That proposal is being framed now by the French delegates to the Peace Conference. Like most matters of the kind its exact terms are being kept dark.

Second, France may take over permanently some German coal-producing region. This probably is the policy of her extremists and imperialists. They have an eye already on the region. Extending northward from Lorraine, in the Palatinate, lies the Saar basin, producing a wealth of excellent coal. This region, Germanic in population, was held by France before 1814, when it was removed by the Treaty of Vienna, after Europe settled with Napoleon. If the Peace Conference, in settling up the question of Alsace-Lorraine, should award to France the boundary of 1814 instead of that of 1870 the coal question would be settled. Here one takes with Germany the risk of an irredenta—and not entirely a fake one, such as the Germans might try to start up in Alsace.

But, argue the advocates of the "1814 frontier," the question of the self-determination of peoples is like every other good principle in this world of tangled motives and many complexities—it cannot be applied all at once. Sometimes it must give way to other considerations. To give Poland access to the sea, for example, you must cut across some districts inhabited mainly by Germans. The surest and safest way of making Germany pay her debt is to accept goods, not promises. On this question I do not take sides. I merely record opinions.

One thing is certain: Unless the expulsion of the Germans—which is hardly to be expected—produces a temporary shortage of labor and a special burden of readjustment, Lorraine is bound to continue prosperous. Even the expulsion of the Germans would affect things but little in Alsace. The two provinces have suffered from the war relatively less than either Germany or France. The physical destruction in France amounted to billions on billions of francs. Lorraine lost no buildings virtually—merely a few hit in air raids. Alsace lost only parts of the small cities of Altkirch and Thann and some little mountain villages. The district produces, in its potash beds, its own fertilizer. So the farm lands did not suffer deterioration for lack of enrichment, as did those of France proper—and to some extent those of Germany.

### A Prosperous Future

The Alsatians and Lorrainaise of native stock were mobilized up to German standards. Yet the Germans feared to trust them on the Western Front and were chary of putting them on any fighting front. Mostly they did shore work with the navy in the northern ports or served with the supply departments on the Eastern Front. So, though Alsace and Lorraine have tragically lost their thousands in a cause which was none of their own, they escaped after all some of the terribly heavy loss of life and limb sustained by both France and Germany. For native labor they will be better off than either France or Germany. Alsace at least will find an immediate demand for her goods—her harvest of staple crops, her wood pulp for paper, and her potash to renew the exhausted farms of France. Even though we may have to regulate things within the next year to prevent a glut of the steel market, Lorraine has little cause for worry. Geographically she is closest of all iron and steel districts to that region which will shortly be demanding iron products in great abundance and variety—the devastated part of Northern France.

This, for Alsace-Lorraine, is all very good. It is a question, however, if it bears much on the collective problem of France in general or the individual problem of Pierre, who once owned a factory at La Bassée and now owns only a ruin and a claim; or Jean, the linen operative of Lille, who is waiting for someone to give him back his shuttle and his job; or Jacques, who is trying to restock and retool his farm in Touraine.

In some items, as in supply of fertilizers, it will help; and though such additions to national domain, if properly managed, eventually react on the prosperity of all, the effect is not felt at once. Alsace and Lorraine, prosperous though they may be, cannot do much to help in that distressing period when Northern France is finding a way back to existence.

Finally, just how will Alsace-Lorraine weather that period when she is forgetting Germany and adjusting herself to France? Here we begin to touch upon the human factor in the problem, and in my opinion that is the governing factor. As many have said, this is like a remarriage. Alsace and France are now in their honeymoon. After that time, in all marriages, comes "mid-channel"—the period of adjustment, before which not even the friends of the couple know whether they are really going to hit it off!

The youngest people who really remember French rule in Alsace-Lorraine are in late middle age. The strength of this generation, all the coming generation, remember it not. They have been educated in German schools, formed mentally on German books, molded to society on German laws. They did not like Germanism; always in the back of their minds was the dream of a nobler ideal which they formulated in the symbol of France. Still, in spite of themselves, their habits, the rhythms of their lives became Germanic.

In the past four years France has had a laboratory for the study of this subject. In the first month of the war she took a little triangle bounded by the 1870 frontier, the nearer summits of the Vosges and the Swiss border. That she held and administered. She found the people welcoming and grateful, but shy, too, and a little awkward in adjusting themselves to Gallicism. The French handled the transformation tactfully and gently; and already Massevaux and Thann, the only towns of any size in this district, are taking on a French appearance. The French found that they could do it, but that it took time and consideration.

When, with the best will in the world, the people of Alsace-Lorraine settle down to be Frenchmen they will begin to notice the imperfections of the groom. Of course the Germans do some things better than the French, as the French do some things better than the Germans. Yet it is inevitable that in certain small minds the imperfections will attract more attention than the perfections.

Just let me take a purely commercial example: Germany had installed an advanced—if not improved—banking system which had much to do with her prosperity. By it the banker made himself almost a partner with the *entrepreneur*, rendering it easy to start new and sound propositions. The French bankers are the conservatives of their class; only recently has French banking wholly accepted the check system. Some of the business community will miss that.

Lorraine being fundamentally French, and Alsace naturally a lover of liberty, they will doubtless like in the main the noninterferences of the government in small personal affairs and privileges. Yet again, certain custom-bound souls, when opportunity comes for a free comparison, will prefer the old way into which they were drilled from childhood.

### A Warning to Americans

Here, I think, is the place to issue a warning to America. To most minds news is a departure from our picture of the ordinary. To say that the whole world yesterday went about its business of producing and trading and loving and playing as usual is not news; no one notices that! But if production stops somewhere; if the men of a great industry stop work and strike; if a man or so, instead of loving as usual, expresses hate by killing one or more of his neighbors, it becomes news at once. We notice only the unusual; and as a corollary we are too likely to forget the usual from which such an incident sprang, and to base our opinion of the state of affairs on the unusual.

For example, between 1914 and 1916 most people of the United States who took sides at all favored the Entente in this war. We had always our pro-German minority, however. Now I found it most difficult to make the man in the street of London or Edinburgh or Paris or Lyons believe that we were not all for Germany. He had been reading in his newspapers ten articles quoting Charles W. Eliot, Theodore Roosevelt or Booth Tarkington in favor of the Entente, to one interviewing William Bayard Hale or George Sylvester Viereck in favor of Germany. But the pro-Entente articles had simply flowed through his mind; everyone in his world was talking that way, and they fitted his picture of the normal. It was the pro-German stuff that stuck.

So in the past few days I have met in Paris people who hearing of one or two little whispered incidents in Alsace have ventured the opinion that the lost provinces are boche; whereas on the whole they are being restrained from lynching the boche. And if in the years of adjustment we hear in America of incidents as yet unimagined, we stand to forget the thousand Alsatians or Lorrainers who are most agreeably adjusting themselves to France, and to form our picture from the one dissenter.

Historians and the international "authorities" of journalism lack usually the novelist's sense. They cannot see the irregular rhythms and hidden currents which have so much to do with life, whether personal or corporate. Most of them have failed, perhaps, to see why the interests of the future will best be served for the world by returning these provinces to France.

Germans have always failed as colonists. The natives after a few experiments take to the high bush, and from that time have the choice of being fugitives or slaves. Even the transplanted Germans do not want to stay. The Prussians, many centuries ago, received a slight infusion of Wend blood. With that exception all the states of modern Germany are pure-strain Teutonic. That in itself is significant. This race cannot absorb.

By contrast the French are the most mixed people in Europe. And still, historians who have absorbed the records and descriptions of the Gauls by Julius Cæsar find that they seem to have been the same Frenchmen we know to-day. The Gauls were Celts; of their pure strain there lingers only a trace, in Brittany. They absorbed the Latin blood of the Roman conquerors, and made of the mixture a Gaul. They absorbed the Teutonic blood of the Franks, and the Frenchman still remained a Gaul. They absorbed, without much change in national characteristics, the Norman, of Scandinavian blood, in the west; the Basque, of indigenous blood, in the southwest. Whenever in the changing history of France they have held political sway over a stranger people absorption has seemed to be the least of their troubles. Nice, of Italian blood, floated into the current of national life during the nineteenth century without a struggle.

### How France Makes Friends

This quality of the French is curious, seeing that the individual makes acquaintances slowly and friendships even more slowly, and that in contrast to what I have called the hospitality of the blood one notes always among them the lack in the individual or his family of personal hospitality as we know it. Yet when the war broke, most neutral consuls in France, including our own, were astonished by the rush of their own nationals for papers—people tucked away for ten, twenty, forty years in quiet corners of France, who had gently settled down there because they liked it all.

France takes hold of everyone eventually. I might have trouble in proving this to certain doughboys in the A. E. F. who were rushed from a landing port to a dreary, remote training camp, and thence to the miseries of the trenches, the Vesle and the Argonne, and who cherish the feeling which one holds for any place where he has had a disagreeable time. But I notice that our American soldiers like France precisely in proportion as they have had a chance to get acquainted with the French. In the end France gets you.

Even under the old régime, before France discovered democracy, she probably went at her newly acquired possessions as she does to-day. She took them funy in, whereas Germany believes that they should win through drill and suffering the inestimable privilege of climbing to Germanism. France gave them such political rights as Frenchmen had, whereas Germany holds them outside on probation—and exploitation. France made as few rules as possible, whereas Germany makes as many as possible. France said "You may"; and Germany, "Thou shalt not."

Which is the better and surer method of making friends?

Had the status of 1914 remained in Alsace-Lorraine, Germany might have been centuries in putting out the last spark of Gallicism in Alsace-Lorraine; unless she managed to scatter the native blood she might never have extinguished their spirit of liberty. Leave the transplanted German element in Alsace-Lorraine, give France a free hand, and she will perfectly absorb it in one or two generations. That is, if France keeps her old soul. And in spite of one or two gentlemen recently arisen in high places, I believe that she will.

# THE MASCULINE MOLD

## By Louise Closser Hale

"IT WAS Florida," the confidante reflected when there were certain sobbing silences. "Are you sure it wasn't palm trees that did it, Neen? They do rustle so lovingly!" Nina Weathersby lifted her delicate face to Emily Stryker, who was bending over her slight figure crouched upon the bench by the sea wall. There was a fire in Neen's eyes which mercifully promised to dry the tears.

"How can you ask that, Emmy! I've had two seasons in Florida. I'm twenty. The minute I saw him I knew I was for him and he for me. It would have been the same way in New York had we met there, but he has been in Europe ever since he left college. I've had enough flirtations to the tune of rustling palms to know the difference."

"When did you feel the break—what did he do?"

"Let me think. But"—with a deep intolerance—"but why do I say 'let me think'! It's on the tip of my tongue—every date from the hour we met. I just live it over and live it over, trying to get somewhere."

"Then when?"

"Mother and I came down early because of her bronchitis."

"The twentieth of December. I know, for father and I sailed for Algiers the day after."

Nina swept on. It was not important when Emily sailed. "He came down to play golf. I saw him the evening of the twenty-third. I had on shell pink—men do like all reddish tones. I knew him well enough by Christmas to receive a lot of lovely feathery flowers. They were so like him!"

"He is feathery?"

"He's sweet-tempered and gay, and at the same time kind. If he had not been kind I might not have expected so much. You can guard against black mustaches. Of course as I describe him to you I can realize how he would bore you. Froth, I suppose, but thoughtful."

"You are wrong," said Emily; "I like them frothy and feathery."

Nina did not believe this, as Emily was a serious person, but she appreciated the sympathetic lie. She hurried back to her misery. She had flown by Long Island train to Emily the day of her return from the South to talk of it. It was her hour—tragic, undesired—but hers.

"Everything was perfect until he was called to Washington in January—and even then it was perfect. I had wires, flowers, twice on the long distance, and the most amusing letters. Why, there was no time for him to cool! And all through February—he came back the day before Lincoln's birthday—we were so happy. At least I was so happy; anyway, things seemed the same."

"But were they?"

"I don't know. I wanted them to be, so I may have been deceiving myself, for what occurred to make him change must have taken place the month he was North."

"What makes you think that?"

"Because it was nothing down in Florida. I was the same—the same crowd—everything pleasant all day. And yet while we were just as much together I began to feel alone—even when I was with him, understand. I lay awake hours analyzing him and thinking out the meaning of every move he made. And the next day I would try again—you know—to keep him. I didn't lose my dignity, Emmy"—a pitiful catch of the voice—"I didn't do that; but I tried to hold him with every trait he had said attracted him earlier in the season—but it didn't do any good."

Emily patted her. "I know, dear, all your little bag of tricks. It's a rotten shame, Neen."

"Then I wrote him and stayed in our sitting room all day, waiting. How women have to wait, Emily! I thought he'd come flying to me; I still thought it! I never want to hear a knock on a door again—it's always the wrong person. Toward evening he sent me a letter. He let me down easily, Emmy—but he let me down."

Emily strove to answer quickly at the close of this complete abandonment to the truth. For this reason she asked her next question at random:

"Why hadn't he answered right away?"

But Nina lifted her head eagerly. "Do you see that too? Why didn't he?"

"I suppose he was away"—practically.

"He was—in a sailboat; but he took the letter with him. I believe he sailed away to think!"

"Oh, no! Oh, no!" cried Emily quickly, then sucked in her underlip. Her guest had been with her less than an hour. She had burst into her confidence, suffering honestly, honestly asking for advice. Yet Emily, with but five years to her advantage, was old enough to know that the advice must not embody opposition. She was glad that an extra roar of the fierce seas of April had covered her negation. "I believe," pursued the girl, "that it is money difficulties."

Emily dared to dismiss this: "He would have told you."

"Would he have told me had he been in love with someone else?"

"I don't see why not."

Nina thought there were a number of reasons why not, but the point was that her lover had assured her in his letter that there was no one else.

"And I believe him," she concluded upon this revelation.

"So do I," concurred Emily.

"Then it all sifts down to family trouble. There is insanity or something his people have to hide."

Emily permitted herself a movement of impatience. "He would have told you that too. Men don't keep those things."

Nina peered at her through the deep twilight. "I would never have told had I been in his place. I would not have told about the money or the insanity or any family trouble. I would have had to struggle as he may have had to struggle, but I would have given him up without a word."

The hostess brought her hands together sharply and held them clasped for an instant in midair.

"There you go! Trying to judge what a man would do by what a woman would do."

It was Nina's turn to be impatient, which was a good thing for her.

"Well, how else could I judge him? That's all I have to go by!"

"But as a child you must have found out that boys don't reason the way girls do. They don't reason half so much. I don't believe that one-tenth of the things go on in a man's mind that go on in a woman's. At least they're not the same things. When we think they're down in an office, mad to telephone but deciding to hold off an hour so as to make us anxious, they're not doing anything of the kind. They're busy and interested and have forgotten about us."

This was challenging.

"I suppose"—with some sarcasm—"you think he went out in that sailboat because he wanted the trip."

"I think he wanted to fish."

"Oh!"

She rose, but Emily drew her down, her arms close about her.

"Dearest girl, I'm trying to help you, not to hurt you. If you can see him straight it's going to be less to overcome. Don't invest him with subtleties he doesn't possess and then grieve both for him and the subtleties. There is a very good reason why men are simpler than women. They have never had to assume mental disguises, because we've always been so willing to take them as they are. So long as women are instinctively monogamous and men by nature polygamous, just so long shall we want to hold the individual and invent schemes to hold him."

As she finished they both stood upon their feet, each with a sensation of relief, no doubt, for they were at variance. The desolate girl's face shone white in the gloom. She spoke slowly:

"I can't follow you altogether, Emily. But I wish you would tell me honestly why you think he drew away from me. I might just as well get the whole truth and find out what I really have to suffer over."

"I think you have to suffer over the loss of a very delightful person, Nina. I know I'd like Kind Feathers and Thoughtful Froth myself."

"You aren't making fun, are you, Emmy?"

"No, dear, I'm not. You see you haven't told me his name."

"Of course. It's ——"

"Don't!" interrupted Emily with authority.

"Why not?"

"If I met him now I might be rude to him—I think you would expect that of me right now. It would make him very bitter with me, for it is the kind of disapproval men can't endure. I probably wouldn't care except that after the passing of years when you became friends again ——"

"Friends!"—with great scorn of the poor word.

"It's possible, Neen; and nothing would please him better this very minute—take it from me. That would salve his conscience. But he owes me nothing and would dislike me, and pretty soon you might be tinged by his attitude. Then I'd lose you, lose you because I'd championed you. I'm awfully fond of you, old girl."

This frank avowal of a generous woman's affection for another alone saved Emily from a long discourse upon the falsity of the entire argument. To think Nina could ever be mere friends with him; to think she could ever cease to be friends with her! Where in the world did Emily get this stuff? With something of heroism she withheld reproof.

"All right, Emily. It doesn't really matter. I gave him a little nickname right at the start. You know how it is—before I could call him by his first name and yet was liking him too much to be formal. I can't explain to you how he came by it, but I called him Denmark at first, and that became Denny in less than no time. He signed his notes that way and everything. We'll call him Denny."

"Then where were we?" asked Emily.

Nina had not forgotten. "You were telling me that he was delightful, of which I am aware. What I do want to know is: Why was he obliged to draw away from me? I want to adjust myself—to discover the quantity of suffering I shall have to go through, and make up my mind to it. Now, why was he obliged to give me up?"

Emily hesitated. "It's only my opinion, Nina."

"Why did he do it?"

"Because he was through—just through." She kissed her warmly. "There, I knew I should stab you!"

The dim form of a servant entered the loggia and by the pressing of a button illumined the path by which they were approaching the house. The light betrayed only a puzzled amusement on the face of Nina.

"It's extraordinary to me, Emily," she said, "that with all your acumen you could read this man so poorly as to think him a knave."

The electric light flickered and went out, leaving them in darkness, merciful darkness to Emily Stryker, for her features had flamed into protest before she could frame her words. She forbore the last blow that was within her power. It was evident that Nina Weathersby would indeed have to find some things out for herself. So Nina continued: "Where did you get all these deductions anyway? From your philosophers?"

"No," replied the older woman, opening the house door for the other to enter; "from my life."

Nina placed a hand on her in passionate sympathy.

"Emmy, did any man ever treat you this way?"

She decorously whispered the painful query.

But as Emily Stryker ushered her into the hall her serene voice filled its spaces: "Certainly—been thrown down hard."

With a swift return of affection the guest slipped her arm through Emily's. She would have been shocked had one intimated that she was glad her friend had suffered, yet she found some relief in the knowledge. If Emily could get over the bruises of life, perhaps she herself—some day —— But she dismissed the idea. She did not believe it could come to her—she cared more.

The hiatus created by dinner and necessary commonplaces to Emily's father produced a slight chill between the two girls. The thin ice of reserve had collected over the flowing river of divulgence, which had been so swift in its current before the evening meal. Yet their retirement for the night was but a formula half completed.

It came to Nina that she should solicit Emily's story—that she might be expecting her to. Besides, this would revive Emily's interest in the general subject, and she could get back to herself through comparative processes. But Emily waved aside the whole proposition of her false lover as something not worth talking about.

"It's dead—dead. We're great friends," was her brief and startling intelligence.

She was sitting before her dressing table, smiling in the mirror at Nina, who stood in the doorway behind her. She could see that the girl was concealing a packet of letters even as she solicitously inquired of Emily's suitor. Emily was braiding her dark hair, which waved back from her brow and resolved itself into an orderly thick plait without effort. Nina's blond curls were carelessly held in by a ribbon, for it irked her greatly to lift her hands above her head in these days of poignant feeling.

As the two girls reviewed each other it passed through their minds that they both were not ill-fitting mates for the best of men. Yet they had been tossed aside. In Emily's case—according to Nina—by some base fellow; through a bitter exigency of life in her own winter's experience.

Emily signified the letters. "You can't get much out of notepaper asseveration. I could write a love letter to the furnace man whom I have never seen just as well as I could to my soul mate."

"But I want you to read them."

It was Nina's hope that Emily, who had her clever moments, might discover something between the written lines of this recalcitrant lover which would give a clew not only to his secret sorrow but also to his character. She admitted this.

"But what's the use of discovering him any further, darling?" protested Emily, rebelliously opening the packet. "He's out of your life."

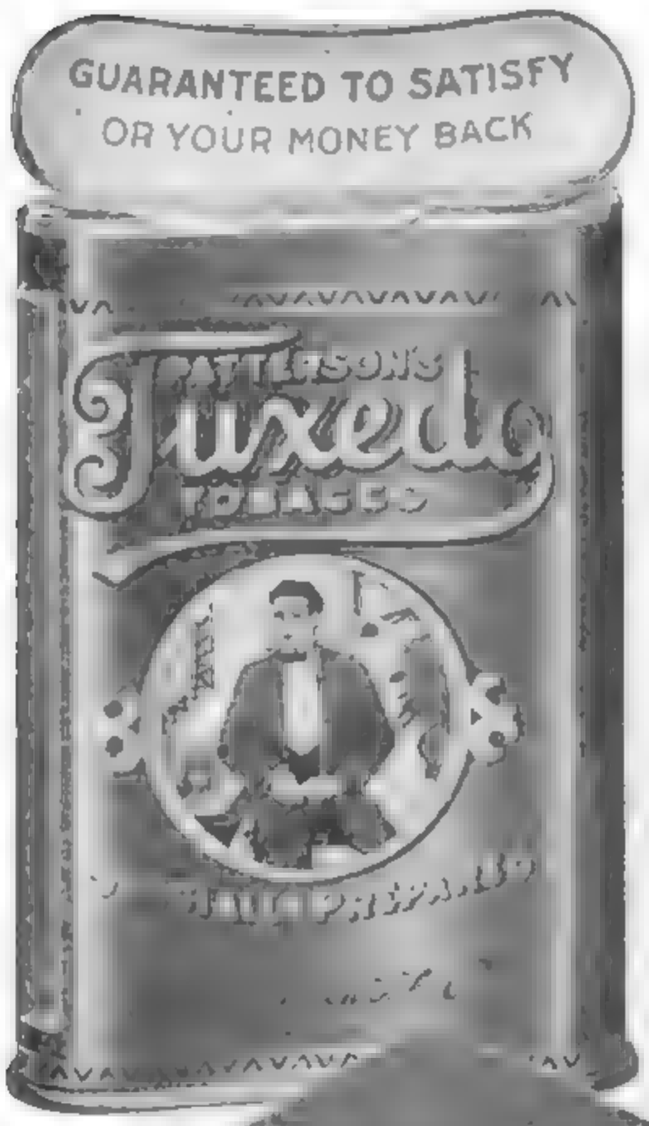
"Is he?" (Continued on Page 116)

# All Smoking Tobaccos are Flavored

## "Your Nose Knows"

The Encyclopaedia Britannica says about the manufacture of smoking tobacco, "... on the Continent and in America certain 'sauces' are employed... the use of the 'sauces' is to improve the flavour and burning qualities of the leaves." Your smoke-enjoyment depends as much upon the Quality and kind of flavoring used as upon the Quality and aging of the tobacco. Tuxedo tobacco uses the purest, most wholesome and delicious of all flavorings—*chocolate!* That flavoring, added to the finest of carefully aged and blended burley tobacco, produces Tuxedo—the perfect tobacco—"Your Nose Knows."

**Try This Test:** Rub a little Tuxedo briskly in the palm of your hand to bring out its full aroma. Then smell it deep—its delicious, *pure fragrance* will convince you. Try this test with any other tobacco and we will let Tuxedo stand or fall on your judgment—***"Your Nose Knows."***



# Tuxedo

**The Perfect Tobacco**

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(Continued from Page 114)

Nina's mouth was set and Emily with a sickening of the heart took up the missives. It was evident that her guest was not going to give up. And as Emily scanned the letters of this charming young idler she could understand why Denmark had resolved itself into Denny. Here was the bright touch as glowing as Neen's hair, here the light epigram as delicate as the girl's body. Here was youth, wit, courtesy, power boats, rich haberdashery. Here was no sinister tragedy to darken a young man's life.

"I can't think of anything but you," said Emily, handing them back. "He writes as you look."

"We are alike. We just used to laugh all the time. Oh, we were meant for each other; and yet—you didn't read the last one."

She found the final breezy scratching of his pen, preparing to lay it upon the dressing table before her friend.

"You can see he's miserable—even though he's firm. Now why—why?"

"He was miserable because he feared to wound you perhaps," suggested Emily softly.

Nina looked at her gravely. "You translate it strangely. No—in the face of anything you want to think about my conceit I say he was miserable because he had to give me up. Oh, it isn't because I'm so attractive," she hurried on, sweetly anxious not to appear too vain; "it's what he says of me in this last one. He says ——"

She was about to read aloud in justification of her contention, but Emily took the letter from her and replaced it in the envelope.

"Don't read it—I know. He doesn't want to be a brother to you; you are spared that, but I dare say there is something like ——"

Emily put her hands over her eyes and chanted out: "'And I want you to know that I think you are the finest woman I have ever met.'" The room was very quiet. "Doesn't he say that?"

"Yes, about that"—in a very wondering voice.

"'I'm not half good enough for you.' And that?"

"Emily!"

"'But I'll be a better man for having met you.'" Silence.

"And—I'm not quite sure, for he is certainly a sweet and generous fellow, but I think he concluded with: 'Sometimes give a kindly thought to your ill-deserving—Denny.'"

Nina took down the hand from her friend's eyes. "You're clairvoyant! It's all something like that!"

But Emily continued retrospective: "Aren't men wonderful! They can't bear to let go entirely."

It was the wiser woman's first unfortunate statement. This last comment on the grasping qualities of the male was not resented by Nina. To her it was a drop of comfort. If he couldn't bear to let go entirely perhaps she could win him again by less noble means than she had hitherto employed. There were other men, and Emily could help her in this. There was jealousy, and Emily could play Iago. She unfolded her plan in a torrent of words:

"If you could meet him, Emmy, and if you could talk about me, and say—well, just say you're worried about me, for instance; that there's a man devoted to me, and you don't think he's good enough. Or perhaps that we're perfectly suited—or that there are two men wanting to marry me and I can't quite, quite make up my mind. So he can rush in, you know. Or—and here is something—say a married man is awfully in love with me, or I'm in love with a married man—whatever you think is best."

"Stop!" cried Emily, rushing to her friend and shaking her. "Stop, for goodness sake! Are you crazy?"

Tears again from Nina as she crawled into a big chair before the dying embers of the log fire. Emily towered over her.

"I don't want to be brutal, Neen, but we're right back where we were before dinner. You've laid all the evidence before me too. You and Denny are too much alike. He fell in love with you and he's fallen out of love with you. If he had held out for a little while longer you'd have been the one to have found out you didn't want him."

"Never! Never!"

Emily smiled oracularly and went on: "Now there's just one thing left I can say that can be any consolation in the state of mind you're in now: All this philosophic talk which I've been handing out to you never did me one bit of good when I was smashed to bits. I've offered it to you because it's all I have to give. But it had to wear out with me, just as it has to wear out with every other woman."

"But I don't want it to wear out!"

And here Emily laughed and teased her friend into her own room. Nina laughed, too, a little catchily. The ease from the complete revealing of her story was creeping over her. After she had been put to bed Emily switched off the lights and stood, smiling mischievously, from the doorway.

"All right, but here is one more thought to heal you through the night. You don't want it to wear out? Well, it is going to wear out whether you want it to or not!"

And it wore out.

But though the name of Denny in time caused her no contraction of the heart there were days and nights during the wearing-out process that she never cared to look back upon.

He and she were both in town that spring, and with burning cheeks she found herself walking past his club and inventing reasons to go past. But she did not meet him coming out of the door. Once she thought she saw him approaching and she swung toward him, planning to appear unaware of his presence until directly before him. Close upon the figure she raised her eyes, to confront those of a stranger. She found herself so stifled by her heartbeats, her whole physical being so weakened that she prayed as she went trimly along the street never to see her truant lover again. But late that afternoon she passed his club once more.

Her real encounter with him took place at a week-end party, when without conscious effort her social training came instinctively to her aid and pulled her through. Only at night upon going to bed did she find her relaxed muscles aching from the strain of the day's control.

He had come forward to greet her on the Saturday of her arrival with so much eagerness that all Emily's stern deductions were swept aside by an avalanche of young hope. Yet it would have justified Emily—this kindness of his. She could easily have interpreted his anxious courtesy as the overwhelming masculine desire to get what he wanted—rather, not to get what he didn't want—and still be accepted as, so Emily might have put it, the "white-haired boy."

Nina, encouraged by his show of warmth, had recourse to woman's earliest strategy and flirted desperately all through Sunday with another man. Yet even she could not deny, when she went back to the city on Monday, that Denny had been plainly delighted with her transfer of affections.

"I'm glad you're having a good time, Nina," he managed a little sadly; and then, that she might think well of herself: "You're the same darling flirt."

"I always have a good time, Barry Dane," Nina retorted gayly, "and you know I'm a very serious person."

Which adds nothing to the story beyond the best waving of her little flag of courage and the revealing why Barry Dane was called Denmark. Hamlet she had thought too solemn for him.

It was wearing out, but not by the theory of the displaced nail. She did not remember, when she was presented to Dilk Stratton in August, that she had met him before at this same house party. The lights were low on the roof garden, where they made two of a crowd dining before going on to a mild war council. This was the summer of 1914, when amidst plenteous food tentative organizations were being formed for the doubtful necessity of relief.

She made her apologies languidly, with the dimness of the scene for her excuse, and was not embarrassed on the day following, at a committee meeting of the developing society, when she again failed to recognize him. What had most impressed her after she had gone to bed the night before was her enjoyment of the music. She could again listen to it without a poignant misery. During the black months harmony had been agony to her discordant soul. She had kept away from it and confined herself to the humdrum things of life. This advancement alone had sent her gratefully to sleep.

Someone had told her that Barry Dane was out of town for the summer, which gave her a dull peace when she made daily trips into the city upon her errand of mercy. Once she passed a door before she was conscious that it was his club. Again she had slipped from her bed and stood upon her feet ere the consciousness of "Denny!" came beating its black insistent wings against her brain. Though she would still try to conjure up his face, it was growing fainter. She might not have confessed it to Emily, but she knew now, with the keenest exaltation that had ever come to her, that this love was wearing out. More than that, she wanted it to! This was a step beyond Emily's predictions.

She had not written to Emily. Mr. Stryker, held in leash by the war, was yachting vigorously in safe waters up and down the coast, and the girls had not indulged in confidences throughout the summer. They had a way of doing this, their friendship standing the test of long silences. Had Nina written, Dilk Stratton's name would probably not have been mentioned. For it was not Stratton who blotted out Dane. In later years she was glad that she had not fallen upon him feverishly as a stop-gap. She had got over Denny all alone.

Often she marveled over this powerful person taking the smallest interest in her.

(Continued on Page 118)

"And Yet While We Were Just as Much Together I Began to Feel Alone—Even When I Was With Him"

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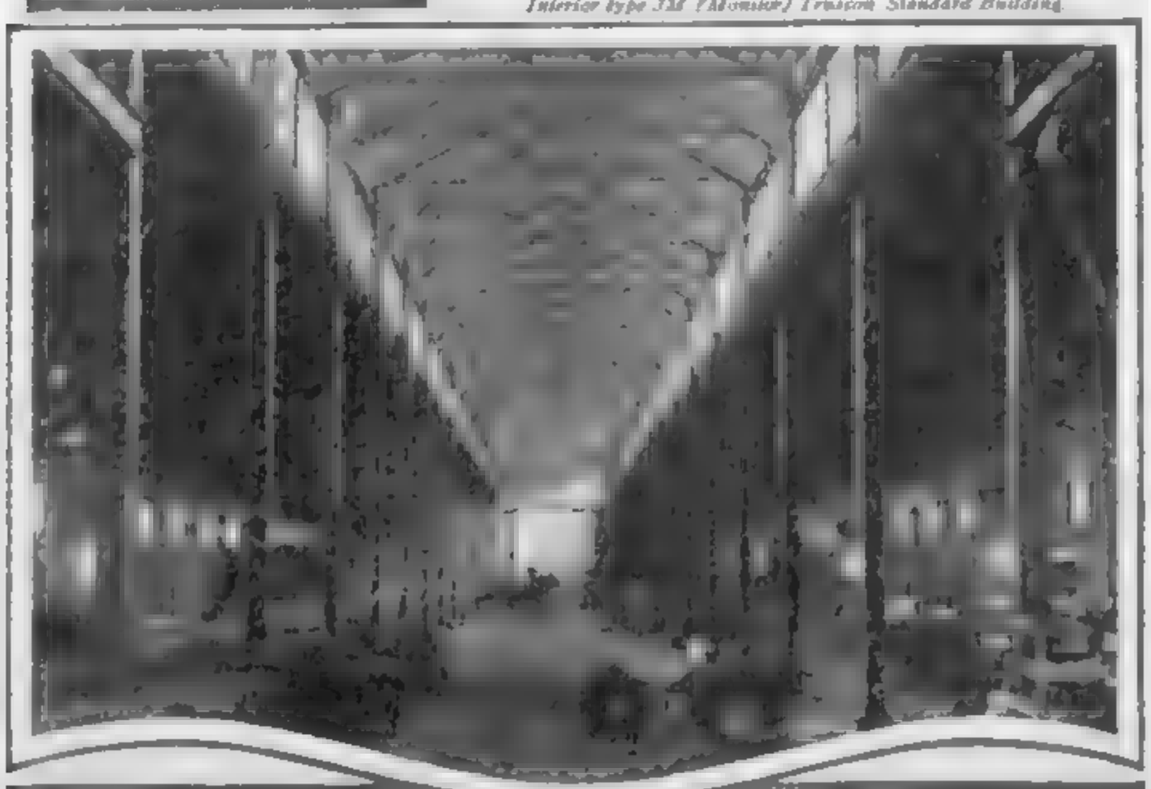

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(Continued from Page 116)

She couldn't believe it. When his first flowers came she thought it was a mistake. She had done nothing to attract him, and at first enjoyed his presence only because she found it no effort to be with him. In youth we do not know the vast importance of that comfortable asset.

Though a man of fashion he was also of the financial world, and ceaselessly helped her and her women associates in their efforts toward organization. She did not ascribe this devotion to her cause to any personal attraction. Perhaps her only appreciation of him as a future possible helpmate was, inversely, by her smiling, humorous reflections upon Barry Dane. She could smile a little already. She was so glad that this young man of Kind Feathers and Thoughtful Froth was not about, embarrassing her by his frank display of ignorance anent office work.

Indeed she was not consciously aware that Stratton was more than the man who oiled the wheels until an accident which befell him gave the anxious committee the fear that their main support would be withdrawn. Then to her weak astonishment she found that he was more than the engineer to their machine, which moved jerkily without him. She herself could not work so well without him.

But she did not call this need of him love, and upon his recovery she argued that they were simply comrades in a great cause. He would have none of this comrade business.

"But love isn't like this," she declared.

"My love is," he replied.

"Well, mine isn't. Shouldn't we be alike?"

"I should hope not! I don't want a replica of myself. Do you?"

"Why—no," said Nina.

Later her conscience troubled her. "But there's been someone else," she confessed. "I suppose you ought to know."

"I don't see why I should. But—just to please you—we're alike in that; there's been someone else with me; there's been more than one. Though I didn't have any intention of telling you."

Nina was amazed. "Don't you think it's important?"

"No, dear heart, only preparatory." He took her in his arms. "We have to try our wings—when we are fledglings. I know what I want now."

And as her slight form was drawn close to his powerful body she knew that Stratton was the man she wanted too.

Having been convinced by the few and forceful arguments of Dilk that he and she were really unlike she began looking forward with a deep satisfaction to the life business of discovering traits in him foreign to herself. This could not have been with Denny, and he grew mean as Stratton bulked large on her horizon. She invested the lost lover with despicable traits which, thank heaven, were in no way part of Dilk. There was probably no insanity in Denny's family at all. He was just a bad man!

With all these new wonders coming into her world she longed for Emily and heard with satisfaction that she and Mr. Stryker had opened their old house in town again. Her happiness was but momentary, however, for the informant became a harbinger of ill news which sent Nina trembling on her way to the Stryker house. Barry Dane, so report ran, was just as good as engaged to Emily Stryker! He had met them at Bar Harbor, where they had dropped anchor for a few days, and his sprightly airs had so amused Mr. Stryker that he had spent the rest of the summer yachting about with them.

As she hastened, her own great love, which she had so longed to confide to Emmy, grew of no import. Her friend was in danger. Her friend must be warned. She did not feel that she would have to define the young man's character as she had at last discovered it to be, since Emily saw him straight all along. She would only have to let Emily know—gently—that Denmark was the very unmelancholy Dane. It would be a shock to her, but it would be better than the long wearing-out process after he had dropped her.

She did not appreciate that the task was going to be so hateful until she was ushered into the big drawing-room, lightened by new gay chintzes and Denny's frippery flowers. This finely proportioned room was just as Emily must be now—all the somberness gone, with her soul full of the sunshine of Denny's laughter and the wicked young man's wispy posies at her bosom.

It turned out something like that—at least as to Emily's appearance; but, of course, Emily never said what was expected of her. She swept into the room and took Nina to her high-beating heart.

"Neen, isn't it the jolliest, silliest old world! Do you know what's happened? I'm head over heels in love. And, my dear, his name is ——"

"Denny," supplemented Nina.

She had not intended to break the news in that manner. She knew it was crass and she was prepared to assuage her friend's grief in every way she could, but she had blurted out the truth from sheer dread of hearing any more dear confessions. She knew this would humiliate Emily afterward—that is, she thought she knew. In a few moments she came to the conclusion she didn't know anything at all about Emmy—and didn't care to.

For Emmy upon receiving this electrifying blow had simply replied: "Oh, you've heard it was Denny?"

"I've heard!" gasped Nina. "It doesn't make any difference what I've heard! It's your knowing about Barry Dane's being Denny and—and going on!"

"I didn't know at first that he was your Denmark," continued Denmark's new young lady tranquilly, "or you may be sure, Nina, with the feeling that you were suffering still I should not have had him about, though father adored him ——"

"But you went on after you did learn the truth!" hammered Nina.

"Do you mean that it was horrid in me to accept his attentions on account of you? That it was disloyal to you? As I started to say, I learned after a while that you were happy in Dilk Stratton, darling, and I—I ——" Proud Emily bent her head. "Oh, it's my chance to be happy too, Neen," she whispered.

Nina rose from the sofa on which the two had barely found time to seat themselves, and walked about in irritation.

"You don't seem to get the point at all! I am happy. You could have a flirtation with every man that looked at me—except Dilk. The point is, knowing Barry Dane to be a cad you are weakly going on with him!"

Emily lifted her head sharply. "Who said he was a cad?"

Nina was sorry for her friend. Was she disintegrating; or was she—good heavens!—was she clinging to Denny blindly, as she had done, refusing a clear vision?

"Why, Emily"—she spoke persuasively—"you know how he treated me."

"He just got over loving you. We can't help those things."

"He threw me over. But there is no use arguing with you now; you're in love."

"There was no use arguing with me at any time about the knavery of Barry Dane or any other man because he fell out of love. I wanted to tell you that in the spring, but I appreciated it would seem callous. I wouldn't blame Barry if he got over caring for me."

"I suppose"—very elaborately from Nina—"you believe he really does care for you?"

"Yes, we're well matched. We're opposites."

"I suppose you believe that I was not a good person for him?"

"That you were not good for each other," amended Emily.

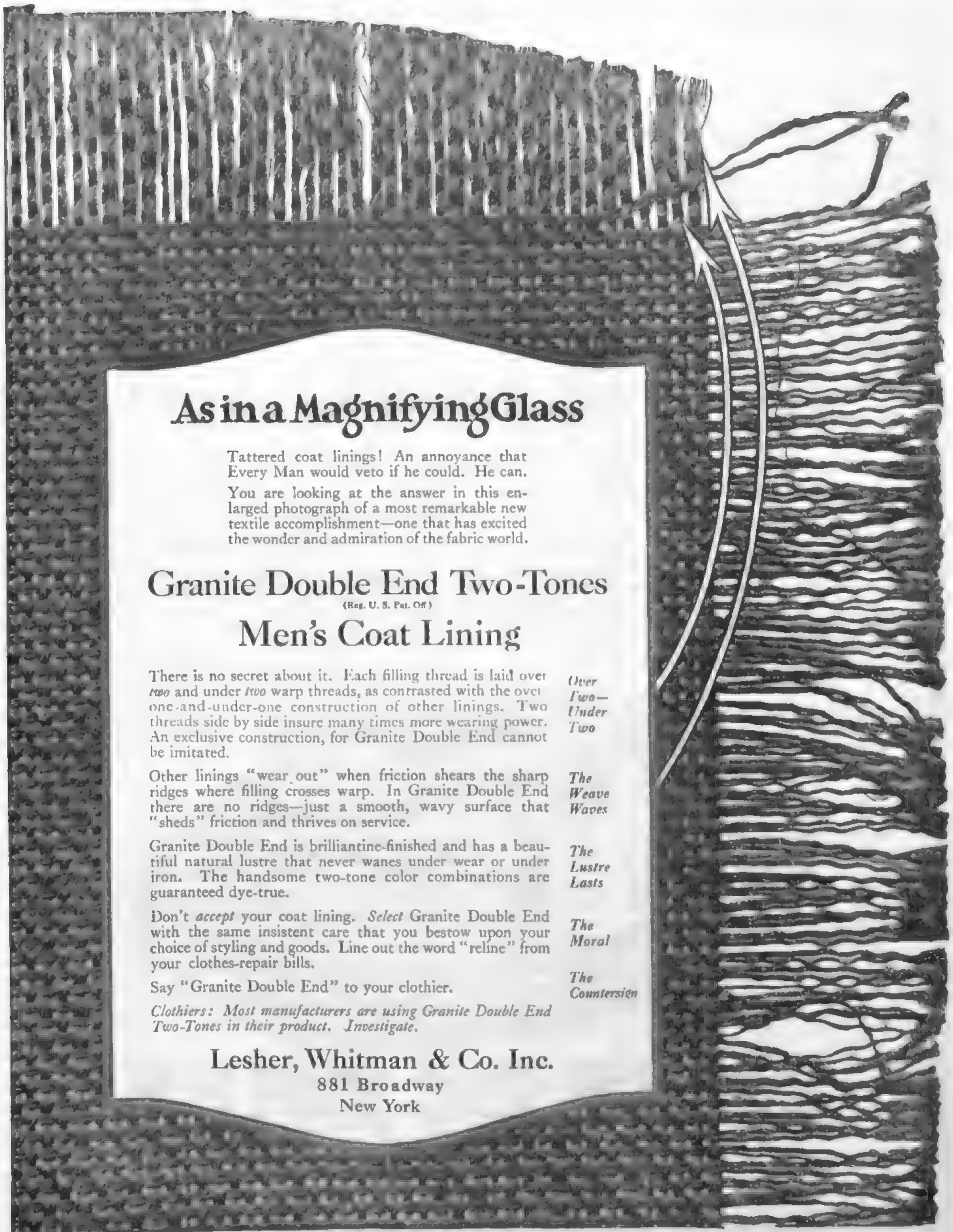
Nina ceased her agitated perambulations interspersed by short steps as she directed her speeches. She sat down in a small chair directly opposite and eyed her friend mournfully.

"How you fight for him, Emmy! Even against me." A move of protest from the sofa. "Oh, that's all right. I did it too. You helped me, though I didn't know it at the time. And you ought to know I'm here to help you—that I'm in a position to do so. Don't ever be placed so that he can write to you the kind of letter that came to me. It just makes me sick now—all that noble stuff!"

Emily smiled dreamily and again chanted out the broken phrases from the letter of an anxious young man: "'And I want you to know that I think you are the finest woman I have ever met—I'm not half good enough for you—sometimes give a kindly thought ——'" She broke off. "I don't think I'll get another such letter. You see, I've had one myself."

"Yes, goodness knows you don't deserve another rotter. I mean"—hastily—"well, Emily, I can't help it. Men like that are rotters to me."

(Concluded on Page 121)



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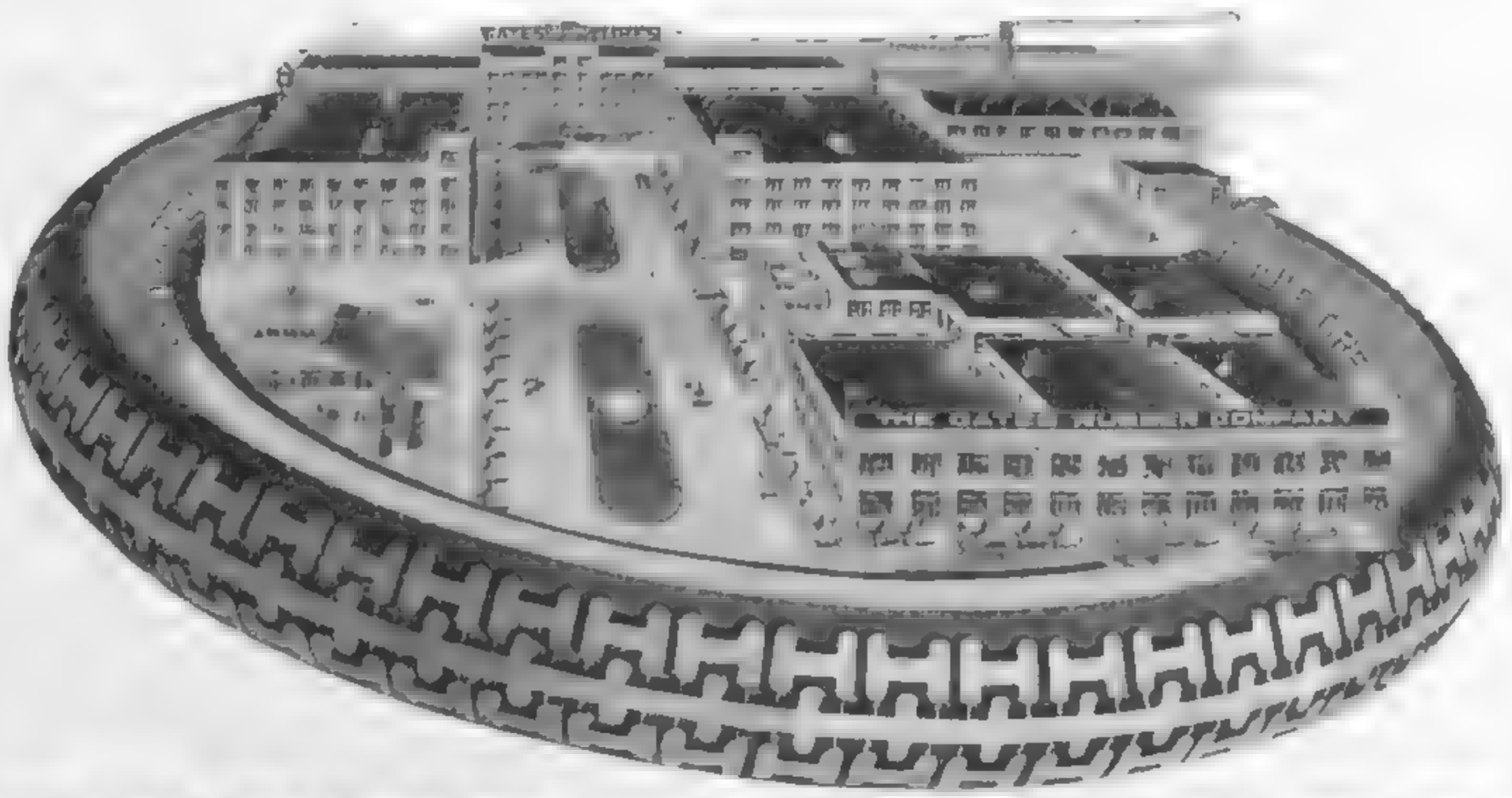

GATES HALF-SOLE TIRES

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(Concluded from Page 118)

But Emily would have none of this. "Not either one of them is a rotter. They were and are two decent fellows, and all decent fellows are very much alike except that there is a different woman for each of them."

Nina was now majestic. "No, thank heaven, they are not the same! I want you to be happy, Emmy, and if that means Barry Dane, why, then—that's your affair. But you mustn't class him with the man who has shown me what real love is."

Her sense of the dramatic brought her to her feet with the appreciation that this was an exit speech and should carry her out of the room. Yet she lingered. Both of the women were apprehensive, for it would seem that but a halting companionship lay ahead of them if Nina could not be swayed in her opinion.

Emily groped about in her mind for some single slender argument that might again carry weight. She had for the time lost her power—certainly Dane had none. Then who? The blood rushed to her face with a glad reaction of thought. She intercepted Nina, who was making her way lamely toward the door, and caught her visitor by the wrist.

"Neen, why don't you put it up to Mr. Stratton?"

"To Dilk?"

"Yes; to this big man of yours. If he thinks Barry's a scalawag I'll expect you to abide by his decision; and he and I will go on alone. For unless you can accept him, dearest girl, there must be a parting of our ways. I'm fighting against that."

"And so am I!" cried Nina, a melancholy vision rising before her of Emily Stryker out of her life.

"Make it suppositional if you want to."

It was something of a relief to Nina that she could avoid names. She would hate to tell Dilk that such a letter could come to her. He might despise her.

She kissed her hostess and went away, vigorously making subtle plans for introducing the topic.

The subject came up easily enough. But it came up very differently from the way she arranged—which she might have expected. Stratton was waiting for her in the sitting room of the hotel suite her mother used when they came down from their Westchester place. She was always glad when he was ahead of her—it saved that ache of waiting and the knock on the door. Mrs. Weathersby, ever an indefinite character, faded out of the room and left the two across a tea table with an early fire upon the hearth deepening the glow in Nina's eyes, adding color to her fair skin.

"You're utterly satisfactory," said Dilk, watching her. "I sometimes look upon you as my reward."

"That's funny! I think of you that way."

"How do you mean?"

He put the table aside and drew his chair close to hers. His fingers firmly caressed the chiffon of her gown. She breathed deeply, yet his nearness never confused her—she could talk better. She was aware that she was drawing on his strength.

"How do you mean?" he pressed. She had paused, for she realized that without any preliminaries she was getting to the matter in hand. Paris was approaching his decision.

"Once a man cut me awfully, and after a while you came along—so much the better for me—and I felt that you were just a gift for my sitting tight and trying hard to get over it."

"You're a dear," exclaimed Stratton a bit absently.

Nina was obliged to put this down as a point for Emily. She had expected a curse on the head of the evildoer to come perilously near expression. However, she was willing to grant that everything he did was right.

"Turn about," she prodded softly. "How was I ever so little a reward?"

"Ever so great," he amended promptly.

"He won't fail me," her heart sang.

He gave a moment to reflection.

"Well, it seems to me that you came as a reward for—forgive the conceit—for being brave."

"You saved someone?"

"I saved two—a woman and myself."

"From drowning?"

"No, from life boredom."

"Oh! Oh!" with an intaking of the breath. "You accepted the verdict bravely then?"

No hesitation at all: "I was the older—the wiser. I rendered the verdict."

A newsboy called his wares. A coal dropped into the grate. A rose petal fell upon the table. Nina's heart missed a beat.

"You told her you didn't love her?" Was there a voice so small in the world?

"I wrote her. It wasn't easy to do. No decent man"—decent man!—"likes to wound a woman. But our future—why, it was impossible! We were two educated owls!"

High, piercing now was the girl's voice: "But, Dilk! But, Dilk! Why should one woman be hurt so that I may be happy—that you may be happy?"

He had her hand, rubbing it against his cheek.

"So that she might be happy also. Would you like to marry a man that didn't love you—who wasn't big enough to tell you the truth? You'd find it out."

"But you wrote her gently?" She was grappling for the qualities the accepted hero ever possessed.

"Oh yes," he spoke with pride. "I spent some time on the letter. I was honest, but I put it all in the way I believed she would like."

Nina's faith returned—laurels for her hero—and vindication for herself. For the lost Emmy she gave a little gulp. "Such as ——" she encouraged. She would tell Emmy every word.

"I told her the truth—she had asked me; and then put in something about her being a fine woman. I may have said the finest. Why do you jerk so, dearestie?"

"Go on," from the jerky Nina.

"She was then the finest woman that I had ever met, and I certainly wasn't good enough for her."

"Did you say that?"

"I thought it would help"—anxiously apologetic. "And there was something more, which I scratched out ——"

"You did?" He was a little better, perhaps, than Denny.

"But I put it in again. It was at the end. I called myself unworthy and asked her to give a thought now and then to me." He shook off the subject. "As though any of it mattered! Put your face close to mine."

Nina slipped from him and sprang from her chair, feeling very tall. He rose, too, and she was small again. The worst of it was she liked to be small. She knew that she was always going to be. Emily, too, in her imaginings, towered above her; Emily, who had not twitted her with this lover. Yet at some earlier time he had sent those same feeble protestations to her which the faithless Barry had carefully selected.

Then in a glad rush it came to her that if Emily could defer this grave matter to the rulings of Dilk, if she had perfect trust in his fairness in sitting upon the case of Mr. Barry Dane—he must really be a great person in spite of the epistolary similarities to the prisoner in the dock. And after this reasoning a great humiliation engulfed her; for if Stratton was great, the feathery Dane was at least possible.

With this smashing of young standards serenity came to her. She beheld a long stretch of sweet continued friendship with the stanch Emily Stryker of owl-like proclivities. Stratton again put his arms about her and tilted up her chin to look into her eyes.

"Has anything unusual been going on?" he asked.

Unusual! He actually didn't feel the enormity of this hour. In a whirl of words she told him of the crucial moment through which they had been passing—confessed her narrow vision and Emily's wide one. Thinking to please him by her magnanimity she freely acknowledged all the fine traits which were so much part of Emily and marveled over life and the square party that the four composed. Stratton in the shadow by the mantelpiece let her talk herself out.

"I'm gorgeously happy," screamed Nina in a little frenzy at the end, "and the only thing that will ever be a mystery is that you could have given Emily up!"

Here Dilk seized and kissed her fondly. "Hush child, hush! I don't know what you're talking about. I never met your Emily Stryker!"

Mrs. Dilk Stratton is the only one of a circle of fashionable women given to advanced thinking on odd Thursdays who does not feel that monogamy is rather a bore. She says that men are all alike anyway.


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# DISBARRED

(Continued from Page 28)

"That happens to be my business now," said Oliver, explaining that for some time past he had been on his own.

The young surgeon pursed his lips professionally. "My own opinion is," he said, "that this woman here is done for."

"She'll die?" queried Oliver.

The hospital man shook his head. "She won't die—but she'll never walk. She's got to win her case, counselor. It's up to you."

As it turned out it was up to Ames. The young surgeon sent the woman's relatives to Ames. They retained him. Ames brought suit against the River City Traction Company for a hundred thousand dollars' damages.

Lefferts, raking Oliver's complaint with a fine-tooth comb, sent for Tony Malvern, and Tony Malvern answered the summons. Tony Malvern was an essential cog in the trolley company's well-oiled machinery. He was the claim department's star investigator. He was a dapper young man, whose age approximated thirty. He regarded himself as a highly competent lawyer, doctor, judge and general handy man. All the trolley-company evidence that crystallized itself eventually into court-room testimony passed first through Tony Malvern's hands. Tony Malvern knew his business and admitted it.

Lefferts tapped the complaint as Tony Malvern, uninvited, took a chair.

"This Ackerson case," said Lefferts.

Tony nodded. "I've read that stuff," he said.

"The woman," went on Lefferts, "is young. She is a school-teacher with a salary of two thousand dollars a year. She's permanently paralyzed from the hips down. That's what they claim. What do our doctors say?"

"Straight goods," conceded Tony. "The woman's in a bad way. That cuts no ice. She was knocked unconscious. She can't prove anything. In my opinion it's not a liability case."

"Hasn't she any witnesses?"

"Chances are against it," returned Tony.

Lefferts tapped the complaint again. "Then how do you account for Ames' specific allegation that our man was looking the other way?"

Tony Malvern rose and closed the door. Then he came back, grinning.

"As a matter of fact," he said, "it's true. I've wormed it out of Bowles, our motorman. The motorman was looking the other way. Farther up the hill he'd scared a horse—he felt he had to see what came of it, of course. So he looked to see—then this."

Lefferts smiled. "He won't testify to that, I hope?"

"What do you think I draw my salary for?" retorted Tony Malvern.

Lefferts slowly shook his head. "That specific charge stands out in this complaint; it is particularized," he mused. "It looks to me as though Ames had some evidence—something to get to the jury with at any rate. I think," he concluded, "that I'd better see Emerson about this case."

Tony Malvern shook his head in turn. "No use, counselor. The old man and I have agreed on one thing—we don't settle any suits that Ames brings. We fight Ames to a finish. There's a reason for it. Ames is riding for a fall."

"How so?" queried Lefferts.

"He's crooked," returned Tony Malvern.

"No!" cried Lefferts.

"As a ram's horn," said Tony. "We're going to give him all the rope he wants. One of these days—bing! I tell you he's riding for a fall."

Oliver Ames in due course prepared the Ackerson case for trial. He sent for his three witnesses, the three Speedlings—Joe Speedling, his wife and his sister. He handed them subpœnas—paid them their witness fees.

"I needn't tell you," he explained, "that this whole case depends on your testimony—yours and yours alone."

Joe Speedling looked at his subpœna; he looked at the half dollar that he held.

"Counselor," he said, a bit apologetically, "it's this way with us: We're working people, all three of us. We can't get off."

"You've got to get off," Oliver warned him.

"If we do," said Joe, "we lose our jobs."

"I don't want you to lose your jobs," said Ames. "Can't you get somebody to take your place?"

"We can if we pay 'em," returned Speedling.

"What'll it cost you?"

Joe Speedling told him. Ames drew forth a roll of bills and counted out enough to cover. He handed it to Speedling.

"Now, Speedling," he went on, "my friend Lefferts will ask you at the trial whether I've paid you any money. What will your answer be?"

"Why—no, of course," said Speedling.

Oliver Ames flung his hands in the air. "Why is it," he demanded, "that the innocents think they've got to lie, while the wise crooks know enough to tell the truth? Look here, all you three people have got to do, no matter what you're asked, is to tell the truth. Get that through your heads, once and for all. That's all I want—the truth."

The three Speedlings took the witness stand in the Ackerson case and told the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. The motorman took the stand and lied—as he was expected to. For a wonder, the experts on both sides agreed on the serious character of the school-teacher's injuries. The jury handed in a verdict of fifty thousand dollars.

After that—the deluge.

Some ten weeks later Oliver Ames was apprised by the secretary of the local bar association that serious charges had been filed against him. A copy of the charges accompanied the notice. Oliver, startled, perused the charges. Then he drew his hat down on his head and went on a still hunt to find the Speedlings. He didn't find them. They had moved, and moved, and moved again. He traced them all over River City. Finally the trail disappeared into thin air—the Speedlings had evaporated; they were nowhere to be found. Oliver, with a baffled sickening feeling at the pit of his stomach, fumed and fretted until the day set for the hearing of the charges. He attended, without counsel. The proceedings were held in camera before a special master, in the special master's office. And in the special master's office sat the three Speedlings—red-faced, white-faced, uncomfortable, but clearly desperate and stubborn. They took the stand, one after the other, and told stories bearing all the earmarks of truth—stories that disagreed as to unimportant detail, that held together upon the salient point. And the crux of the whole thing was this:

"And then Counselor Ames here pulled out a roll of bills and divided it among us."

"How much," queried the special master, "did you each get?"

"A hundred dollars apiece."

"What for?"

"To testify to the story that we told in the Ackerson damage case. That story was a lie."

Ames cross-examined them, but to no purpose. Yes, they had been, they admitted, on the street at about the time of the accident. They had been attracted by the crowd that gathered. They had seen nothing. Ames had approached them, so they said, and told them how the accident happened. And their sympathies had been touched. And he sent for them, and kept on sending for them—and they went to his office, and he worked on their sympathies more and more every time they went—and he told them that if they didn't testify the young lady would lose her case. Then he paid them the three hundred dollars—and they lied. Doggedly, desperately, with white faces, they stuck to the story of the three hundred dollars. Oliver's cross-examination served only to bring the story into strong relief. Finally he shrugged his shoulders in despair.

"Have you finished?" queried the special master.

"For the time being," said Oliver. "There'll be another hearing, I assume."

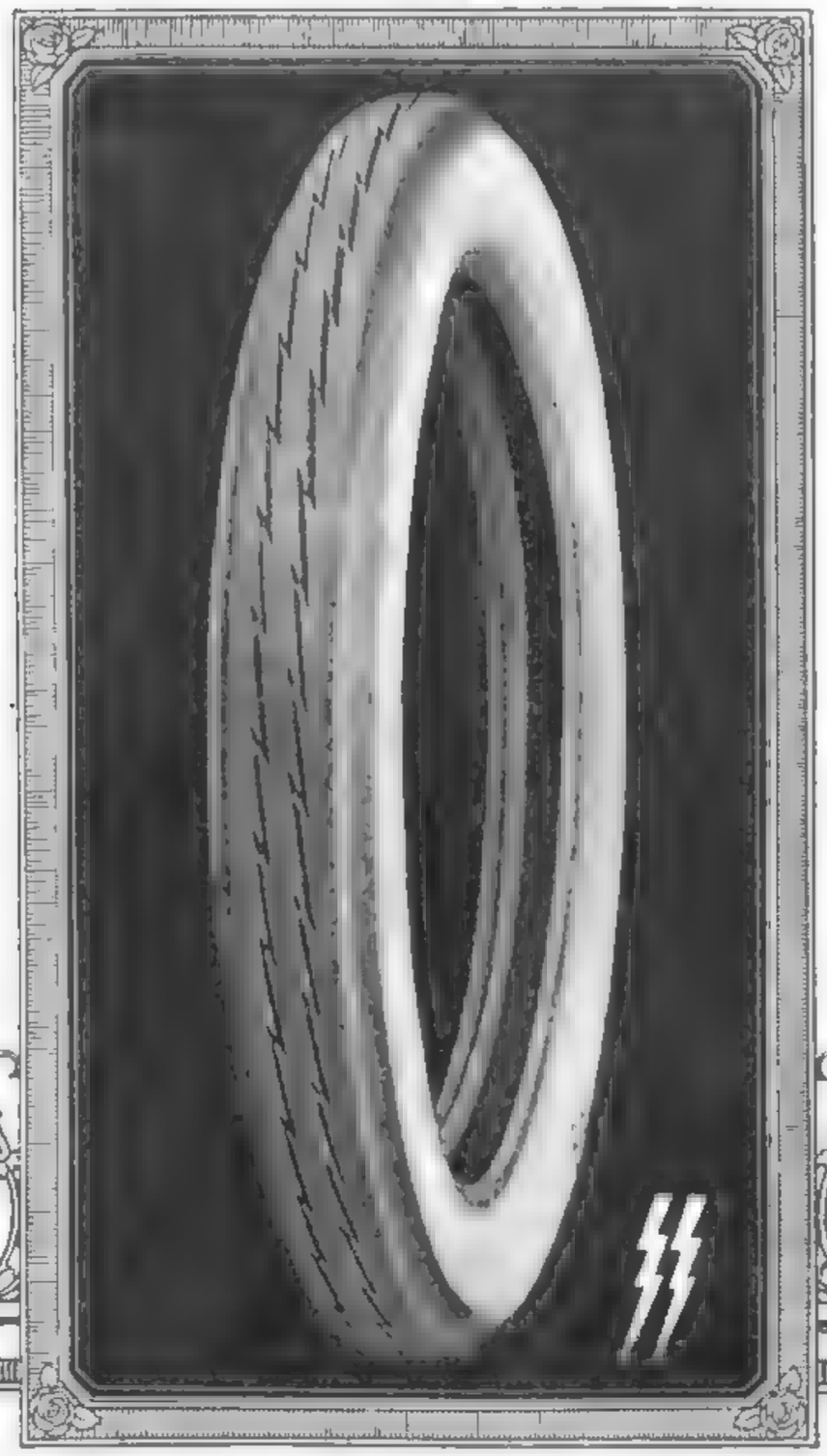
"As many as you need," said the special master. "For the present there's a bank man here with a cash register. He wants to get away."

"What do you want to show?" queried Ames, puzzled.

"That you drew three hundred dollars on the day in question," said the young attorney for the bar association.

Ames ran through the stubs on his pocket checkbook. Then he nodded. "I did draw three hundred dollars on the day in question—you can put my admission on the

(Continued on Page 125)



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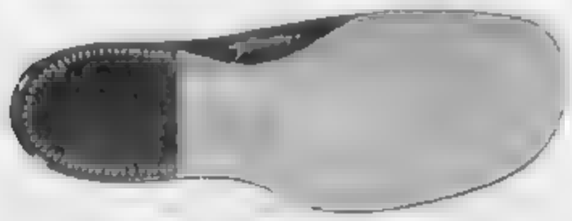

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(Continued from Page 122)

record and let the bank man go. I'd like to take the stand."

After a full fair hearing, covering a period of four weeks, the bar association placed its stenographic minutes of the evidence before the Supreme Court. That court found the facts unusually clear. Oliver Ames was accordingly disbarred. And by way of dénouement the same court set aside the fifty thousand dollars' verdict rendered in favor of the permanently helpless young plaintiff in the Ackerson negligence case. The newspapers virtuously and enthusiastically announced the fact that another ambulance chaser had been very properly nailed to the cross.

Then something happened—something that interested the newspapers to a far greater degree than the disbarment of a local lawyer. Something happened that interested everybody, inside of River City and outside of it as well. And Oliver Ames, his nerves almost exhausted, his stamina almost entirely gone, sat down and wrote a brief note to Tessie Emerson, whom he had not seen for weeks, whom he had decided not to see again.

"I find," he wrote, "that my own personal affairs—even my honor—have become suddenly, unusually insignificant. Good-by. I go to war."

It was a matter of months afterward that he found himself pacing moodily up and down the deck of a troopship, outward bound. He still felt very ill at ease—like some recreant who had run away from people and from things he ought to face. As a matter of fact, however, he hadn't run away—not even from his duty toward his helpless little client, Miss Ackerson. He had fought his own case and hers to the limit—they had both been beaten to a finish.

Nevertheless——

"Patriotism," mused Oliver with a grim smile, "the last refuge of a scoundrel. That's what they'll say of me. And Tessie——"

There was the rub. Oliver held a very definite idea that he would never get back home alive. He formulated a neat newspaper item to fit his special case:

"Oliver Ames of River City, a private in the Twenty-seventh Division, was killed instantly in action on the fifteenth of this month, somewhere in France. Private Ames formerly conducted a successful law practice in this city, and was regarded as a promising member of the bar until he was disbarred on charges of suborning witnesses in a fifty-thousand-dollar trolley case."

"That'll be about all," grunted Oliver to himself; "and nobody'll ever know——"

Particularly Tessie.

Another man in uniform stepped up to him and asked for a light. He was a sergeant, this man. He got the light, started to walk away, and then came back. Oliver realized then that he had seen this man pass and repass him several times within the last half hour—realized also that there was something familiar about the man's face.

"You—you're Counselor Ames," blurted out the sergeant finally.

"Yes, sir," said Oliver; "I am."

"Don't you—don't you know me?" queried the man.

"I do and I don't," said Oliver. "I can't just place you, somehow."

"I'm Joe Speedling," said the sergeant; "one of the witnesses——"

"By gosh," cried Oliver, "yes! I recognize you now."

"I tried to brace you at camp—and couldn't, somehow," went on the sergeant. "Now I've got to. I find I can't go on—I can't go over there without telling you. You were framed up, counselor."

"Well, of course," laughed Oliver. "I was framed up. That's no news."

"And I helped frame you. We all helped frame you."

"That's no news either," said Oliver.

He turned on his heel and started to walk away. The other man followed; he clutched at Oliver's arm.

"You—you've got to listen to me, counselor," he said miserably. "You don't understand. They never let us alone."

"Who is they?" queried Ames.

"A man named Tony Malvern of the trolley company. You know him?"

"I know Tony Malvern, and all his tricks and his manners. Go on."

"After we testified—to the truth—in that Ackerson trial, this Tony Malvern never left us alone. He got us fired—the whole three of us—from job after job."

"The three of you," mused Oliver.

"You didn't understand about us, counselor. My wife and my sister and myself—we worked, the whole bunch of us. Do you know why? We had four kids, my wife and I. Four kids. And they were growing up. And my wife's sister—not my sister, hers—she stayed home and took care of 'em. She was a cripple and couldn't work. So she stayed home. And the rest of us worked. Do you know why? It was the kids. All crazy about 'em, the whole bunch of us—aunts just as crazy as we were, counselor. Four kids—four people. And each kid named for one of us. We were aiming for just one thing—to give those kids something we'd never had ourselves: Education; lots of it.

"The boy was going to be a lawyer—like you. You see, we were all in it together—all working for the kids.

"Then, suddenly, we were all fired—all fired, from different jobs in different places. No reasons given—just told to go. We got new jobs; we were fired from those. Again, no reason. Only somebody had been cutting in under us, telling our new bosses we were crooks; we found that out. It was a regular routine; we kept on getting jobs and getting fired. We got sick, counselor. Then the kids got sick. They got awful sick. It took all four of us to take care of 'em—the whole four of us and all our money. When we got through we had no jobs and we had no money. There we were.

"Then this Tony Malvern—he's a slick article, counselor—he strolls in and asks us something about the Ackerson case. And he sees how it is with us. And he offers us a job. Just like you would if you had one handy—just like anybody would. Listened to our story, just as you're listening. Sympathized—you get me?—and then offered us a job."

"With the River City Traction Company?" queried Oliver.

"Yes. You don't know what it meant to us, counselor. And if we'd had another kid we'd have named him Tony. You get me?

"There wasn't anything we wouldn't do for this Tony Malvern. He came to see us—he made himself at home. He played with the kids. Then one day he told us what a crook you were."

"Oh," said Oliver grimly. "So he told you that, did he?"

"We really thought you were, counselor," pleaded the sergeant. "We believed every word he said. You'd robbed the trolley company of a hundred thousand dollars with framed-up cases. And you were so slick that they couldn't get the goods on you. Things had got down to brass tacks. They had to get a bad man and get him right. And then, counselor, I can't just tell you when it was, we began to understand. This Tony Malvern, he had a trick of dealing with each one of us alone. He kept showing us—each one of us—how it was our duty toward the others to do just as he said. And if we didn't do it—we understood what it was going to mean. Job after job, just as it had been before. You get me? And the kids—they were just getting strong again. He had us, counselor. And after all, it was just getting after a scoundrel."

"Me," said Ames.

"Exactly," said the sergeant.

"And so—we helped Tony Malvern frame you up."

"And incidentally," said Oliver, "you cut the throat of poor Miss Ackerson."

The sergeant groaned. "We didn't think about that until afterward."

"There are always things to think about," said Oliver. "For instance—what the kids might think if they ever found it out."

"My God!" said the sergeant. "Don't rub it in."

"I see," said Ames gently, "that I don't have to rub it in. When you came along I was figuring out that life had treated me like a dog. I'm mistaken. Nobody's got anything on me. But you've had a raw, raw deal.

"There's one thing in particular that I wish you'd do for me—nobody will read it unless I drop: Write out and hand me just what you've told me here."

"I'll do it," said the sergeant contritely, "only I hope the kids——"

"The kids will never see it," returned Oliver Ames. "Nobody will ever see it, except a girl."

"My God!" cried the sergeant. "Was there—a girl?"


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Ames lit another cigarette. "There generally is," he said.

Ever since Tessie's heart-to-heart talk with her father her plight had really worried him. No matter what the reason, Tessie wasn't getting married. To Henry Emerson not getting married was a state of being that bordered on family disgrace. Tessie had no suitors—that was very, very clear. He had tried to force the issue in his own way, with unsatisfactory results. Of course he had hidden his real purpose in dealing with the subject. But one young man had snickered—just why, Henry Emerson had never understood. After that he was wary; but quite as unsuccessful as before.

And then one day Henry Emerson arrived at a happy solution of the whole matter.

"Tessie," he said to his daughter at breakfast, "do you remember telling me that if we couldn't get what we wanted we'd better take what we can get?"

"I remember saying it," said Tessie, "but I forget the occasion."

"Never mind that," chuckled her father. "I'm going to fetch a man home for dinner to-night that's been aching for a chance to meet you for a long, long while."

"Funny he hasn't met me if he felt that way about it," remarked Tessie.

"He's a twenty-five-thousand-dollar-a-year man, Tessie. He's a lawyer. His name is Lefferts."

"Your Lefferts?"

"Yes."

"He took Oliver Ames' place," said the girl.

"Yes. He's a crackajack. He's winning all our cases for us."

"Why shouldn't he," said the girl, "with Oliver out of the way?"

"What's that got to do with it?" queried Emerson.

"Besides," went on the girl, "I follow your cases in the papers. I don't believe he wins nearly so many as Oliver used to win."

"My dear child," said Henry Emerson, "he's a big man. We pay him five times what we paid Oliver Ames. Lefferts is big—he's going to be bigger. He's a coming man, very much a coming man. And he wants to meet you. And I'll fetch him up."

Tessie's father fetched him up that night, and Lefferts fetched himself up on various other occasions. Tessie was rather grateful to them both—she liked companionship, and points of view, and talk. Up to a certain point she accepted his attentions and drove him about in her sedan. And it so happened that on one of their afternoon trips about town one day Lefferts, uttering an exclamation of genuine surprise, caught her by the arm and jerked his head toward the right side of the street.

"Look there!" he said. "There's Ames!"

"Where?" demanded Tessie, all up in the air.

"There!" cried Lefferts. "Coming out of that house. Ames—back from the Front."

"It's Oliver Ames," said Tessie feebly.

Then she drove on, trying to shade her face with her hat. Lefferts understood to some extent her perturbation. The hour was late afternoon. Downtown the rush was on. To escape traffic Tessie had driven her car through back streets on its homeward way. They were in a back street now—very much of a back street. And out of a drab and very questionable-looking tenement had stepped Oliver Ames, side by side with a rather pretty woman—a woman not young. A woman with a rather hard, set face. A bit flashy too. Tessie would have placed her in ante-bellum days in a cigar store, behind the counter; or on a manicure's stool in a third-rate barber shop.

Oliver, all unconscious of Tessie's observation, fleeting as it was, seized the girl by the arm, piloted her across the sidewalk, and then followed her into a taxi that had been waiting at the curb.

Lefferts craned his neck to watch them. He started suddenly.

"Great Scott," he said, "I know that woman's face"

"Who is she?" demanded Tessie.

"Why—er," mumbled Lefferts, purposely confused, "I—I'd rather not say. I've never met her. But I know well who she is. Perhaps if you don't mind we'd better change the subject."

"You mean," persisted Tessie frankly, "that she isn't—nice?"

"I mean," said Lefferts gently, firmly, "that I prefer to talk of something else."

At eight o'clock that evening there was an imperative ring at the front door of the Henry Emerson house. Tessie, in the music room, heard Oliver's voice in the hall. She ran out lightly to meet him.

"Oliver!" she cried, extending her arms. Then she fell back, a bit tumultuously. Ames was not alone. With him was the pretty woman of the afternoon. With them were two other people. The four were clustered together in the big hall.

"Miss Emerson," said Oliver a bit brusquely, "we're looking for your father. Is he home?"

"Permit me to find out," suggested the discreet servant who had admitted them to the house.

"Not necessary," said Tessie; "he's in. At the old stand, Oliver. This way."

"This way," repeated Oliver to the three companions he had brought with him. The four followed Tessie, single file—crept ominously, silently into the thick fog of Henry Emerson's den.

"Here's Oliver Ames, father!" cried Tessie. "He wants to see you."

"I want to see you too," said Oliver to Tessie.

He waited until his companions were all within the den. Then he locked the door and put the key in his pocket. Then he faced Henry Emerson for the first time in many weary months.

"Chief," said Oliver, "you'll be interested in my friends. I think you've heard of them before. They are the Speedlings—Sergeant Speedling, Mrs. Speedling, Miss Speedling. Sergeant Speedling was with me abroad. He wears a D. S. C."

"Well," said Henry Emerson, aghast at the unwarranted intrusion, "I am always glad to meet brave soldiers and their folk. How am I interested otherwise?"

"You will be very much interested," returned Oliver, "when I explain that it was this brave soldier and his folk whose evidence resulted in my disbarment."

Henry Emerson started—he was visibly surprised. "I figured they would interest you," repeated Oliver.

"I fail to see ——" began Henry Emerson stiffly.

"I'll show you forthwith," said Oliver curtly. "Sergeant Speedling, will you kindly tell Mr. Emerson here all that you've told me? You will listen to this, Mr. Emerson. Go on, sergeant."

The sergeant told his story. Mrs. Speedling told hers. Miss Speedling told hers. Henry Emerson listened, his face purple with indignation—or some other emotion. He spluttered out some protest and struggled to his feet.

"Sit still!" commanded Oliver. Then he swung about to Henry Emerson's girl. "Tessie," he went on, "will you get Tony Malvern on the wire? He knows your voice, I take it. Tell Tony Malvern that Mr. Emerson would like to see him here—and right away."

"No!" roared Henry Emerson.

"Either Tony Malvern comes here to-night," said Oliver, "or we go before the grand jury to-morrow afternoon. Chief, it's up to you."

"You talk enigmas," said Henry Emerson, spluttering some more.

Oliver Ames smiled grimly. "You don't want Tony Malvern here to-night. Tell your daughter Tessie why you don't want Tony Malvern here."

Henry Emerson was silent. Oliver nodded once more to Tessie.

"Call Tony Malvern up," he repeated.

She got Tony on the wire. Then they sat and waited until Tony came. Oliver unlocked the study door and admitted Tony Malvern. He smiled as he did so. For the man who entered wore the serge of an officer and the chevrons of a lieutenant; he held an overseas cap in his hand. Oliver saluted him stiffly, and so did Sergeant Speedling. And when he saw the Speedlings Lieut. Tony Malvern started back. But Oliver had locked the door once more.

"What's this?" said Tony Malvern slowly. "A frame-up?"

"It's the story of one," said Oliver. "The Speedlings have just given up all they know about you."

Tony Malvern turned pale—very, very pale.

"They lie," he said thickly.

His vehemence emboldened Henry Emerson.

"It's more than a frame-up, Tony," he exclaimed. "It looks like blackmail."

(Concluded on Page 129)

# Electrical Equipment Satisfies Both —Employer and Employee.

FACTORY owners and employees can always agree on one point—that electrical equipment enables both to make more money.

## *Better Conditions for Workmen*

THE MOST skilled workman is dependent upon his tools and the working conditions around him. An electrified plant gives him good light, steady, constant power and freedom from the confusion of the noisy clutter of belt and shafting. It provides convenient, compact machine layouts and time-saving routings for connecting operations.

ELECTRICAL Equipment makes better, happier workmen. They earn more money for themselves and their employers.

THE employer's interest in Electrical Equipment is identical with that of his workmen, but it does even more for the plant owners. It reduces his overhead costs by more constant and increased production at the same or less cost and because electrical current is paid for only as used. The electrically equipped plant enables its workmen to make better wages and its owners to earn better dividends.

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IT is no longer necessary to experiment with Electrical Equipment. Architects, Electrical Engineers and Contractors, Central Stations and Manufacturers of Electrical Equipment and Appliances are experts in the planning and installation of Electrical layouts. Ask them.

**ECCO Dependable Insulated WIRE**

DEPENDABLE Insulated Wire is essential to Electrical Equipment —it delivers the current from the generator to the point of use. Only well made wire produced by experts insures uninterrupted service.

Ecco is such wire. It is made to tests which exceed all requirements with a good margin as a factor of safety and a guarantee of service. It is used by Architects, Electrical Engineers and Contractors and is standard equipment in many of the largest plants and on railroads.

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10 EAST 43rd STREET NEW YORK CITY

*Makers of Ecco Wire for every purpose where rubber-covered wire is used*

# Sturdy Sterlings in Super-Size Cords

THE manufacturer is prone to go into mechanical details when all the customer wants is Service. It is the spirit back of the goods that determines satisfaction, or the lack of it.

Ours is a homely sort of organization—we know each other by our first names and our salesmen are the first to jack up the factory when anything seems wrong. Every one of us from the chief executive to the newest office boy is interested primarily in just one thing—satisfactory *service* to our customers. Anyone who hasn't that spirit doesn't last long in the STERLING family.

Just now we are unanimous in the belief that the Cord type tires we have developed and perfected in the past twelve months are all that tires can be in quality—in strength—in extreme toughness and durability.

They are hand-made—built up layer by layer on iron cores—rigidly inspected in process—transferred to air-bags of our own special construction and given a four-hour cure under moderate temperature. The process is slow and adds to the cost. But it produces tires we can all be proud of and sell to our friends and neighbors without being afraid to meet them at the club afterward.

The great majority of STERLING Tires are sold for commercial use—on salesmen's cars, which travel much and constantly, in all weathers and over all sorts of roads—on delivery cars and trucks—on telephone service cars—on cars carrying the United States mails which are usually heavily loaded and hit only the high spots. STERLING Tires are built for hard service—and get it—and stand up under it.

For practical purposes our guarantee is that the user shall be satisfied. We say 5000 miles (6000 on 30 x 3½ and 31 x 4) just to have a basis for adjustment. But we expect, and our customers rightly expect, the tires to average very much greater mileage. If there were any way of barring accidents and under-inflation, we would as cheerfully guarantee 10,000 miles, because we know how STERLINGS are made and what they will do when they are properly treated. STERLING Super-Size Cord Tires give exceptional service on trucks using 35 x 5—36 x 6—38 x 7—40 x 8.

We are interested in having our Tires give the utmost possible mileage over the guarantee, and for that reason in all of our 36 branches, we repair them free of charge as long as, in our judgment, a repair is justified.

STERLING Tires are not yet widely distributed among dealers, but any dealer anywhere can get them for you.

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SYRACUSE, N. Y.
TOLEDO, OHIO
WASHINGTON, D. C.
WORCESTER, MASS.

# Sterling Tires

TRADE MARK

(Concluded from Page 126)

"It is blackmail, of the most vicious and effective and successful kind," said Oliver. "Everybody gets fair warning now that the grand jury gets the story to-morrow afternoon."

Tony stared at Oliver; he stared at the D. S. C. on Sergeant Speedling's breast.

"My God—no," he choked. "Not that."

"To-morrow afternoon, unless ——"

"Unless—what?" gasped Tony.

"Unless you come clean now."

"By God, I will—I will! I've got to, chief."

"Tessie," cried Henry Emerson sharply, "you leave the room."

"No," said Oliver; "she may just as well hear it as imagine it. Go on, Tony. Come clean."

"I was given carte blanche—by Mr. Emerson," said Tony, firmly enough, "to smash you by fair means or foul. I did it. I told him how I did it. And he raised me fifty a week for doing it. And that's the truth, so help me God."

"Chief," said Oliver Ames in measured tones, "to-morrow afternoon these two ladies here, and three men in uniform—two of them officers, one of them wearing a D. S. C.—will attend in a body at the courthouse and testify in turn before the grand jury. That is a threat and a prophecy. Once it is done—good night."

"Father!" cried Tessie in alarm.

"Blackmail," repeated her father. "I won't stand for it. I won't stand for it, I tell you."

"So be it," said Oliver Ames.

He took the key from his pocket, beckoned to his companions and moved toward the door.

"Father," cried Tessie, "they—they have told the truth! Anyone can see they have told the truth! Father!"

"Ames!" cried Henry Emerson.

Oliver came back—his people with him. They faced Henry Emerson again.

"What do you want?" demanded Henry Emerson. "Whitewash, eh? Want me to reinstate you—to get you reinstated as a member of the bar. Is that what you want?"

"It isn't a drop in the bucket to what I'm going to have," smiled Oliver.

"You want to wreak some private vengeance, eh?" snarled Henry Emerson.

Oliver smiled again—serenely. "Do you think," he said, "that all I've gone through, and all the Speedlings have gone through, and all Tony Malvern's gone through, do you think all that is to go for naught? We've got to be paid—paid, do you understand?"

"How much?" demanded Henry Emerson. "Listen to this, Tessie."

"Tessie is listening," went on Ames. "So are the Speedlings; so is Tony Malvern. There was a time, sir—a zero hour—when the past records of three men dropped from their shoulders. When what they'd done didn't count. Nothing counted but what they were to do.

"In that hour, sir, Tony Malvern wiped the slate—Joe Speedling wiped the slate—I wiped the slate. We started fresh. Am I right, boys?"

The two officers nodded; they watched him with glittering eyes.

"We didn't go through fire for nothing," went on Oliver Ames; "not by a blamed sight! And we haven't gone through the hell you made for us for nothing. We've got to be paid. Just reinstating me as a member of the bar—that doesn't pay us."

"How much?" demanded Henry Emerson.

"Putting back Miss Ackerson's judgment for fifty thousand dollars—that doesn't pay us. And using all your influence to protect Tony Malvern and the Speedlings—that doesn't pay us. And using all your publicity department to clear my reputation—that doesn't pay us. Those are matters of mere detail—you'll come across with those. But they don't satisfy. We've got to have more—much more, Mr. Emerson."

"How much?"

"You know," smiled Oliver, "to-day I would trust Joe Speedling far; his conscience is taking care of that. As for Tony Malvern, I can trust him far, because the grand jury always sits on Thursdays in the courthouse—and they always lend a ready ear. Tony Malvern can be trusted—and he's clever.

"And I can be trusted. And we can fight—all three of us can fight. And the three of us are going to fight. You get that, Mr. Emerson; we're going to fight."

"State your terms," said Henry Emerson.

"Listen," said Oliver; "No more conspiracies in the claim department of the River City Traction Company; no more rottenness; no more corruption. No more perjured testimony; no more bought-up juries; no more crime. I didn't go to war for nothing. Tony didn't. Speedling didn't. We're not through fighting; we've just started in. We know now what we're fitted for. Here's something that all three of us have been up against. Here's something that we know about. It's a long hard fight we've got ahead of us—but by the eternal, we're going to clean up the River City Traction Company or know the reason why!"

"It can't be done," said Tony Malvern.

"The chief has got to help us do it," said Oliver.

"What do you want?" Henry Emerson kept growling.

"I want my old job back," said Oliver.

"Lefferts has got it," said Emerson.

"It's a mere detail who's got it," went on Oliver. "I want my old job back at twenty thousand dollars a year."

"Oliver," cried Tessie, "Mr. Lefferts gets twenty-five."

"He's worth fifteen—I'm worth twenty," nodded Oliver. "I want my old job back. And I want Tony Malvern and Joe Speedling with me. And hands off—all the time. That's what I want. That's what I mean to have."

"I'll take it up with the board of directors to-morrow morning," said Henry Emerson.

"I don't recall that the board of directors fired me," said Oliver. "If you prefer to take it up with the board of directors in the morning I'll take the matter up with the grand jury in the afternoon. Tony," he commanded, "there's a typewriter in that corner.

"Put in four carbons. We'll have this matter settled now."

It took an hour to settle. At the end of that time Henry Emerson scrawled his signature across the bottom of each copy.

"Anything else you want?" demanded Emerson.

"Do you think of anything, Tony?" queried Oliver as he pocketed his copy.

Tony didn't.

"Speedling?"

"No."

"Very well then," said Oliver, bowing a bit too ceremoniously, "we bid you all good night."

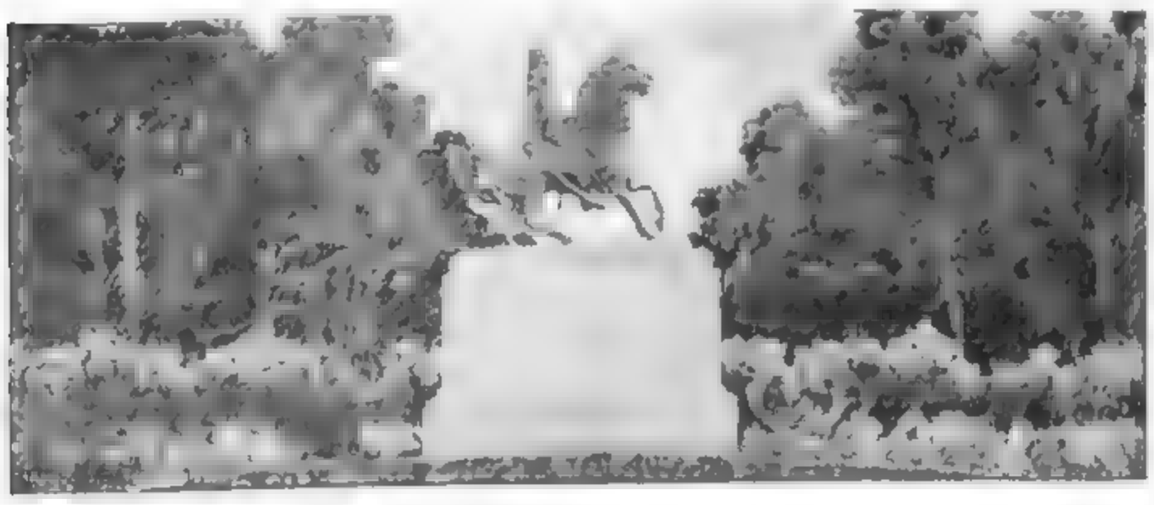
At the corner he halted his companions. "By George," he said, "I forgot my overcoat. You go ahead; I'll see you in the morning."

He ran back—Tessie was at the door with his overcoat in her arms.

"Is there anything else you want?" said Tessie a bit hysterically.

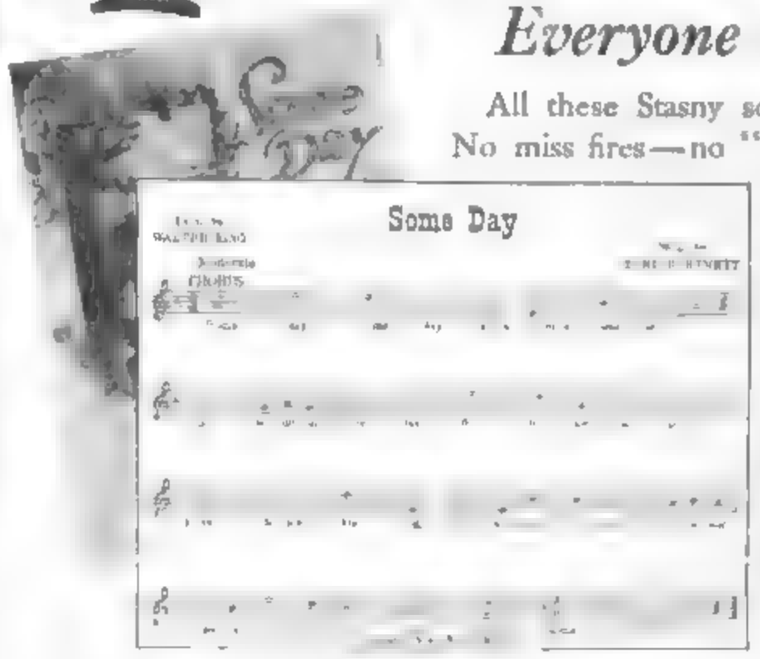
"I didn't come back for the overcoat," said Oliver. "I came back—for you."

It is a matter of social history that by hook or crook he got her in the end.




# 4 Stasny Hits

## *Everyone wants them*

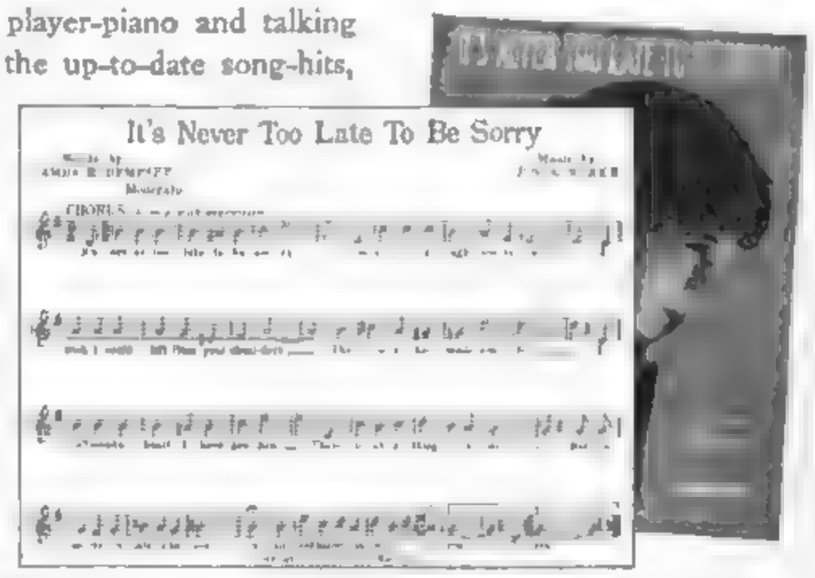



All these Stasny songs are smashing hits! No miss fires—no "duds"! You hear them everywhere—you are singing them before you know it—you just can't help it!

Try "Some Day"—if you want a tuneful ballad that will bring a big burst of applause at the end—or a haunting melody to sing to your sweetheart in the moonlight. It's a winner!

If you want your player-piano and talking machine to have all the up-to-date song-hits, jazz and rag-time, ask for the Stasny numbers—they're the "best ever"!

There's a heart-throb in this song—it gets you and you can't help singing it well. Hum it over to yourself a couple of times—then get a copy and sing it to your friends.



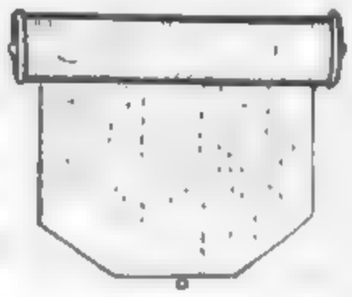
**ON SALE**—Stasny Song Hits at all music and department stores or any Woolworth, Kresge, Kress, McCrory, Metropolitan, Grant or Kraft store.

This might be called "The Song on a Million Pianos," you'll see it on more than that! Once you hear it, you'll want it on yours. Better get it from your dealer today.

Doughboys, shavetails, leathernecks and gobs love this song—every buddy and matey of the lot. So do their sweethearts, wives and mothers. You should have it!

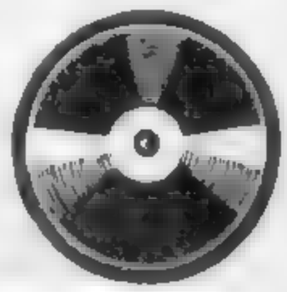
*If your dealer is out of them we will mail them direct—15 cents a copy, any seven for $1 postpaid. Band or Orchestra 25 cents each.*

**Kentucky Was Lucky**
**Jazzin' the Blues Away**
**When the Yanks Come Marching Home**
**Just You**
**Rose Dreams**
(Vocal and Instrumental)
**Ooh! La La (I'm Having a Wonderful Time)**



*Get them for your*

**PLAYER-PIANO** *and* **TALKING MACHINE**



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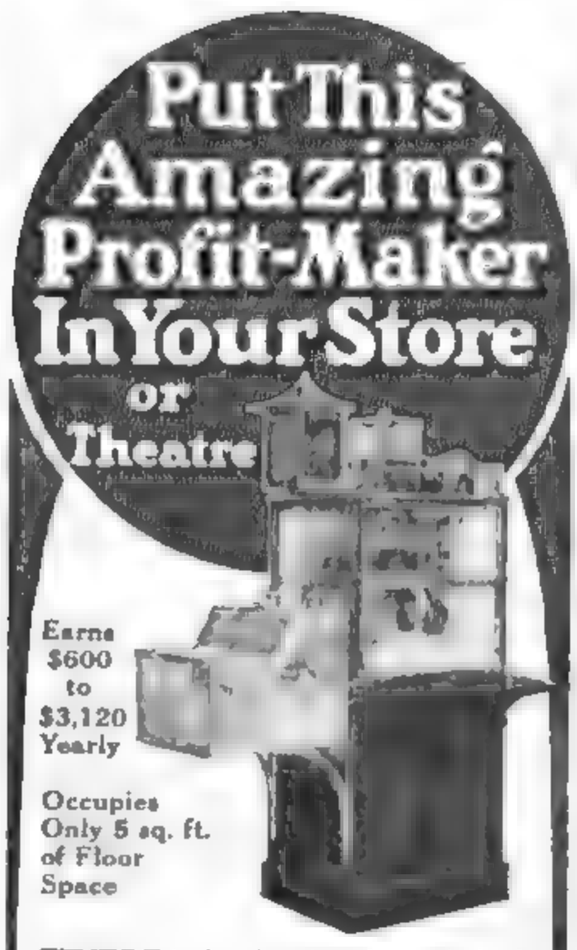


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Many locations that never were profitable by themselves have become real money makers since installing this machine. Let us send you actual records from various sized towns. Let us estimate how much *your* location will make.

**Butter-Kist**
**Pop Corn Machine**

Our easy payment plan makes it easy to own. Magical motion makes people stop and look—coaxing fragrance makes them buy—toasty Butter-Kist flavor brings trade from blocks around. Advertises any place of business—attracts new faces. Runs itself—beautifies surroundings.

**Send Valuable Coupon**

It doesn't cost you anything but a postage stamp to get our amazing Butter-Kist book, packed full of signed sales records, photo-proof of profits, price and easy terms. If you are willing to make $60 to $250.00 *extra* per month from a little waste floor space 25 x 32 inches, send the coupon now and get full facts.

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Send me copy of your Butter-Kist profit book containing signed sales records, photos and full details.
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Business
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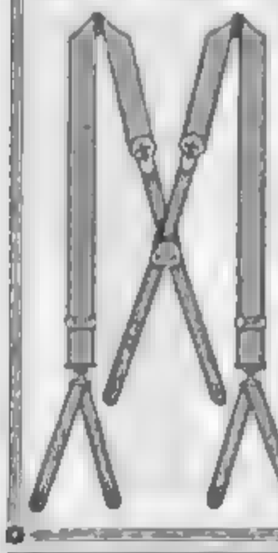
KADY SUSPENDERS are recommended by dealers everywhere, because of the superior quality of the elastic webbing, their up-to-the-minute style and the complete comfort they provide the wearer. The famous Patented Double Crown Roller in the back (concealed from view) insures the utmost freedom of movement without the discomfort of pulling and binding and makes the trousers hang just right.



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SUSPENDERS

are made in both wide and narrow webbings, regular length, thirty-seven inches—extra length, forty inches.

The name "KADY" on the buckles insures against imitations. Be sure you get the genuine.

75c at leading dealers. If your dealer cannot supply you, write us.

The Ohio Suspender Company
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**Information for Homeseekers**

THE U. S. RAILROAD ADMINISTRATION has established a Homeseekers' Bureau to furnish free information as to opportunities in the several States to those seeking to engage in farming, stock raising and kindred pursuits. If you desire to secure a location, write the Bureau stating the character of farm you desire, the amount you have to invest, and the kind of crops you prefer to raise. The information so furnished can be depended upon as being reliable. Address J. L. Edwards, Manager Bureau U. S. Railroad Administration, Washington, D. C.


# LOOKING BACKWARD

(Continued from Page 4)

deriding the convention, the candidate and all things else Democratic, exclaimed: "Here comes Chunky Towles. He's a good Democrat; and I'll bet ten to one he never heard of Franklin Pierce in his life before."

Chunky Towles was one of the handsomest men of his time. His strong suit was his unruffled composure and cool self-control. "Mr. Petway," says he, "you would lose your money, and I won't take advantage of any man's ignorance. Besides, I never gamble on a certainty. Gen. Franklin Pierce, sir, is a son of Gen. Benjamin Pierce, of Revolutionary memory. He served in both houses of Congress, sir—refused a seat in Polk's Cabinet, sir—won distinction in the Mexican War, sir. He has been from the first my choice, and I've money to bet on his election."

Franklin Pierce had an only son, named Benny, after his grandfather, the Revolutionary hero. He was of my own age. I was planning the good time we were going to have in the White House when tidings came that he had been killed in a railway accident. It was a grievous blow, from which the stricken mother never recovered. One of the most vivid memories and altogether the saddest episode of my childhood is that a few weeks later I was carried up to the Executive Mansion, which, all formality and marble, seemed cold enough for a mausoleum, where a lady in black took me in her arms and convulsively held me there, weeping as if her heart would break.

V

SOMETIMES a fancy, rather vague, comes to me of seeing the soldiers go off to the Mexican War and of making flags striped with pokeberry juice—somehow the name of the fruit was mingled with that of the President—though a visit quite a year before to The Hermitage, which adjoined the farm of an uncle, to see General Jackson is still uneffaced.

I remember it perfectly. The old hero dandled me in his arms, saying "So this is Harvey's boy," I looking the while in vain for the "hickory," of which I had heard so much.

On the personal side history owes General Jackson reparation—his personality needs indeed complete reconstruction in the popular mind, which misconceives him a rough frontiersman having few or none of the social graces, whereas in point of fact he came into the world at heart a true gentleman, a born leader of men, a knight-errant who captivated women, deeply affectionate and tender.

I shared when a young man the common belief about him. But there is ample proof of the error of this. From middle age, though he ever liked a horse race, he was a regular if not a devout churchman. He did not swear at all, "by the Eternal" or any other oath. When he reached New Orleans in 1814 to take command of the army, Governor Claiborne gave him a dinner; and after he had gone Mrs. Claiborne, who knew European courts and society better than any other living American woman, said to her husband: "Call that man a backwoodsman? He is the finest gentleman I ever met!"

There is another witness—Mr. Buchanan, afterward President—who tells how he took a distinguished English lady to the White House when Old Hickory was President; how he went up to the general's private apartment, where he found him in a ragged *robe-de-chambre*, smoking his pipe; how, when he intimated that the President might before coming down slick himself a bit, he received the half-laughing rebuke: "Buchanan, I once knew a man in Virginia who made himself independently rich by minding his own business"; how, when he did come down, he was *en règle*; and finally how, after a half hour of delightful talk, the English lady as they regained the street broke forth with enthusiasm, using almost the selfsame words of Mrs. Claiborne: "He is the finest gentleman I ever met in the whole course of my life."

The Presidential campaign of 1848—and the concurrent return of the Mexican soldiers—seems but yesterday. We were in Nashville, where the camp fires of the two parties burned fiercely day and night, Tennessee a debatable, even a pivotal state. I was an enthusiastic politician on the Cass and Butler side, and was correspondingly disappointed when the election went against us for Taylor and Fillmore, though a little mollified when, on his way to Washington, General Taylor grasping his old comrade, my grandfather, by the hand, called him "Billy," and paternally stroked my curls.

Though the next winter we passed in Washington I never saw him in the White House. He died in July, 1850, and was succeeded by Millard Fillmore. It is common to speak of Old Rough and Ready as an ignoramus. I don't think this. He may not have been very courtly, but he was a gentleman.

*My Father Said: "My Son, You Wanted to See General Cass, and Here He Is"*

Later in life I came to know Millard Fillmore very well and to esteem him very highly. Once he told me that Daniel Webster had said to him: "Fillmore, I like Clay—I like Clay very much—but he rides rough, sir; damned rough!"

I was fond of going up to the Capitol and of playing amateur page in the House, of which my father had been a member and where he had many friends, though I was never officially a page. There was in particular a little old bald-headed gentleman who was good to me and would put his arm about me and stroll with me across the rotunda to the Library of Congress and get me books to read. I was not so young as not to know that he was an ex-President of the United States, and to realize the meaning of it. He had been the oldest member of the House when my father was the youngest. He was John Quincy Adams. By chance I was on the floor of the House when he fell in his place, and followed the excited and tearful throng when they bore him into the Speaker's Room, kneeling by the side of the sofa with an improvised fan and crying as if my heart would break.

One day in the spring of 1851 my father took me to a little hotel on Pennsylvania Avenue near the Capitol and into a stuffy room, where a snuffy old man wearing an ill-fitting wig was busying himself over a pile of documents. He turned about and was very hearty.

"Aha, you've brought the boy," said he.

And my father said: "My son, you wanted to see General Cass, and here he is."

My enthusiasm over the Cass and Butler campaign had not subsided. Inevitably General Cass was to me the greatest of heroes. My father had been and always remained his close friend. Later along we dwelt together at Willard's Hotel, my mother a chaperon for Miss Belle Cass, afterward Madame Von Limbourg, and I came into familiar intercourse with the family.

The general made me something of a pet and never ceased to be a hero to me. I still think he was one of the foremost statesmen of his time and treasure a birthday present he made me when I was just entering my teens.

The hour I passed with him that afternoon I shall never forget.

As we were about taking our leave my father said: "Well, my son, you have seen General Cass; what do you think of him?"

And the general patting me affectionately on the head laughingly said: "He thinks he has seen a pretty good-looking old fogy. That is what he thinks!"

There flourished in the village life of Washington two old blokes—no other word can properly describe them—Jack Dade, who signed himself "the Honorable John W. Dade, of Virginia"; and Beau Hickman, who hailed from nowhere and acquired the pseudonym through sheer impudence. In one way and another they lived by their wits, the one all dignity, the other all cheek. Hickman fell very early in his career of sponge and beggar, but Dade lived long and died in office—indeed, toward the close an office was actually created for him.

Dade had been a schoolmate of John Tyler—so intimate they were that at college they were called "the two Jacks"—and when the death of Harrison made Tyler President, the "off Jack," as he dubbed himself, went up to the White House and said: "Jack Tyler, you've had luck and I haven't. You must do something for me and do it quick. I'm hard up and I want an office."

"You old reprobate," said Tyler, "what office on earth do you think you are fit to fill?"

"Well," said Dade, "I have heard them talking round here of a place they call a sine-cu-ree—big pay and no work—and if there is one of them left and lying about loose I think I could fill it to a T."

"All right," said the President good-naturedly. "I'll see what can be done. Come up to-morrow."

The next day "Col. John W. Dade, of Virginia," was appointed keeper of the Federal prison of the District of Columbia. He assumed his post with *empressement*, called the prisoners before him and made them an address.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said he: "I have been chosen by my friend, the President of the United States, as superintendent of this eleemosynary institution. It is my intention to treat you all as a Virginia gentleman should treat a body of American ladies and gentlemen gathered here from all parts of our beloved Union, and I shall expect the same consideration in return. Otherwise I will turn you all out upon the cold mercies of a heartless world and you will have to work for your living."

There came to Congress from Alabama a roistering blade by the name McConnell. He was something of a wit. During his brief sojourn in the national capital he made a noisy record for himself as an all-round, all-night man about town, a dare-devil and a spendthrift. His first encounter with Col. John W. Dade, of Virginia, used to be one of the standard local jokes. Colonel Dade was seated in the barroom of Brown's Hotel early one morning, waiting for someone to invite him to drink.

Presently McConnell arrived. It was his custom when he entered a saloon to ask the entire roomful, no matter how many, "to come up and licker," and, of course, he invited the solitary stranger.

When the glasses were filled Dade pompously said: "With whom have I the honor of drinking?"

"My name," answered McConnell, "is Felix Grundy McConnell, begad! I am a member of Congress from Alabama. My mother is a justice of the peace, my aunt keeps a livery stable, and my grandmother commanded a company in the Revolution and fit the British, gol darn their souls!"

Dade pushed his glass aside.

"Sir," said he, "I am a man of high aspirations and peregrinations and can have nothing to do with such low-down scopangers as yourself. Good morning, sir!"

It may be presumed that both spoke in jest, because they became inseparable companions and the best of friends.

(Continued on Page 133)

# 1969

THE GENCO Razor that you buy for your first shave today, you *can* still shave with in 1969.

That's because both the GENCO professional and Safege razors are made with blades good for a lifetime.

Many men like to shave with a razor such as all barbers use. For them the GENCO professional razor. And for men timid about using an unguarded blade, there is the GENCO Safege. But both razors have efficient, economical single blades, good for all time.

No matter what kind of razor you prefer—professional or safety—there is a GENCO that will shave you so quickly and so smoothly that you will value it far above its moderate price.

Drop in on a dealer and test the famous GENCO edge. Not a razor is allowed to leave our factory without that lasting edge for—"GENCO Razors must make good or we will."

GENEVA CUTLERY CORPORATION, 230 Gates Avenue, Geneva, N. Y.
*Largest Exclusive Manufacturers of High Grade Razors in the World*

# Genco

## RAZORS

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off*

**Why is it that 19 million men are shaved every day with the Genco style of razor?**

# Making or Marring the Strength of Steel

A PIECE of steel is a bundle of very short fibres, more or less hard according to the amount of carbon they contain, more or less strong according to their relation one to another.

When a blacksmith heats a bar red hot and forges it out into horseshoe shape on his anvil, all the fibres of the steel are bent into the horseshoe shape of the finished forging. They remain in proper relation one to another. There is no decrease in their strength.

If, however, we were to make a casting of this horseshoe, the fibres would run in various directions, and this would be a source of weakness. The metal would be hard, but brittle. This is why forging is superior to casting where both hardness and tensile strength are needed, and it is why forgings are now, to a very great extent, supplanting castings.

Now, even in forging, there is a right and a wrong way of hammering.

If the forging is ignorantly or carelessly made by a single great blow of a drop hammer, the outside fibres of the steel are more compressed than those on the inside.

If, on the other hand, the forging is made by a series of carefully calculated and nicely adjusted blows (such as only long experience can accomplish), the fibres are more evenly compressed throughout, and a finer grain and greater strength result.

By an intensive and exact knowledge of steel and its methods of treatment; by the ideal, best expressed by C. E. Billings when he said, "into every forging goes our entire reputation"; by half a century of steady progress since Civil War days, this Company has reached its present position in the estimation of the world.

*Triangle B forgings have made many a great industry possible by holding in leash forces which would otherwise have remained beyond the scope of humanly wrought strength.*

## The Billings & Spencer Co

Hartford

"RELY ON ME"

© 1919, B & S Co.

## The First Commercial Drop Forging Plant in America

(Continued from Page 130)

McConnell had a tragic ending. In James K. Polk's diary I find two entries under the dates, respectively, of September 8 and September 10, 1846. The first of these reads as follows: "Hon. Felix G. McConnell, a representative in Congress from Alabama, called. He looked very badly and as though he had just recovered from a fit of intoxication. He was sober, but was pale, his countenance haggard and his system nervous. He applied to me to borrow one hundred dollars and said he would return it to me in ten days.

"Though I had no idea that he would do so I had a sympathy for him even in his dissipation. I had known him in his youth and had not the moral courage to refuse. I gave him the one hundred dollars in gold and took his note. His hand was so tremulous that he could scarcely write his name to the note legibly. I think it probable that he will never pay me. He informed me he was detained at Washington attending to some business in the Indian Office. I supposed he had returned home at the adjournment of Congress until he called to-day. I doubt whether he has any business in Washington, but fear he has been detained by dissipation."

The second of Mr. Polk's entries is a corollary of the first and reads: "About dark this evening I learned from Mr. Voorhies, who is acting as my private secretary during the absence of J. Knox Walker, that Hon. Felix G. McConnell, a representative in Congress from the state of Alabama, had committed suicide this afternoon at the St. Charles Hotel, where he boarded. On Tuesday last Mr. McConnell called on me and I loaned him one hundred dollars. [See this diary of that day.] I learn that but a short time before the horrid deed was committed he was in the barroom of the St. Charles Hotel handling gold pieces and stating that he had received them from me, and that he loaned thirty-five dollars of them to the barkeeper, that shortly afterward he had attempted to write something, but what I have not learned, but he had not written much when he said he would go to his room.

"In the course of the morning I learn he went into the city and paid a hackman a small amount which he owed him. He had locked his room door, and when found he was stretched out on his back with his hands extended, weltering in his blood. He had three wounds in the abdomen and his throat was cut. A hawkbill knife was found near him. A jury of inquest was held and found a verdict that he had destroyed himself. It was a melancholy instance of the effects of intemperance. Mr. McConnell when a youth resided at Fayetteville in my congressional district. Shortly after he grew up to manhood he was at my instance appointed postmaster of that town. He was a true Democrat and a sincere friend of mine.

"His family in Tennessee are highly respectable and quite numerous. The information as to the manner and particulars of his death I learned from Mr. Voorhies, who reported it to me as he had heard it in the streets. Mr. McConnell removed from Tennessee to Alabama some years ago, and I learn he has left a wife and three or four children."

Poor Felix Grundy McConnell! At a school in Tennessee he was a roommate of my father, who related that one night Felix awakened with a scream from a bad dream he had, the dream being that he had cut his own throat.

"Old Jack Dade," as he was always called, lived on, from hand to mouth, I dare say—for he lost his job as keeper of the district prison—yet never wholly out-at-heel, scrupulously neat in his person no matter how seedy the attire. On the completion of the new wings of the Capitol and the removal of the House to its more commodious quarters he was made custodian of the old Hall of Representatives, a post he held until he died.

Between the idiot and the man of sense, the lunatic and the man of genius, there are degrees—streaks—of idiocy and lunacy. How many expectant politicians elected to Congress have entered Washington all hope, eager to dare and do, to come away broken in health, fame and fortune, happy to get back home—sometimes unable to get away, to linger on in obscurity and poverty to a squalid and wretched old age.

I have lived long enough to have known many such: Senators who have filled the galleries when they rose to speak; House heroes living while they could on borrowed money, then hanging about the hotels begging for money to buy drink.

There was a famous statesman and orator who came to this at last, of whom the typical and characteristic story was told that the holder of a claim against the Government, who dared not approach so great a man with so much as the intimation of a bribe, undertook by argument to interest him in the merit of the case.

The great man listened and replied: "I have noticed you scattering your means round here pretty freely but you haven't said 'turkey' to me."

Surprised but glad and unabashed the claimant said "I was coming to that," produced a thousand-dollar bank roll and entered into an understanding what was to be done next day, when the bill was due on the calendar.

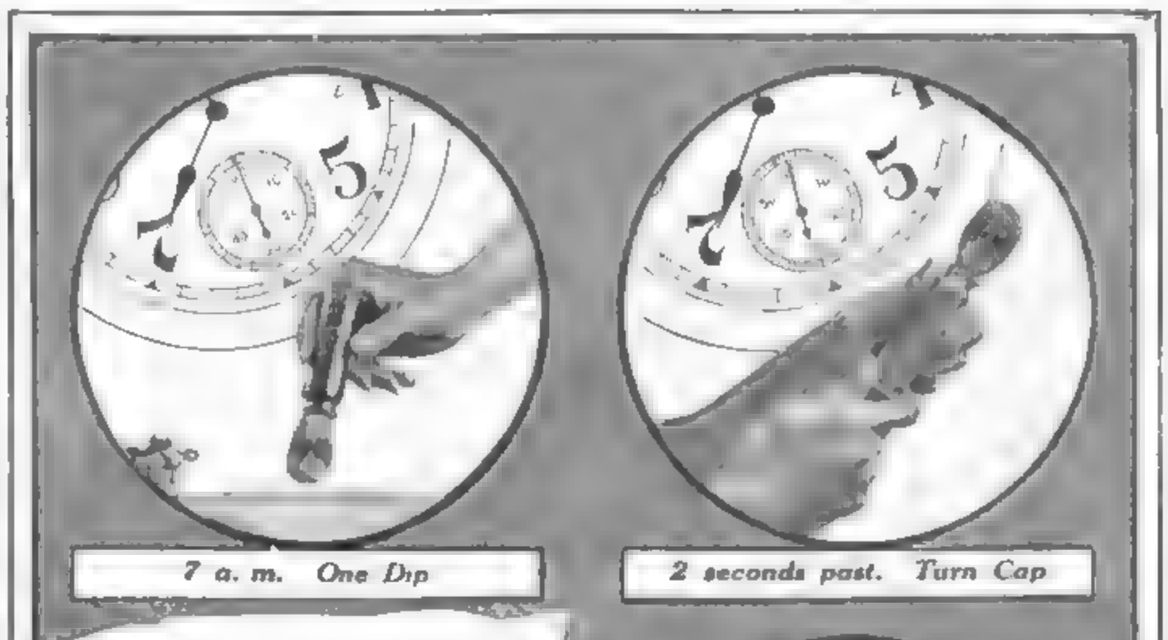
The great man took the money, repaired to a gambling house, had an extraordinary run of luck, won heavily, and playing all night, forgetting about his engagement, went to bed at daylight, not appearing in the House at all. The bill was called, and there being nobody to represent it, under the rule it went over and to the bottom of the calendar, killing it for that session, of course.

The day after the claimant met his recalcitrant attorney on the avenue face to face and took him to task for his delinquency.

"Ah, yes," said the great man, "you are the little rascal who tried to bribe me the other day. Here is your dirty money. Take it and be off with you. I was just seeing how far you would go."

The comment made by those who best knew the great man was that if instead of winning in the gambling house he had lost he would have been up betimes at his place in the House and doing his utmost to pass the claimant's bill and get another fee.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Watterson. The second will appear in an early issue.




# Speeds Shaving

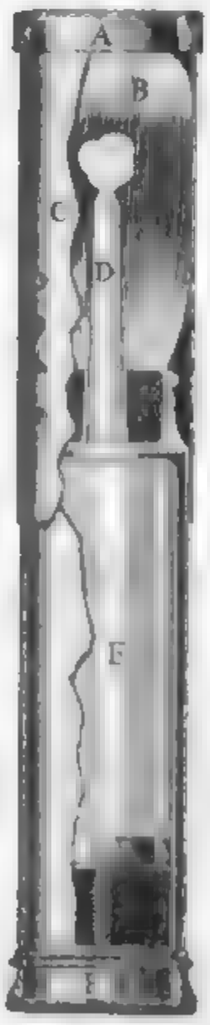
## The Warner Self-Lathering Brush

*Quickest, Easiest, Most Sanitary*

FOR the quick "once over" in the early morning the Warner Fountain Brush is the greatest time saver. The "make ready" must be counted in seconds with a Warner.

It spouts cream from its own handle right into the brush. It bursts into lather on your face. It does in seconds what took minutes before. It is the greatest aid in shaving yet invented—and the latest.

The Warner is scientific. Experts spent five years developing it. The soap is in the handle of the brush itself. A turn of the cap and it spouts into the heart of the brush at the bend of the bristles. Just enough soap, in just the right place to lather quickest. The handle is a compact nickel plated case of just the right size and weight to hold comfortably. Between shaves a ventilated sleeve slides up over the brush to protect it, and your things, if you're traveling. Your whole shaving outfit, except the razor, is in this one compact unit.




### The Sanitary Way to Shave
### Ask Your Druggist

He knows sanitation. He will recommend the Warner Brush as the sanitary way of shaving. Brush and soap are protected between shaves.

The Warner adds luxury to utility. The brush itself is a high quality genuine Rubberset. The bristles are guaranteed not to come out. The cream is Mennen's—the finest—enough for many weeks. It lasts longer because there is no waste. When it is gone your dealer will supply a fresh sealed cartridge to fit the brush for 35c.

### Go to Your Dealer

The Warner Brush is a necessity for men who value time and cleanliness. Go to your dealer and ask him about it. If he hasn't it use the coupon below.

WARNER FOUNTAIN SHAVING BRUSH
*everything but the razor*

A—Removable Ventilated Cap for Guard
B—Genuine Rubberset Brush
C—Between shaves, the Telescope Handle forms a wet proof guard
D—The soft flexible rubber tube delivers the shaving cream to the bend of the bristles.
E—Warner Shaving Cream Cartridge filled with Mennen's Shaving Cream.
F—Feed Cap Control. A turn brings instant lather.

### Free Approval Offer

Go see this brush today at any dealer's. If his supply has not arrived, mail us his name on the coupon printed here and we will send him a brush for your free inspection. If entirely satisfied, pay the dealer $4 which includes a 35 cent cartridge of Mennen's Cream. If for any reason you don't want the Brush you are not obliged to pay any money whatever. Take the coupon with you to the store—tear it out now

**The Warner-Patterson Co.**
**918 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago**
*If Your Dealer Can't Supply You Send Direct to Us*

### FREE APPROVAL COUPON

WARNER-PATTERSON CO.
918 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago

Send a Warner Fountain Shaving Brush in care of the dealer named below for my free inspection and approval. If entirely satisfied I agree to accept the brush and pay the dealer $4. This does not obligate me to pay any money if after free examination I decide I do not want the brush

*My Name* _____

*Address* _____

*Dealer's Name* _____

*Address* _____

Velvet

THE SMOOTHEST—

FOR IT IS AGED AND CURED IN NATURE'S WAY

*A good frien' is one who listens when yo' talk, keeps quiet when yo' think, helps yo' when yo're down an' smiles with yo' when yo're up.*

Velvet Joe.

It is a big thing to a pipe smoker to be able to depend on his tobacco, to be sure of it—sure he will find it the same every time he lights his pipe.

VELVET is a reliable tobacco, it wears well—because it is made *right.*

Several million dollars' worth of the choicest Kentucky Burley—held in reserve at all times—curing and mellowing for not less than two years, keeps VELVET the same honest, friendly, satisfying smoke. There are more expensive pipe tobaccos but a better pipe tobacco than VELVET cannot be made.

Right is right and VELVET is made right.

Try it.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

# THE MUDDLED AMERICAN

(Concluded from Page 22)

feeling and opinion in 1920. He studies the lists of candidates that are printed in the papers and gets two impressions. The first is that the Democrats are entirely in the hands of President Wilson, and that nobody in that party dares to take any step until it is made apparent what President Wilson himself intends to do; and the second is that the Republicans have many candidatures but no candidate.

Wherefore he is puzzled by the situation. He notes that ex-Secretary McAdoo remains the ardent protagonist of high wages for the railroad men. He sees Senator Lodge rising from day to day to make a world peace of his own. He watches Will H. Hays hop from twig to twig and chirp his precepts to his party. He learns that Secretary Baker has disposed himself gracefully to receive the Wilsonian mantle. He finds that Senator Harding has both of his eagle eyes fastened on Number Sixteen Hundred Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C., where there is a large structure painted white that will need a new tenant on March 4, 1921, or will retain an old one; and who may tell—much less the average American?

He listens to Senator Knox expounding international law, and Senator Borah dispounding international peace. He notes that Governor Cox, of Ohio, has his prominent mention, and that Governor Lowden, of Illinois, has just as much mention, and with similar prominence.

He hears that former President Taft, former near-President Charles Evans Hughes, former this and former that have their proponents; and above it all he hears the exultant voice of William J. Bryan exclaiming: "I told you so"; and then he reflects that Brother Bryan has seen silver at more or less than sixteen to one—about one to one—has observed his peace league in the stocks, brokers advocating the guaranty of bank deposits, and government ownership of railways in sight—and wonders where the conservatives get off to continue to call him a radical.

### *Fogged in Verbosity*

He notes that the reactionaries are preparing to react, and that the radicals are radial, not to say raddled. He hears that the League of Nations is chimerical or categorical, as the case may be, and that the Freedom of the Seas is subject to interpretation by interpretative interpretators, of whom there are many in his muddled midst. He reads laborious columns of what is not being done at the Peace Conference, and more laborious columns of what will not be done.

He wonders why there shouldn't be a few lines about what has been done and why peace should appear to be more difficult than war was, and faintly grasps the fact that perhaps the reason is that our preparedness for peace comes the same way our preparedness for war came—after the event.

He watches the convolutions of the politicians, based on the future, and reflects on the involutions of them, based on the past. He discovers that either the events of the world at present are too complicated and far-reaching for proper assimilation or that they are so simple in their essentials that their complexity rises from an aggregate comprehension that is organized to find intricacy where it does not exist. In his opinion the thing is resolved to the plain proposition that after a fire is put out the reasonable procedure is to collect the insurance, rebuild, and begin business again as circumstances may dictate, rather than to attempt to dictate to circumstances, which in times like these may be theoretically popular but isn't getting anybody anywhere.

He sees Washington fogged in its own verbosity, afraid of its own future, suspicious of its own past, and without comprehension of the truth that while an idealism is one thing an idea is another; and cannot understand why the business of a government, whether during or after a war, has any essential difference from the business of an individual in its basic aspects. He finds that this view does not obtain in any governmental or political quarter, and what seems so plain to him is really inexplicable to the government official. Wherefore he observes that most of the governmental affairs that concern him as a citizen or the country at large are beyond his comprehension—puzzle him—are not explainable by him. He does not get the reason for that, inasmuch as he rather proudly considers himself a partner in the Government: at least, he has been taught and told that he is.

### *The Ribbon-Hunters*

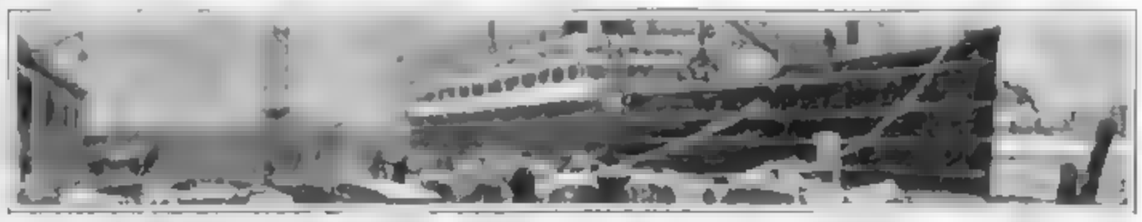
Being an American, loyal, patriotic, earnest, and convinced that his country is the greatest in the world, he hears of many other Americans who seek titles and decorations from foreign countries and governments; who seek to exalt themselves with the citizens of other countries by depreciating their own country; who belittle their own land and their own institutions in order to curry favor; who are entirely insensible to the fact that their highest estate would be to be pro-American, both in the present post-war situation and while the war was on; who can see nothing but crudities and crassness in America, and hold foreign civilizations, customs, manners and institutions superior to our own; who chase a duke unwearyingly with a hope of tolerance from him, and exhaust every expedient to get a ribbon to wear on their coat lapels in token that they have been patronizingly put into what they think is an upper stratum of society; who are most susceptible to foreign flatteries, and through them do foreign service, at times even to the detriment of the interests of their own country.

This pro business is beyond him. He does not understand it, for he considers it in his average way to be the highest duty and privilege of an American to be pro-American. He does not get the value of a bit of ribbon or a medal conferred by a foreign government, nor appreciate the distinction it is supposed to give, holding that his position as an American citizen is superior to that of any decoration that can be pinned to him; and he is unable to figure out just what particular brand of amateur snobbishness it is that has affected so many Americans lately. He is muddled about that too.

Meantime, his personal difficulties have increased in direct ratio to the amount of talking done about them by the statesmen who have his governmental affairs in charge. He gets less for his money, and gets no more money. He moves in a troubled haze about his daily duties, for most of the old familiar things have crashed down round his ears, and none of the new has begun, as yet, to rise to stability. He has no doubts of or for his country, but he is beginning to have serious doubts concerning a certain section of his countrymen. He feels that the paralyzing feature of the present life in the United States is the ever-growing desire—and fulfillment of it—to talk—talk—talk; the passion for publicity that controls and actuates the posturings, posings and pronouncements of our public and quasipublic men; the subordination of public service to public mention.

The average American is muddled in his own mind over these and many other things. He cannot clarify or classify them; but there is evidence that he is beginning to get, dimly, perhaps, but none the less get an inkling of the truth that it is up to him to do the reconstruction that is to be done, and not to allow the party politicians to do it.

If he arrives at that stage we may look for some betterment. If he does not the average American will deserve what he will get, and what he will get will be but an increased and more expensive portion of what he already has.



# HOOSIER

## — the Kitchen Cabinet that saves miles of steps

## "Kitchen work is now a pleasure"

EFFICIENT housekeeping methods are as important as capable business management. Yet thousands of women continue to work under conditions that are little better than primitive while men are aided in their daily tasks by dozens of time and labor-saving appliances.

Busy men would not countenance the restrictions that kitchen labor imposes upon women. So why should women, who comprise America's biggest industry, permit drudgery to take its toll in precious time and energy?

Household efficiency should begin with the installation of a Hoosier Kitchen Cabinet. It will save miles of needless steps, hours of wasted time and precious energy. It will make kitchen work a pleasure for you as it has for nearly a million and a half housewives.

This scientific kitchen helper is sold almost everywhere. See the Hoosier dealer nearest you today. He will have Hoosier cabinets that will interest you.

And he will gladly demonstrate their many patented conveniences and exclusive features.

If you don't know the Hoosier dealer's name, write us at once. Also write for copy of our latest book—"New Kitchen Short Cuts." But write now. Don't wait another day.

**The Hoosier Manufacturing Company, *Main Office*, 319 Maple Street, New Castle, Ind.**

BRANCHES:

THE HOOSIER STORE, Mezzanine Floor, Pacific Building, San Francisco, California

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"The Hoosier Book for Home Builders" is a book that will be found of decided value to those who contemplate building or remodeling. Sent free upon request.

# Plentifying underwear

THE American people know what underwear scarcity means. And their willingness to sacrifice winter comfort last year helped win the glorious victory.

The Mayo Mills are plentifying underwear. They make further indulgence unnecessary.

The big, new Mayo Mill at Mt. Airy, N. C. is adding hundreds of dozens of warm, snug, 10-rib-to-the-inch (instead of the usual 8-rib) Mayo undergarments a week to the enormous quantities made at Mayodan.

By next fall the scarcity of Mayo underwear will have become a *plenitude* of Mayo underwear. The Mayo Mills promise every wearer, dealer and jobber that present production guarantees prompt deliveries then—next fall.

The 10-ribs-to-the-inch (instead of the usual 8-rib) have made Mayo the most sought underwear from Alaska to the Gulf. Those two extra ribs (other underwear has 8-rib) make Mayo much warmer, much stronger, better-fitting, more elastic.

Out-o'-doors men wear Mayo all winter long. It is almost too warm for office men.

Your dealer may, even now, have *plenty* of Mayo. Perhaps not yet.

Remember Mayo—for warmth, for comfort, for long wear—by the name and the diamond-shaped trade mark in the neckband.

**Mayo**

*Made from Mayo Yarn*

WINTER UNDERWEAR *for* MEN *and* BOYS
UNION SUITS • SHIRTS • DRAWERS

THE MAYO MILLS, MAYODAN, N. C.
*Sales Office: 346 Broadway, New York City*

# THE ORDER FOR MERIT

(Continued from Page 13)

They must never cease from hearing the glorious story of their father's death."

While she was speaking a sharp skirmish developed between the two elder women for the morning paper, in which Mrs. Scannon was victorious.

"I'll order two left," the other asserted.

"A good plan," her sister agreed. "It might be I'd have something to cut out on both sides of the same sheet."

In spite of her determination Freda lost command of her emotions. "That's only another useless waste of money!" she cried.

"If such is your opinion ——" Miss Hazzard paused ominously. Norma came to her support.

"After all," she said—"after all, Freda, I must call your attention to the fact that we are discussing Walter's money."

"I only want it for his children," Freda replied desperately.

"God," declared Mrs. Norma Scannon, "will see what is good for His own."

II

HOWEVER, though there was but one morning paper, two had been procured for the evening. Freda was busy at the kitchen sink while the others comfortably settled themselves at their favorite employment.

Walter's mother found that the country was ungrateful because she could discover no current eulogy of her son.

"You see, there are new dead every day," Freda explained.

She went up as was customary to sit with Eliza and Hazzard until they were asleep. The latter was fretful—their grandmother had insisted on giving the children supper—and Eliza was staring wide-eyed against the gloom.

"Poor father," she breathed; "all killed by a German shell."

Freda took her hand. "You mustn't think about that part," she said gently.

"Grandmother says I must never forget it," she contradicted. "We're always to remember him gasping out ——"

"You heard me, Eliza!" Freda cut her short. "I know what is best for us."

"But grandmother said ——"

"If you repeat that again I'll spank you," Freda declared.

"My stummick hurts," Hazzard informed them.

The rice, she realized, had been improperly steamed; and she had reached the dining room only after he had eaten an entire brandied peach. She went to the bathroom searching for the limewater. Hazzard was a little croupy too; and busy with the other she inspected the bottle of tartar-emetic sirup.

Everything was down to the bottom.

At last Eliza with a deep sigh gave up the difficulties of mature mental processes and fell asleep. Hazzard murmured, clasping Freda's hand. His cheeks were bright against the clear white linen. Anyhow, she had her children. Hers! Hers! Hers! She had borne them, endured the agony of their life. Pain and sacrifice and danger were not new to her. She went out of the room and down to a prolonged ringing of the front-door bell.

The hall was narrow, closed by a wall of the front formal room, and when Freda opened the door a heavy masculine figure blundered past her, sweeping her aside with a kit bag. The man put the latter down awkwardly and removed his hat.

"Forgive me," he said in a deep troubled voice.

He had reached the bright space where they sat through the evening. Mrs. Norma Scannon regarded him with a surprised displeasure, while Miss Hazzard elevated supercilious brows.

"Really ——" Freda protested. She gazed at the broad, patient face before her and stopped with a sudden constriction of the heart. The man's eyes were expressionless; he was blind. As if in corroboration of her discovery he reassured them:

"It'll only last a few minutes. It isn't the first time." His hand found the back of a chair and he sat down. Freda thought she had never seen a plainer face. "I am Captain Bule," he volunteered. "I came to see Mrs. Walter Scannon. I have a message for her."

"Why, that must be from my son," the elder Mrs. Scannon broke in eagerly. "You were in France with him when ——" Her voice quavered.

Freda studied him with a growing interest. He sat quietly with large ugly hands clasped and a countenance weather-beaten and furrowed and resigned. Captain Bule! He had been through the war in Europe. What amazed her was his patience. His face seemed broad, but in reality it was gaunt, its lines deep-bitten; another would have looked appallingly wasted. His chest gave a heave, he brushed a hand across his eyes, and Freda saw a flicker of vision in them.

"I must have startled you," he continued, "piling into the house with my bag. The thing happens at very inconvenient times."

"But the message?" Walter's mother insisted.

"That is for Mrs. Walter Scannon," he told her.

The other sniffed sharply.

"Is it in writing?" Miss Hazzard demanded.

"No," he replied equably; "there were reasons against that."

Freda shuddered.

"I am afraid you'll find us rude," she observed. "But indeed you are welcome."

Already her mind was above, arranging a bed. He would have to go up to the small spare room on the third floor. She hoped that he wouldn't stay long.

"In what did you serve?" Freda automatically asked.

"A division of lorries—trucks."

"Ah!" Mrs. Scannon senior exclaimed significantly. "You carried supplies back and forth for the soldiers?"

"Just that," he assented.

Miss Hazzard pointedly returned to the evening paper, indicating that all interest in the captain was exhausted.

"You saw something of the fighting?" her sister continued with laborious politeness.

"Something," he admitted.

"Glorious!" Mrs. Scannon sighed. "A golden page!" His mouth quivered, but he made no reply. "Have your eyes always been defective?"

"Not always."

"But of course if they had you wouldn't even be driving a truck."

"It wasn't quite that," he said; "after all, I'm a captain." He turned to Freda. "I am glad to see you. I knew your husband at Camp Lee before we went overseas. It was a remarkable chance we came together again."

"Don't they think in France that Walter ought to be decorated?" the mother demanded.

"Mr. Scannon was decorated," he replied gravely, "with flowers—by his men."

Suddenly Freda could stand no more. "You will want to go to your room," she declared almost wildly. He rose promptly and secured his bag.

"It might be better if I stayed at a hotel?"

But she wouldn't hear of that. Leaving him in the upper spare room with the sloping wall she fled to her own bed and privacy. Freda vainly wondered what Walter's message was—probably some heroic and ringing phrase. Really her mother-in-law and Miss Hazzard had been too ridiculous!

The morning apparently came at once. In her wrapper and slippers she descended to the kitchen, where—to his overwhelming confusion—she found Captain Bule.

"I've no business in the world here," he acknowledged. "I'll leave at once. Campaigning has ruined all habits of living and propriety." She saw that the draft had been put on the stove, the kettle moved forward, and the coal scuttle filled and in place.

"Don't bother to go." She sank into a chair. "The rest of the house is freezing: the furnace will have to be started."

"I don't suppose you want permanent help in the kitchen?"

"More than anything I can think of," she admitted.

*The War in Europe at Last Was Coming to an End; But Her Struggle Was Only Beginning*

BOSTWICK

The Ideal Coat for Outdoor Men

Free and easy. Light. Warm. Wind-proof. Individual.

Sleeves and body lining are fine, soft gray suède leather. Body of best velour, tan, golden brown and French gray.

Elastic pleat back, roomy sleeves, knit wrists and Three Way Comfort Collar.

Dealers everywhere are rapidly putting in BOSTWICK Leather Coats and Flannel Shirts because of their superior fit, style and value. If your dealer's stock has not arrived, we will see that you are supplied. Write us for style book.

Dealers—write for samples and prices

Johnson, Bostwick & Co.
100 Bostwick Building
Minneapolis

Sunshine In Bran

It is Nature's laxative.

It makes life sunnier by helping one keep well.

Everybody needs it, because fine foods clog. Most folks who omit it must take drugs, and doctors denounce that habit.

One dish of Pettijohn's supplies enough bran for a day. The food is delicious, the bran is concealed. Try it once a day for a week. See what it does for good cheer and for fitness. It will be a revelation.

Pettijohn's

Rolled Wheat—25% Bran

A breakfast dainty whose flavory flakes hide 25 per cent of bran.

Also Pettijohn's Flour—75 per cent fine [illegible] 25 per cent bran. Use like Graham flour in any recipe. Write for booklet.

NEW AUTOMATIC ADDER, $2.50

Makes adding easy. It's accurate, quick, durable and easily operated. [illegible]

[illegible] Desk Size $3.00 Delivered. Agents wanted.

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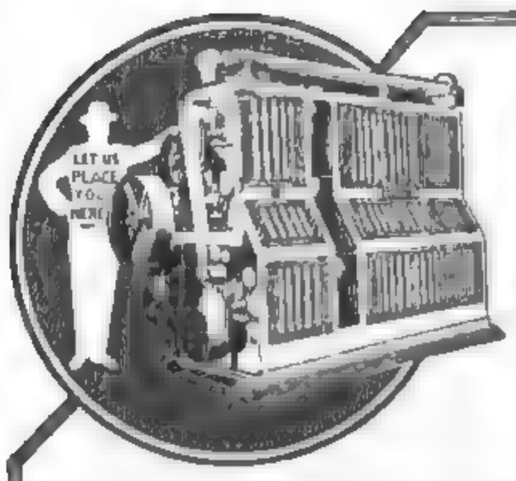

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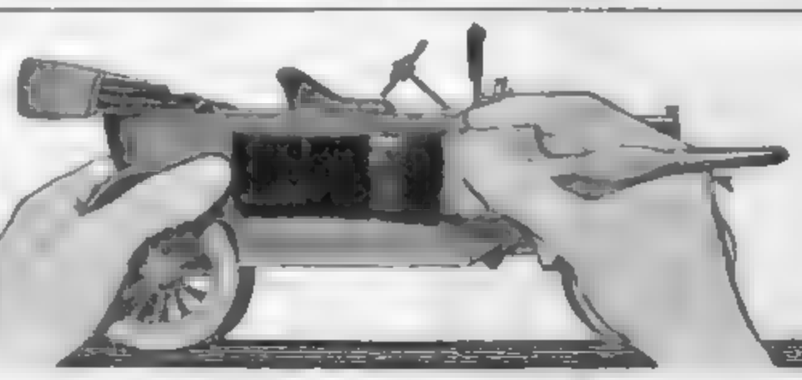

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"It is not a very impressive desire." He gazed down at her seriously. "But it is important. Organization and detail, detail and organization. Lord, how we learned in France! It isn't all in the front trenches," he assured her. "There were cooks and carters—like myself—and railroad hands and telegraph operators."

"How were your eyes hurt?" she asked.

"A direct hit on the head of our lorry column, and then the boches sent over mustard gas before we could be reached. But that's unimportant. Would you like to have your husband's message now?"

She composed herself with rigid hands. "Yes."

"There wasn't time for much. I give it to you in his own words: 'Tell Freda I ask her to forgive me.'"

"I don't want you to think, Captain Bule," she said after a little, "that we had quarreled. Mr. Scannon meant something quite different; quite, quite different."

In that final moment, she realized, Walter had grown up; he had grown up and left her in a searing, obliterating light of wisdom.

"The coffee will be ready in a minute more," Captain Bule told her; "and I know where the eggs are. I am a very good striker." She gazed about helplessly, doubtful of his ability to find everything. Judicially choosing a pan he asked: "The boy and girl, how are they?" The quiet force of his personality urged her from the kitchen. "I'll get them up," she said at the door.

Later she heard him talking to Hazzard and Eliza in the yard.

"My father, he was a soldier too," Hazzard proclaimed.

Bule replied: "What are you going to be?"

"A soldier like him."

"That, yes; but without a sword."

"I don't think that's very exciting," Eliza added.

"It's honorable though; only the bravest succeed. And—you see—you have a chance as well."

"Girls can't be much," she scoffed.

Freda moved away from the window and proceeded to the disorder of the sisters' room. It was Saturday and she changed the bed linen on the second floor. Captain Bule's room was in a perfection of made order. What an extraordinary man! He gave her little trouble; honesty demanded the recognition that this morning he had been an assistance. A totally different person from Walter Scannon, infinitely less brilliant. He was what in the past she would have called common.

"May I ask," Miss Hazzard inquired of the captain after dinner, "the location of your home?" She managed to imply a far more extensive query than her words exactly stated.

"Ashland, in Virginia," he told them. "A small place near Richmond. I had a garage there before the war. That was how I got to be a captain of lorries; or perhaps, living in Virginia, I was commissioned for my knowledge of mud." Before the war, Freda felt, he would have smiled there.

"Some people," Mrs. Norma Scannon commented, "have no appreciation of grandeur. They reduce everything to the level of mud."

"Everything," Miss Hazzard echoed. "It is difficult for a woman of my poised sensibilities to listen to such callous statements."

Freda found a positive relief just in seeing Captain Bule's quiet solidity. The quarreling women made no impression on him; apparently he didn't hear them; apparently his attention had been forever removed from all such considerations. She wanted him to go, and at the same time, already, she would miss him. He had washed the dinner dishes and taken the gas stove apart. He had assured her, after a small purchase it would be as good as new. A totally different man from Walter! It developed that he had never married, and Miss Hazzard discovered that he was of Methodist descent.

"I know a great many Southerners," she proceeded; "however, they are all Episcopalians."

Freda wished that the smile obviously a part of his birthright would appear on his set lips. "The Virginia gentlemen came from the Church of England," he agreed. "My family were ruder stock. I can remember my grandmother as an old woman with a sheepskin across her knees, smoking a cob pipe."

Mrs. Norman Scannon gasped.

"Indeed!" Miss Hazzard rejoined.

Even Freda wished that he had not dragged such a memory from the past.

"The Bule men," he continued in a vein of reminiscence, "always went to war; the Revolution; and then 1812, on a Baltimore clipper; the Mexican trouble; the Civil War with Virginia; in Cuba and China, and now this. But the fight had all run out when it reached me. I hated it, I hate it now, I'll always hate it," he told Freda. "A hellish calamity."

The elder Mrs. Scannon rose.

"You may listen to this if you like," she proclaimed generally; "I, I trust, have very different ideas."

She indignantly mounted the stairs, followed by her rigid sister. Their heads first disappeared and then their skirts vanished with a stiff, angry flutter.

Bule sat squarely, smoking a blackened pipe that looked as though it had weathered the campaigns of his entire belligerent ancestry. He seemed far away from Freda, untouched by all that filled her with such acute doubt and fears. Life was easy for men. And after all, what justified their supreme contentment with their attributes and superiority? An intensified bitterness, rebellion, possessed her. Freda again rehearsed the slender resources for the future of her children, her own acquired impotence.

A patch of white paper on the floor caught her attention, and she leaned forward, securing it—a letter addressed to Miss Hazzard. Freda examined the envelope mechanically. It was from Zillsburg, the woman's home, and bore the name of a firm of local lawyers. As she turned it over a slip of pink paper fell out—a check, she could not help seeing, for a hundred and seventy-eight dollars.

A sudden interest took the place of her indifference. Here, perhaps, was a corroboration of all that she hoped from Miss Hazzard. The other had hinted at what she might—indeed naturally—do for Walter's children; but nothing had been defined, promised. It was unquestionably inexcusable to read a letter addressed to another; but a new hardness swept over Freda. This, she told herself, must be reassurance and a stay; and it was for Hazzard and Eliza.

The letter was personal in form and began "*My dear Carrie.*" The lawyer must have known Miss Hazzard a great many years to call her Carrie. Stray sentences were sharply printed on her mind: ". . . your quarterly income . . . a pity, with so much money being made, that more can't be managed for you. But you know Alec and how precise his instructions would be. . . . Lucky you have a rich relative to live with in the East."

Freda mechanically folded the sheet and with the check put it back in the envelope. She remembered the name—Alexander Souders, the dead "wealthy" manufacturing uncle from whom Miss Hazzard intimated her prosperity had come. Caroline Hazzard was a fraud! Freda's feelings were confused, but strangely, in spite of a deep disappointment, she was relieved to discover that the elder, in keeping with her exasperating personality, was a hypocrite. A liar, she thought crisply.

The other spent every dollar of her meager income on small selfish luxuries and allowed her, Freda, with her overwhelming responsibilities, to support her.

Miss Hazzard's black moiré bag was hanging by its ribbons from the stair rail, and Freda slid the letter into its safety. She continued on above with a curt acknowledgment of Captain Bule's presence. Well, that hope had gone. She wondered how she would inform Caroline Hazzard that her imposition was exposed. She wouldn't shrink from admitting that she had most improperly read the other's letter; but she thought with a sick fatigue of the acrimonious recriminations that must follow.

All her courage, she felt, was being ruthlessly abstracted from her determination to be and do so much. It wasn't possible to fight against everything. She drearily recounted the circumstances that had resulted in her present position; not desperate—that would be easier—but hopeless; an endless spinning out of bare sufficiency, eternal parsimony.

Her conception of Walter's good fortune increased till it expressed for Freda an entire inexorable philosophy of being. Such ornamental, spectacular creatures had from the beginning the preferment and applause of the world. The others—the patient, the

*(Continued on Page 141)*

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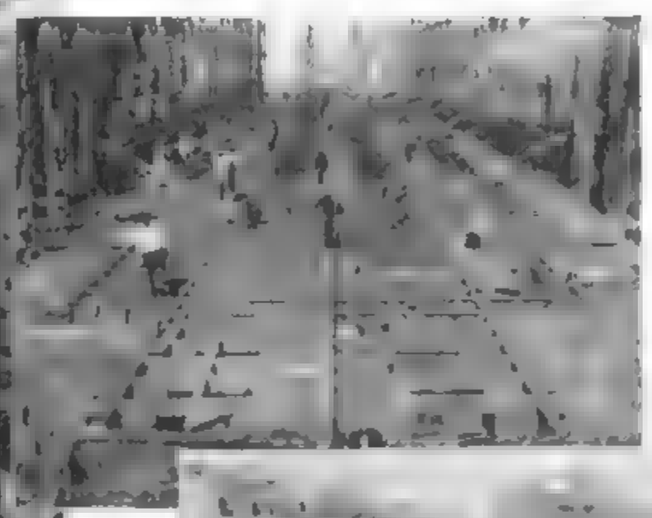

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*Inserts photographed at Hog Island. Courtesy American International Shipbuilding Corporation. Large picture shows man riveting marine boiler.*

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(Continued from Page 138)

self-sacrificing, the wives who stayed at home, men such as Captain Bule, inconspicuous units—would always be the menials of the scheme of existence. The virtues had little weight in actuality; it didn't matter much whether or not you were faithful. The important things were gayety, courage, good looks, smart clothes, white hands and emeralds. Only women who were fools or impossible coarsened their skin with the lye in kitchen soap.

This conviction met and grappled with her love for the children. The egotism of youth, of æsthetic need, confronted the mother of Eliza and Hazzard. She wasn't thirty yet. Why must she give up pleasure and luxury? The idea was thoroughly exploded that women were but anonymous agents of propagation. On the practical side the least attention to the preferences of men would have shown the folly of that in the Garden of Eden. Wives were always being secretly or publicly deceived by their husbands—who were incurably men first—for frivolous lips and ankles.

Anyhow, aside from all this, she could serve her children best by keeping the fineness of her body. There had been admirable men before Walter. It wasn't, she assured herself, that she was deliberately planning a marriage for money—she was aside from such vulgarity; but her scale of values had changed, grown clearer; at last she saw things as they were. She was prepared to exact the best from life. Her anger at Miss Hazzard cooled to contemptuous amusement. Freda's feeling for Captain Bule was scarcely more elevated. He was, she realized—whatever the word might mean—falling in love with her; and she remembered, as if from a former existence, her growing regard for him. She had found him restful, dependable—all the qualities she now disparaged. He was totally ignorant of the social requirements. Worse, he was poor. Her new knowledge and grasp of reality, that should have brought her peace, filled her brain with a disquieting ill humor.

III

FREDA was standing with Captain Bule at a window of the front room when he said: "It's about time for me to go South and pick up the threads of my living."

It was a dull, chill afternoon; dead, brown leaves from hidden trees raced in a scooping eddy through the gray town street. Her rebellion had settled into an indifference the tone and color of the day. Captain Bule had spoken of his living and Ashland, but his voice carried far warmer and different thoughts. Freda gazed at him for a fleet veiled second.

It was hardly complimentary, she decided; any other possible woman would have had the same effect for him. This occurred to her together with a lingering regret at what it seemed she had lost. She had thought of life as a clear issue, but it was really like a tangle of varied wools, bright and drab, in the obscurity of a knitting bag. She was startled to find that the old Freda might have cared for Captain Bule.

He was entirely opposite from all the men of her experience; but then, she added coldly, she had never before known intimately the proprietor of a garage. Probably his familiars were like him—dependable, stolid, in the same way. The women, too, were of a piece; always at home, in the kitchen, nursing a baby.

"I've been thinking a lot about you," he continued, gazing down at her reserved profile. "I see more than you suspect; I admire you more than you realize. You're the first woman of your kind I have ever met."

"I'm just the ordinary useless sort," she replied listlessly; "thoroughly spoiled and not very strong."

"You are splendid," he insisted.

"Women can't be much," she paraphrased her daughter.

"If things were as usual," he told her, "I'd go away without a word of this; yes, and perhaps save myself from being laughed at. But lately the world has been turned upside down—and if Germany makes peace, as it looks, the confusions will keep up for a number of years." A declaration, her instinct informed her, was inevitable. "The fact is," he went on clumsily, "I admire you tremendously." Positively he was pale with fright. "I would like to marry you."

Freda was a long while in answering him, not from any doubt of her intention, but because suddenly she was so weary.

"It wouldn't do at all," she said at last. "I'd make you a wretched wife. Maybe you think I like this!" she cried with passionate gesture toward the interior. "Maybe you think I am admirable—a mother and housekeeper. I'm not. I never will be. I want to sit after dinner and blow cigarette smoke at the candles instead of hurrying out to the kitchen and an unspeakable heap of dishes. I want to wear tulle—not a damned apron."

"I realize all that," he answered seriously. "Can't you understand that's why I'm mad about you? I don't want a servant but—but you."

"You never could afford me."

"I think I could. Big opportunities are open now. I am a very good man." His voice dwindled abruptly, a helpless expression darkened his face, he raised a hand to his eyes. The temporary blindness had come over him again. "The doctor said it would decrease," he whispered to the darkness.

Nothing else would have so utterly moved Freda to pity and the threatening of all she had determined. She leaned toward him in a swift motion of compassion. But she stopped just outside his knowledge; she was, she told herself, being caught in a momentary tyranny of sentimentality. It would vanish, but the result might well remain throughout her life, spoiling it.

Captain Bule's worn face was a miracle of patience. Only unthinkably terrible experience, Freda realized, could school a man to such acceptance. Well, the war was practically over now; a day, a week or a month would probably see the signing of an armistice, after false report, hope deferred and grief. It was over, and yet she saw in Bule's countenance mark and effect indelible to everything but death.

The hour for the children's supper had arrived; it was so gloomy that she had to light the table. Freda moved between the kitchen and the dining room while Bule, his sight recovered, sat with Eliza and Hazzard. He was splendid with the children. The pain in her back fluctuated. He would, she knew, say nothing more about the future; what had so moved her had seemed only a humiliation to Captain Bule; his manner was apologetic.

She must make a success of life; she was not yet thirty, and that was young to have arrived at a knowledge such as hers. It was fortunate that she had not behaved idiotically in the afternoon. Gayety, thoughtless courage and white hands! The important thing for a woman was her figure.

Later the wood burning on the hall hearth exploded savagely, and Miss Hazzard jumped. "Why you don't get hickory," she complained, "is beyond a sensible guess!"

"You forget, Caroline," her sister reproved her, "the price of hickory. This throws out a very nice heat indeed, though I see a spark burning the rug. Dear me, in my day a young man would have knocked it back before a thread was scorched."

Bule, obliterating the cinder, made no reply. Miss Hazzard hinted at the unlimited cords of hickory that might, through her beneficence, one day be Walter Scannon's children's. Freda studied her insistently, and the elder woman retired behind the rustling, inevitable newspaper. Mrs. Norma Scannon, addressed to the duty of keeping green her son's heroism, denied other military achievement. It was strange to her how certain men became captains while Walter had remained but a first lieutenant. Favoritism, of course, was the answer.

"I told you," Captain Bule repeated, "that I was promoted because of my knowledge of mud."

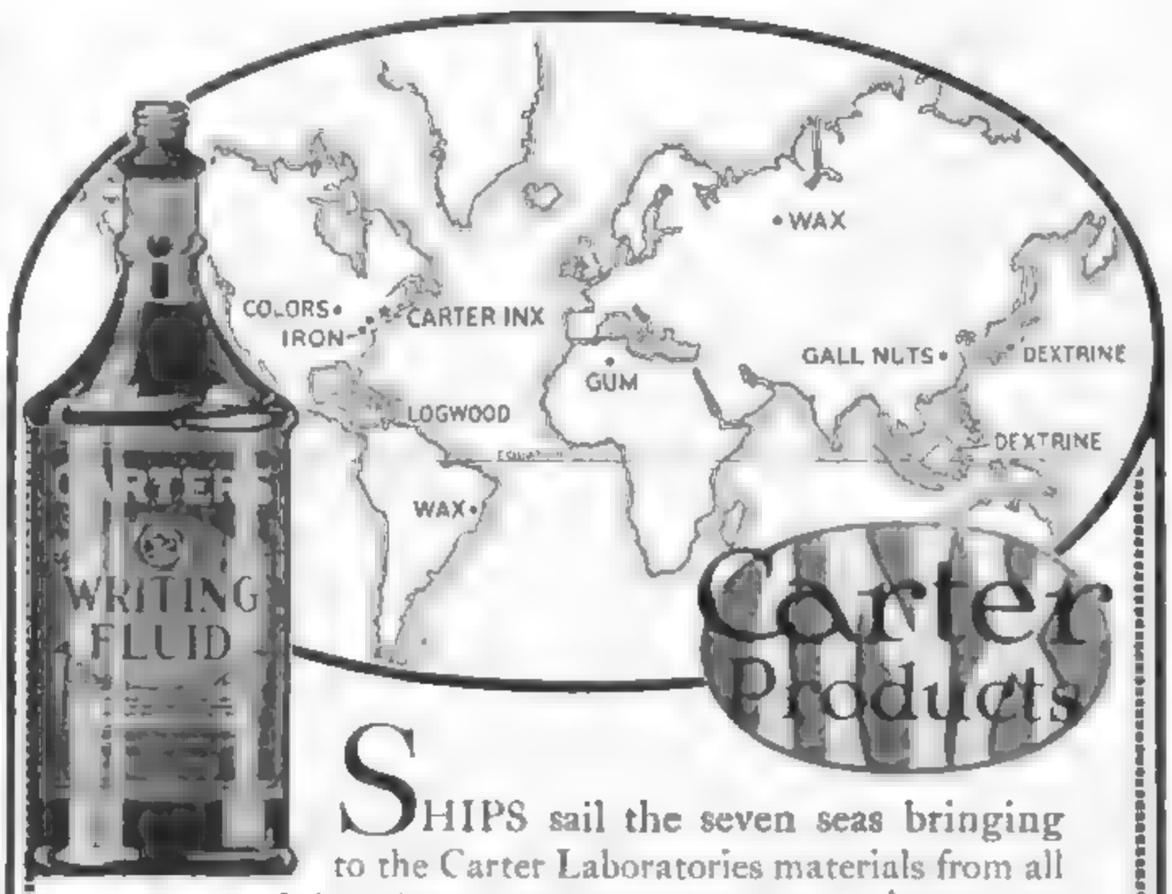
She informed him cuttingly that this was not a subject for levity. Miss Hazzard laid aside the paper and rose.

"I bid you good night," she addressed the wall. "It is necessary, with no heat on the upper floors, to get into bed early."

After a seemingly endless period, in which the fire fell apart into glowing cubes, Mrs. Norma Scannon moved heavily to join her sister.

Captain Bule shook down the kitchen stove, put on coal, and left the various lids and doors in precise order. Freda, relinquishing this to him, undressed slowly. Thank heaven, she still had a quantity of pretty things—batiste and crêpe de Chine. Coarse underclothes made her positively sick.

She fell asleep almost immediately, sinking into a blackness that was increasingly charged with a vibration like the persistent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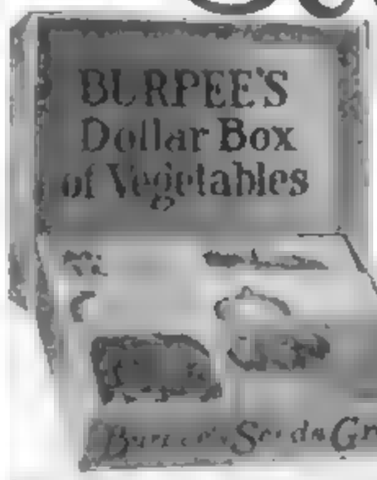


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faint ringing of a bell. At last she stirred irritably and half woke. It wasn't a bell but whistles outside: the steam whistles of the town. The fire signal, she thought; then an extraordinary, nameless emotion poured through her. A light tap fell on the door.

"Yes?" she responded, sitting up.

It was Bule, who said: "Peace!"

"I'll get up at once!" she cried, and hurried into what garments were warm and convenient. There was a choking at her throat, and involuntary tears streamed over her cheeks. Captain Bule, fully and formally in uniform, was below. He held out his hands speechlessly; and before she was aware of the impulse she kissed him. Whatever in herself she was, whatever for himself he had hoped, was powerless to reach him now. He was impersonal; removed, she saw, from all desire. Bule was a larger man than she had realized; his face, somber in victory, was grimmer than any she remembered.

The morning was still dark and very cold. As they went out she caught up a furred wrap from the hall table. Without a word they turned toward the courthouse square. There were other rapid footfalls on the brick pavements, windows suddenly flooded into light; and uncertainly, broken by discords, the national hymn rose from the instruments of a few hastily assembling members of a band.

Freda's feeling increased until it escaped in irregular sobs. She dimly saw familiar faces, blurred and white in the darkness, and wet with tears. There was a concerted cheer sustained up and down the streets by single breathless voices, and instinctively the small assemblage formed into a rude parade. The band swept with more security into a rhythmic wartime melody and the parade moved forward. Freda was near the leaders, with Bule at her side; sometimes she held his arm and sometimes walked alone. One by one voices caught the inconsequential words of the song, thrilling it with fervor and beauty, and the sound echoed between the somber blank rows of houses.

It was, she saw, a little lighter; the obscured marching figures took shape; the darkness seemed to dissolve. The church and fire bells had added their ringing to the whistles, a rattle was sprung from an upper window, new people continually joined the lengthening procession.

A faint pure dawn flushed the sky, and objects grew more clearly discernible. The morning touched the faces about her; and Freda realized for the first time how the men had been drained away. Those about her were old and spent, while thinly scattered among the women were the elder, prosperous figures of the town. The day brightened.

Clad haphazardly the parade turned, marched and countermarched informally, to the tide of bells and band and scattered fulminating salutes.

Freda was torn by her emotion, weak and yet moving tirelessly. It would have been impossible to gather a more varied number—there were rich and poor, confirmed enemies, employers and laborers, cake bakers and lawyers and women who sewed by the day; and the set figure of Captain Bule. Her warm fur touched a threadbare and insufficient coat.

They were various, and yet, now, marvelously one—one spirit, one transcending joy, welded by suffering and irremediable loss and aspiration. A flag streamed slowly and gracefully out above her head, reminding her of Walter's youth and brilliancy. He too was a part of this; and this was a part of him, indivisible. Her contempt and cold material security vanished with the night. Suddenly a love embraced equally all the insignificant and grotesque and solid beings about her—the women with faces scarred by the iodine masks of their service in a fatal epidemic, the emaciated faces discolored by the fumes of war chemicals, rough hands that had slaved with needles. The meanness of circumstance, the facts of poverty or money, of obscurity and pretense were lost in the mold of sheer illuminated humanity.

Almost timidly she took Captain Bule's hand in hers, smiling into his patient, transfigured face. The flag rippled above them, and the band playing with unaccountable tremors lifted Freda into the flooding revelation of full day.

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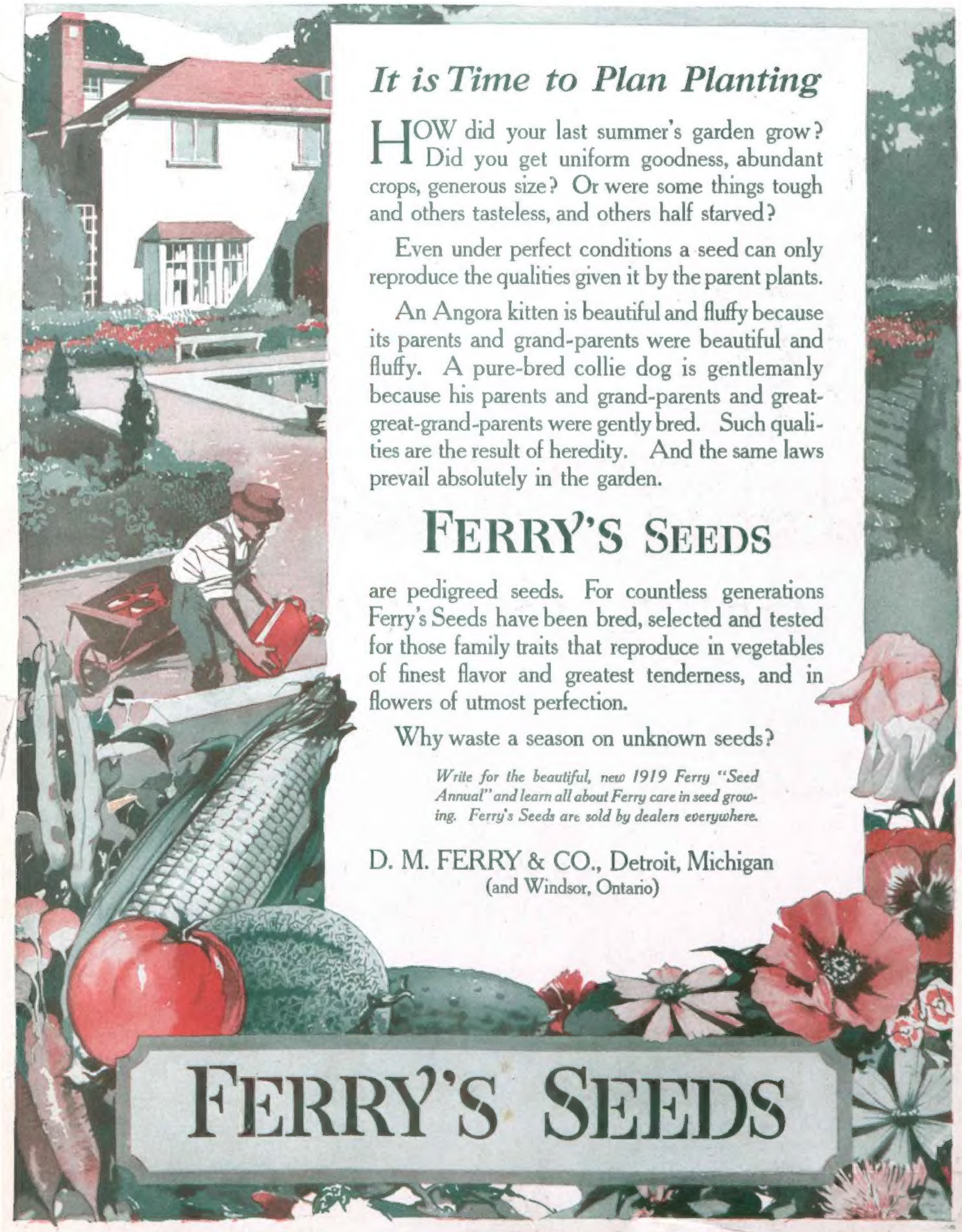

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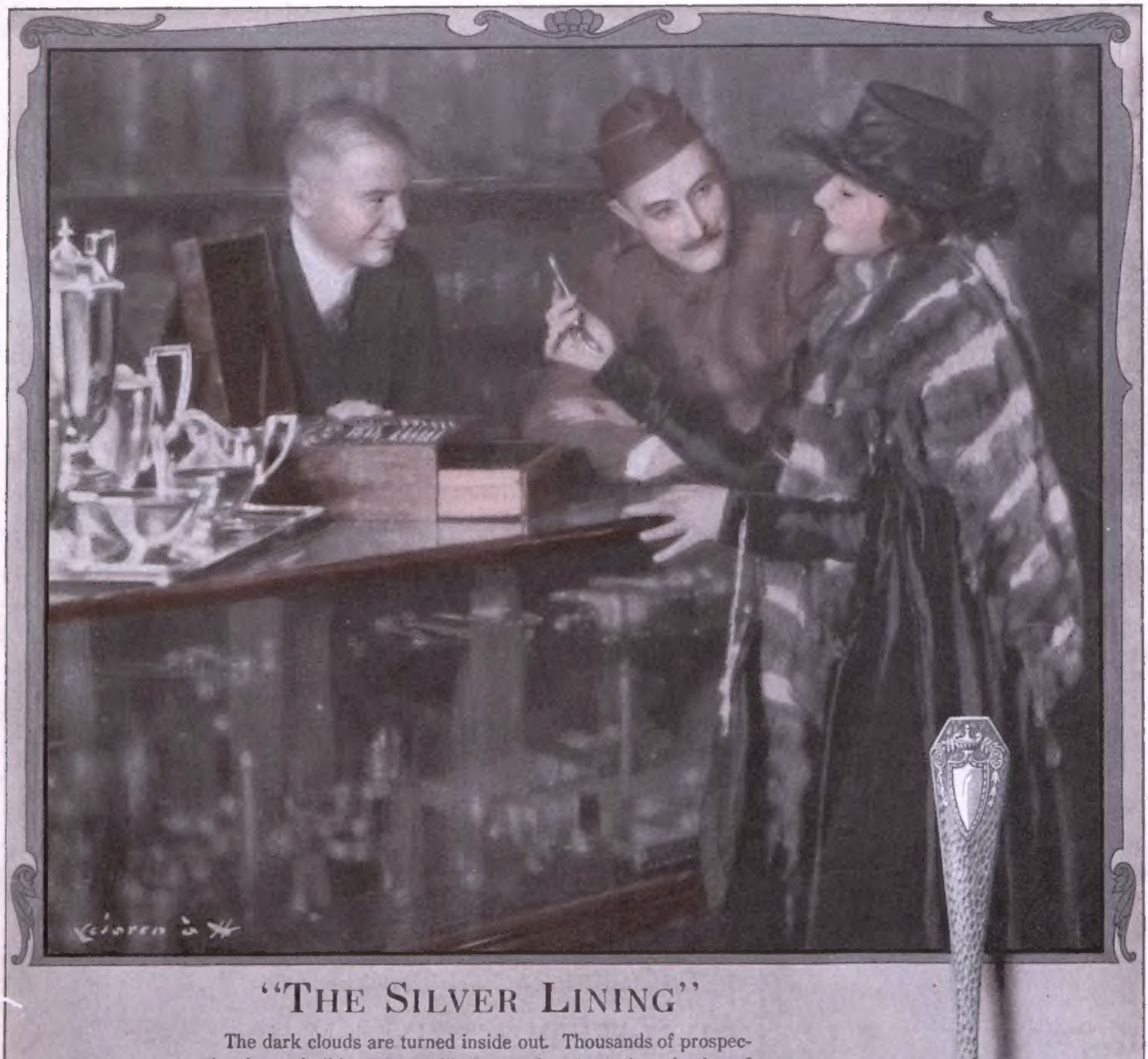

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